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LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF
EDWARD ADOLPHUS SEYMOUR
TWELFTH DUKE OF SOMERSET

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FROM A BUST OF
THE DUKE OF SOMERSET

By T. BROCK, R.A.

Letters, Remains, and Memoirs
of Edward Adolphus Seymour
Twelfth Duke of Somerset
K.G.

In which are also, included some Extracts
from his Two Published Works on
Christianity and Democracy

Edited and Arranged by M. B. Hallock
and Lady Guendolen Ramsden



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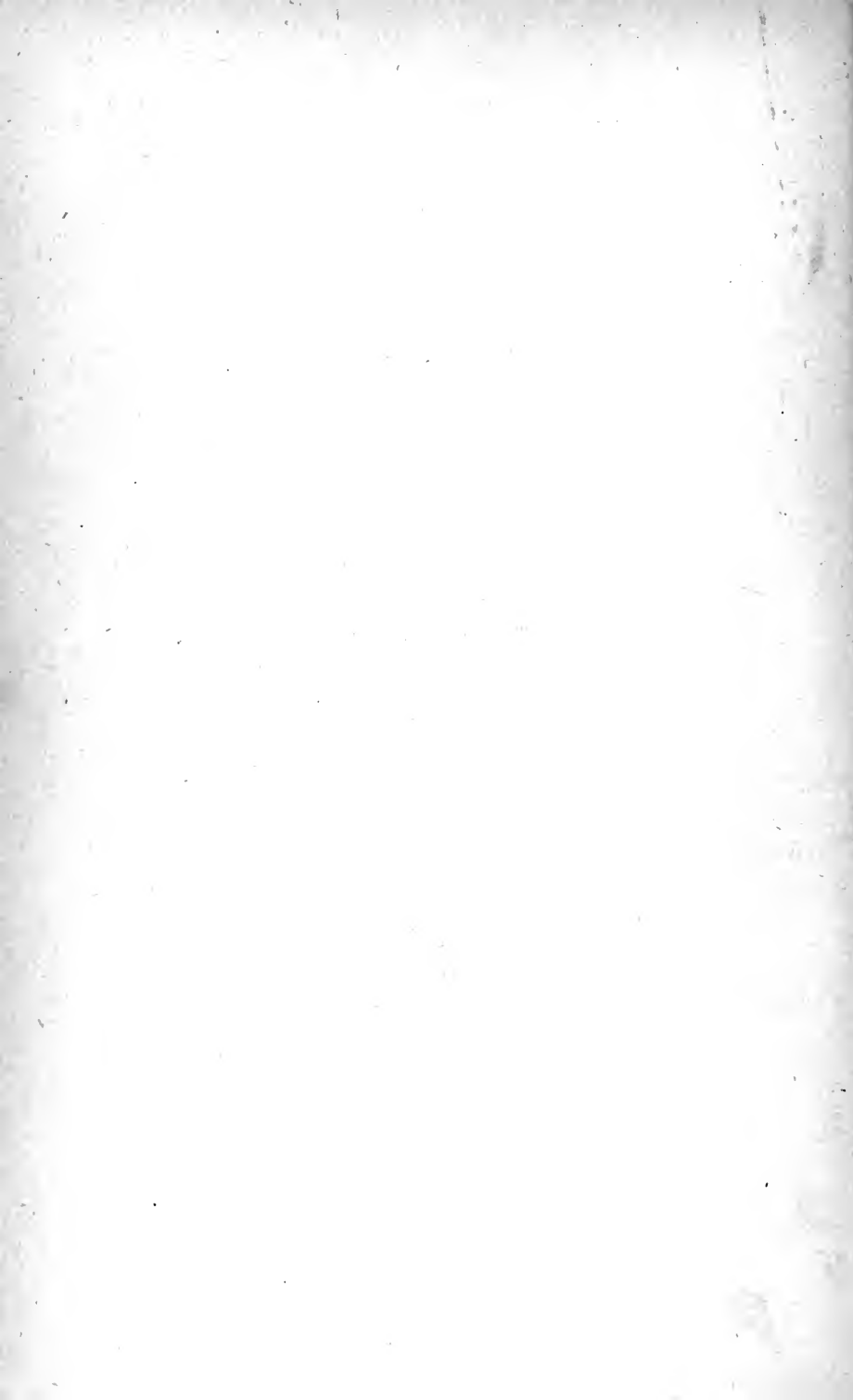
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FOY POUR DEVOIR



LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF
EDWARD ADOLPHUS SEYMOUR

TWELFTH DUKE OF SOMERSET

—••—
CHAPTER I.

PERSONAL records, when they are worth pre- Introduction.
serving and publishing, owe the fact of their
being so to one or other of two reasons. The
persons whose lives they refer to are excep-
tions, or else types. The twelfth Duke of
Somerset belongs to the latter class. Distin-
guished as he was alike by his talents, his
attainments, and his character, his figure is
calculated to interest the present generation,
less on account of the degree to which he was
greater than the majority of mankind, than of
the striking example he offered in his own
person of the qualities and the conduct which
have distinguished an important body of his
countrymen.

In the school-days of those who have not

Introduction.

yet ceased to be young, what was called the governing class still governed England. It was a class composed principally of our old-established landed families. Its influence was felt everywhere, and was as great outside Parliament as within it, and its members embodied, whether they were Peers or Commoners, an unquestioned principle of hereditary political power. That principle, as we are all of us well aware, is not unquestioned any longer. On the contrary, the position and education which were considered, a short while since, as almost essential to fit men for public life, are now being represented as the things most likely to unfit them for it; and the places once monopolized by peers and country gentlemen we now see, to a growing extent, occupied by politicians and statesmen who are of an entirely different stamp—who are different in origin, in education, in temper, in ambition, and even, not unfrequently, in pronunciation of their mother-tongue.

Whether the new governing class will prove more satisfactory than the old is not a question we are concerned to discuss here. But the old is certainly well worth study—worth it even from the point of view of its enemies, as a factor in our national life which they believe to be disappearing; whilst those who regard it

in a less prejudiced spirit cannot fail to see in it one of the most remarkable bodies that have ever played a part in history, not only uniting in itself the most opposite social characteristics—the accomplishments of fashion and scholarship, with the tastes and hardihood of the country, and a vigorous enjoyment of leisure with an instinctive aptitude for business—but, above all, offering in its tone, temper, and conduct, that singular mixture of the aristocratic and democratic elements which is peculiar altogether to the landed aristocracy of England.

Of the sort of public man produced by this governing class, Edward, twelfth Duke of Somerset, was an almost ideal representative. His public life lasted for five-and-thirty years, beginning with his entrance into Parliament in 1830, as M.P. for Okehampton, and ending in 1866, with the ending of his tenure of office as First Lord of the Admiralty. Many and important as were the posts which he occupied during this period, it is, if we consider him in the light of a public man only, as First Lord of the Admiralty that he principally claims attention; in which position, for complete grasp of his subject, for shrewdness, and for administrative capacity, those qualified to judge declare that he has never been surpassed. But the object of this volume, with the scattered

Introduction.

memorials contained in it, is not to exhibit the public man as such, but rather to give some slight indication of the kind of stuff, social, mental, and moral, out of which the public man was made.

Regarded thus, for the reasons above indicated, his personality cannot fail to be interesting. Born to all the advantages which, in the earlier part of the century, distinguished descent and the highest rank could ensure, he was an example of their best and their most characteristic results. An accomplished scholar, an acute philosophical thinker, a keen sportsman, a laborious member of Parliament, a welcome figure in the gay and fashionable world, and husband to the most beautiful and wittiest woman of her generation, he was a man whose life was as blameless as his position and his career were brilliant, and the charm of his character, regarded as a husband and father, was equalled only by his stainless integrity as a statesman. As a statesman, indeed, he might have risen to even higher eminence than he did, if it had not been for a great private affliction—the loss of his second son, Lord Edward St. Maur. This almost coincided in point of time with the Duke's retirement from the Admiralty, and so profound was the grief it caused him, that his spirits never recovered

themselves, nor did he ever again have heart to re-enter public life. Introduction.

His later years, however, were not for that reason idle. His intellect, diverted from practical life, found refuge in those provinces of philosophy which are nearest to it; and the results of his thought and studies were made public in two volumes, small in size, but extraordinary for the condensation of their matter, the one dealing with 'Democracy,' the other with 'Christianity.'

The chief incidents of his life will be given in the following chapters, partly in explanation of the letters of which the chapters will be principally composed, but mainly by the letters themselves, and other documents. Nothing will be attempted in the way of a formal or complete biography; but it is hoped that the impressions conveyed will be not the less vivid from the fact that so little art has been resorted to for the purpose of conveying them.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Seymour's Birth and Childhood—His Natural Quickness—His Amiability—His Truthfulness—His Character Develops Slowly—Eton Strengthens it—Letters to his Father—His Early Reading.

THE Duke, or—to give him the name under which he began life—Lord Seymour, was born in the year 1804. He was the eldest son of the eleventh Duke, his mother being a daughter of the ninth Duke of Hamilton. Of his early childhood there is little to record, beyond the fact that his education was carefully attended to, that before he was nine years old fencing formed a part of it, and that he was idolized by the Duke of Hamilton, his grandfather, and by his uncle, Lord Webb Seymour.

The way, however, in which his character had already begun to develop itself, especially in its practical and scientific side, is shown plainly enough by the following letters from the Duchess, his mother, and Lord Webb Seymour, her brother-in-law :

Charlotte, Duchess of Somerset, to Lord Webb Seymour.

'September 14, 1815.

'We think of sending Seymour to Eton in another year. He is not eleven till December. He has a great deal of curiosity upon every sub-

ject, and delights in receiving information, but can't bear the trouble of acquiring it from books. He went from here to see a mill, and was most curious in ascertaining the precise use of each wheel, and how they acted together and separately. He kept the men explaining it to him for an hour, and was highly interested; but if I had given him the details in a book, I should not have expected him to read three lines of it. He is very quick, extremely idle, but his mind is activity itself. You would be surprised at the questions he asks, and the subjects upon which he reasons, the more so as his manner is particularly childish—which I attribute to his being so long the pet at Mitcham.* His character is very downright and open; and I think too much destitute of pride and ambition. I should like a little of the former, and a great deal of the latter.'

Charlotte,
Duchess of
Somerset, to
Lord Webb
Seymour, 1815.

* Belonging to
his grand-
father, the
Duke of
Hamilton.

Lord Webb Seymour to his Brother the Duke of Somerset.

'6, Cleveland Row,

'September 22, 1816.

'DEAR BROTHER,

'When your letter reached me yesterday, little Seymour was with me. In the morning I had sent my servant to ask him to

Lord Webb
Seymour to the
Duke of
Somerset, 1816.

come to breakfast with me. He came accordingly, and we talked you all over. When the soldiers marched by to change guard at St. James's, he seemed eager to see what was going forward, so we went into the court of the palace to hear the music. After this I took him to an exhibition of a collection of armour in Bond Street, which was more worth looking at than I expected. Seymour appeared much gratified; and we had a great deal of conversation about the various contrivances of the armour worn in times of chivalry, of which there are some fine specimens. He has not altered so much as I expected in the course of three years, and seems quite the same thoughtless, loving, kind-hearted creature. He spoke with great aversion of Latin and Greek, and said he liked French much better.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘WEBB SEYMOUR.’

To this may be added the following few lines, belonging to the same period, from the Duke of Hamilton to the Duchess of Somerset, his daughter, as indicating the atmosphere of affection in which his young grandson was being reared :

‘MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

‘To say what I feel for your dear children is not in my power. God bless them all! My

most kind and affectionate love to them all.
Adieu, my beloved and dear, dear Charlotte.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘HAMILTON AND BRANDON.’

The Duke of
Hamilton to
Charlotte,
Duchess of
Somerset.

And a year or so later he concludes another letter by observing *à propos de bottles*, ‘Seymour is a dear boy.’

But the boy’s character, in spite of his quick intelligence, as the following passages show, for some time grew slowly :

*Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke of
Somerset.*

‘July 22, 1818.

‘Seymour’s character may gain strength in the course of a few years, but at present, I confess, I view it with considerable apprehension. His amiable dispositions have made him excellent as a child ; in order to fit him for the duties of a man, he must acquire forethought, the power of application, and steadiness of pursuit. Whether he is a philosopher or not is not of such consequence—whether he is a scholar or not is not of such consequence—whether he is a politician or not is not of such consequence—as that he should be able to conduct himself with sense and prudence in the affairs of private life. I fear his turning out one of those men who are nobody’s enemies but their own. An incapacity for the cares of business, joined to an easy, complying temper, may lead him to neglect and mismanagement

Lord Webb
Seymour to the
Duke of
Somerset, 1816.

of every sort, and he may perhaps become the dupe of some designing knaves, who will undertake to manage for him. In Edgeworth's "Practical Education" there are some good remarks upon the advantage of teaching young people to take care of property of all kinds, and to manage their own expenses, not only for articles of amusement, but for their clothing and other necessities. These remarks seem applicable to Seymour's case. To be forced to take charge for himself in anything must conduce to give him habits of prudence and method.'

*The Duke of Somerset to Lord Webb
Seymour.*

'February 9, 1818.

'I quite agree with you about Seymour's character; his levity and facility are not suited to this country. An Eton education seems the most likely to make him manly; and indeed, if it does not, I do not know what else to do for him. His amiable qualities are admitted. I am, however, assured that he has one trait of a higher kind. Mr. Roberts said that whenever he wanted to know positively what had or had not been done, he always applied to Seymour; for that he was the only boy who had never told him an untruth.'

Charlotte, Duchess of Somerset, to Lord Webb Seymour.

‘October 16, 1818.

‘Seymour is much what he was, a most open, downright person ; he has no idea of evasion or subterfuge—as he thinks, so he speaks. He is still very idle, and yet he does his lessons with great ease to himself. He likes to inform himself in society, and he has a good deal of observation, but he has a terrible objection to trouble.’

The subject of these observations was now fourteen. Before another year was over they had ceased to a great extent to be applicable ; and Eton, to which he had been sent, seemed to have on him precisely the effect hoped for by his father. The following letters from himself to his father, though they are curiously young in manner, even for his young age, show that the indolence which had given his friends anxiety was now beginning to wake up into activity.

‘1819.

‘DEAR PAPA,

‘I write this letter only to send you a curious sum : “A woman went into a garden and picked up some apples ; to get out of the garden she had to go through four doors ; at each there was a guard, so she gave half of the apples to the first guard ; when she came to the second she gave him half of what were left her ; then she did the same with the third and

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1819.

the fourth, and after she was out of the garden ten apples were left her. How many did she pick up in the garden?" I do not know how to do this sum, so I have sent it to you. Write to me soon and tell me how many apples. I think that is all I have got to tell you.

‘Good-bye,

‘SEYMOUR.’

Note to above in his father's handwriting :
‘She had 160 apples.’

‘October, 1820.

‘DEAR PAPA,

‘In the last letter I wrote to you I was only talking of Park's first expedition, which I think is very interesting, because he encounters so many dangers all alone in the midst of such savages. At one time he sits down all alone quite fatigued near some huts, and at last an old woman sees him, and, having heard of him before, takes him to her hut and gives him leave to sleep there on a mat.’ Then the family sat down and resumed their task of spinning cotton, and sang one of the songs he translated :

“The wind roared and the rains fell.

The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree ;

He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn :

Let us pity the poor white man.”

I think this song must have been very pretty. He also relates this story : " A king of the name of Abdulkader sent an ambassador to a king Damel with two knives, to say these words, ' With this I will condescend to shave the head of Damel if he will be a Mahometan ; with the other I will kill him if he refuses.' Damel refused, and in the war Abdulkader was taken prisoner. Then Damel asked him, ' If I had been your prisoner, what would you have done ?' Abdulkader answered, ' I would have thrust my spear into your heart, and I know a similar fate awaits me.' ' Not so,' said Damel, ' but I will retain you until I see that your presence in your kingdom will not be dangerous to your neighbours.' He soon gave him back to his country."

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1820.

' Now, papa, what do you think of my African king? What would have been done with a king taken prisoner in Europe? They would have expected some great ransom. I am doubting whether I do not like savages better than civilized men. I will write to you soon and tell you what I think of Park's second expedition. Pray write to me again, for your letters amuse me very much.

' Good-bye,

' SEYMOUR.'

' Sunday, October 15, 1820.

‘DEAR PAPA,

‘I have now finished Park’s second journey in Africa. I think it seems better managed than the first, but he ought, I think, to have had more natives to accompany him, as they could have borne the climate, and would in many places have known better what to do than the English would. In one part they came to a river called Falemê, and they saw a great many fish leaping, some of which did not weigh less than sixty or seventy pounds; here I began to doubt the veracity of my book, for a fish of such a size must eat a great deal. Pray tell me if you think that I am to believe my book or not, as in this (as well as in almost all the other books I read) I always find something I do not know whether to believe or not. I do not believe the account my book gives of Park’s death. I do not think it comes from any authority. It says he was sailing down the Niger, that he came to a place where the river ran under a rock, and that the natives on the top of the rock opposed and killed him with stones. Park seems to have been a brave man and never to have despaired. At one time he is very ill with little hope of getting better, so he takes a quantity of mercury, determined either to kill

or cure himself; but, however, it cured him.
Pray write to me soon.

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1820.

‘ Good-bye,

‘ SEYMOUR.’

‘ *Sunday night, November, 1821.*

‘ DEAR PAPA,

‘ I have told Mr. Vaux about the French exercise-book, and he will procure me one. I shall send you to-morrow or next day a great parcel, inside of which you will find, very clumsily heaped together, the history you wanted me to relate and Governor’s paper. I never take up a book of any history I have yet read but what I could throw it in the fire. The people are provoking; they kill all my favourite heroes and let the bad people live. I think I like my Chinese history the best of any, for there, when the Emperor does wrong, he is soon either poisoned by his wife or assassinated by his subjects; and when the people do wrong they are either bastinadoed or killed, and my anger is satisfied.’

CHAPTER III.

1830—1833.

Lord Seymour's Marriage to Miss Sheridan—Early Letters of Miss Sheridan's—Her Meeting with the Duke of Wellington—Married in the Drawing-room—Lord Seymour Elected for Okehampton—Furnishing a London House—Admiralty House—Anecdote of Talleyrand—Lady Seymour's Happiness—Popularity of Lord Seymour—Lord Seymour Elected for Totnes—Lord Seymour in Wiltshire—Gossiping Letters to Lady Seymour in London—Hens and Chickens—Election Riots—A Journey by Coach—A Doubtful Cook.

LORD SEYMOUR, after leaving Eton, proceeded in due course to Christ Church ; and when his college career was over he travelled, visiting Russia. It happens, however, that all the letters and papers relating to this period of his life, and the five years subsequent, either by design or accident—probably by accident—were destroyed ; and the next in order of time to those that have just been given refer to the year, and, indeed, to the occasion, of his marriage.

He married, as most readers will hardly need to be reminded, the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, Georgiana, who enjoyed the reputation of being the most beautiful girl in London.

Some glimpse into her character and previous life, as well as into the circumstances of her engagement, is given in the following letters written by her to her brother Brinsley in

India. They were written from Hampton Court, where her mother had apartments.

Miss Sheridan
to her brother
in India, 1828.

*Miss Sheridan to her Brother Brinsley in
India.*

‘ Hampton Court Palace,
‘ Tuesday, *December* 23, 1828.

DEAREST BRINNY,

‘ Alas! we are near our Christmas; but our little Brinny will not be there with his good-humoured round face (I beg your pardon, Brinny, I know your face is not round now). Somehow I always feel melancholy at Christmas; one thing is that I remember, when Caroline went to school, mamma said to her, “ Ah, when once the branches of a family are divided they seldom are *all* reunited again.” And it was quite true; we never did see a Christmas all together again. Caroline went to school, you to Harford; you never had all of you the holidays at the same time. And then poor little Tommy went to sea; and so, though I sincerely hope to see *you* again, my dear Brinny, yet I never can forget at Christmas, or any time when we used to be merry together, that saying of mamma, and that we never can *all* meet together again; and I hate the look of the nursery, where there used to be so many merry faces and cheerful voices. But I have no right to make you melancholy, so I will have done.

Miss Sheridan
to her brother
in India, 1828.

Mamma is as well as ever she was, and in good spirits, and was very much pleased the other day by hearing you were out of college and likely to get on.'

'Tuesday, *December 29, 1828.*

'DEAR BRIN,

'We have all been made very happy to-day (your humble servant not least so) by receiving letters from India (dated August and July) from a certain boy well enough to look at and brother to three angels. . . .'

'January 4.

'I am obliged to write this way, almost like a journal, because I have a great many masters and a great deal to read and to work, which must all cease when we go to town in spring. I have Mr. Walton twice a week. . . . I make him teach me Latin, not that I have done much in that way, as I am only doing Horace's Odes. I have an Italian master once a week, and once a week also I have Mr. Raus to teach me drawing. . . . I have been out riding with Uncle Charles to-day to see Helen* at Long Ditton, and beheld Ghigo, your beloved nephew, with his hair all curled by his nurse with a hot fork.'

* Miss Sheridan's aunt,
Lady Dufferin.

'Sunday, January 25, 1829.

'We have been to several balls here lately. Really Hampton Court is much gayer than I

had imagined. This is the first winter we have spent here since Helen came out. The other day we went to a child's ball the Duke of Clarence gave to the little Queen of Portugal. The boys were in white ducks with lightish green jackets, with their hair curled, and Charley had a magnificent worked collar to his shirt. Caroline and I had gold and green wreaths with scarlet berries in our hair, and I had a red velvet body, a "Maria Stuart," which is the fashion now, and white satin skirt. Even little Ghigho your nephew, though only two years and a half old, went; the Duke would have him. He was dressed in a crimson velvet frock frilled all round and a Grecian lace tucker, and his hair curled by Caroline. He looked too beautiful. Helen and Price were at Portsmouth, and so could not come; they have returned now. The ball began at half-past six o'clock, as it was to be over at twelve o'clock, because the little Queen might not stay up late. The room was so crowded I could not get up to the top where the little Queen was dancing, so I did not see her the whole night; but Charley was her *vis-à-vis* once, and Frank danced next her twice. Mamma saw her, and says, although ten years old, she looked fourteen. She was dressed like a grown-up woman, in a pink gauze gown, with her hair turned up and flowers in it.'

Miss Sheridan
to her brother
in India, 1829.

Miss Sheridan
to her brother
in India, 1829.

‘Sunday, *February* 8.

‘ . . . Parliament has already met, and town is filling fast. You will be glad to hear that Uncle Graham has been elected for the county of Cumberland. . . . Everyone is very much interested at present about what is going to be done in Parliament this year, as the Duke of Wellington is going to bring forward some measure—Heaven knows what!—which is to put everything to rights, everywhere to conciliate the Catholics and the Protestants, and be pleasant to the Brunswicks and delightful to the association ; in short, everyone says there are great things going to be done, which great things you will peruse in the newspapers better than I can tell them. God bless you, dear Brinny,

‘And believe me, yours ever,

‘J. G. SHERIDAN.’

‘Sunday, *January* 24, 1830.

‘Finished *February* 8.

‘DEAREST BRIN,

‘I am long in giving the promised account of our doings at Clairmont,* but have not really had time, owing to the illness of poor Caroline’s beautiful baby, an account of which you shall have anon. *He is well now.*

* Then the residence of Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians.

‘At Prince Leopold’s we arrived the first

night only just in time for dinner, at which were the following people : the Duke of Wellington, Lady Verulam, Count Ludolf the Neapolitan Ambassador and mamma, Prince Esterhazy and Lady Jersey, Princess Esterhazy and Leopold, Lady Katherine Grimston (daughter to Lady Verulam) and some "foreign beast," Lord Jersey and your affectionate sister, Sir Robert Gardiner, the Prince's housekeeper, Colonel Cust his aidecamp, Lady Gardiner, and a most conceited young short-legged Guardsman, Lord. . . . The second night Lord Fitzroy Somerset was added to the party. Lord Aberdeen took me in, and of course I went last as being of lowest rank, in spite of my *illustrious birth*; so when I came into the dining-room, not knowing the people sat as they liked, without attention to rank, I was surprised to see no place vacant but the chair next the Duke of Wellington, and thinking some of the great ladies had not come down, I hesitated to take it : upon which the Duke, thinking, I suppose, this was timidity and awe at approaching his godlike self, beckoned at first to me with a most royal wave of the hand, and then gave a resounding clap to the astonished chair (as if I was a column of infantry instead of a young lady), to which kindly invite I acceded with a grace peculiar

Miss Sheridan
to her brother
in India, 1830.

Miss Sheridan
to her brother
in India, 1830.

to myself and no doubt pleasing to those around me.

‘Mamma’s book, “Carwell; or, Crime and Sorrow,” is published; and she’s writing another called “Aims and Ends,” which I think very amusing and well written, but quite in a different style from “Carwell,” which appears an entirely true story, and is not like a novel, somehow. Caroline has finished her new poem, called the “Undying One.” She is going to write another poem called the “Lady of Ringstatten,” and she *has* written two volumes of a novel called “Love in the World” and “Love out of the World,” which I want her to finish, as prose sells better and easier than poetry. She means to ask five hundred for it, and thinks six weeks’ more hard writing will finish it; and then she intends writing *a tragedy*!

‘Parliament met on the fourth, and ’tis said it will be a stormy Session. Sharp answers were interchanged between Lord Holland and Lord Aberdeen concerning the recognising Don Miguel as King of Portugal, Lord Holland saying if done it would be a dirty doing, or something to that *effect*. Also the King’s speech has given much dissatisfaction in many particulars, especially a part of it speaking lightly and unfeelingly of the distresses of the country, which at present are

dreadful; and nobody will agree on the causes of it, some saying it is only temporary owing to three last seasons being bad, others something about the currency which I don't the least understand, in spite of "Old Moore's Pamphlet." Others, again, that it is owing partly to the numerous monopolies in commerce, and the rest don't attempt to find *causes* for it, but content themselves with saying "that there it is, and something must be done," and Government does not, it seems, appear at all willing to do that something. . . .

Miss Sheridan
to her brother
in India, 1830.

'We are all well, but perished with cold. Oh for a week under the line to warm one through!

'God bless you, my dearest Brinny.

'Your affectionate

'GEORGY.'

'Sunday, *May* 23, 1830.

'MY DARLING BRINNY,

'Your Georgy is going to be turned into a chaperone. Lord Seymour, the Duke of Somerset's son, asked me yesterday to marry him, and I, being very civil and polite, said "Yes." Joking apart, I am going to marry him. He is very clever and good. The Duke his father has no objection, and is very kind indeed. So are his sisters; but my acquaint-

Miss Sheridan
to her brother
in India, 1830.

tances are rabid and frantic at my daring to do such a thing, and they turn round, after first congratulating mamma, and say, "Good heavens! is Lord Seymour mad? What a fool!" with other pleasing intimations of their good wishes towards me.'

'Saturday, *May* 29.

'DEAR BRIN,

'I am afraid I shall never be allowed to finish this letter to you, I am allowed so little time to myself. I do not know yet *when* I am to be married; but after I am, I go abroad for the winter to Italy, and up the Rhine; that is to say, if the King does *not* die, which we daily expect he will, poor man! In that case I must go to Devonshire, to a place his father has there, for he will be elected then for some borough there. He is very anxious to get into Parliament. The Duke of Somerset is the kindest old man you ever saw, and is going to give us money to buy a house in town; but mamma will tell you all that sort of thing. Dearest Brin, you are always reproaching us with not writing to you. . . .

.' Nelly is come back from Ireland, and is looking beautiful, but thin and delicate. Ghigo is grown a beautiful child. Car's baby thrives with its clever black eyes, and Frank and Charles are blooming.

‘Mother is well, but of course worried and nervous just now. There are a great many marriages going on. John Talbot, Lord Ingestre’s brother, is to marry Miss Wortley, Lady Wharncliffe’s daughter. Lady Emily Cooper to Lord Ashley. William Ashley’s marriage with Miss Bayley is off again. Georgy Seymour is come out, and Caroline Elliot is sobered and saddened this year, poor little thing! Frank has got *long tails*! and went to last Almack’s!! We have taken him everywhere this holiday, and he likes it excessively, and is much improved in manners. He is very handsome, and the ladies take great notice of him. I must send this note short as it is, for I may not have time to write to you again for some time, as Lord Seymour is here most of the day. God bless you, dear Brin! I hope you will get this, and not tell us you always hear our marriages from the newspapers, as I have written to you before anybody knew it except mamma and Helen. . . . God bless you!

‘Your affectionate

‘GEORGY.’

Miss Sheridan
to her brother
in India, 1830.

The marriage took place in the June of 1830, the bridegroom being six-and-twenty, and the bride a few years younger. The ceremony was performed in the evening, at Sir James Graham’s house in Grosvenor Place. The following letter from Lady Dufferin to a friend describes the

Lord Seymour's marriage.

event, one or two features of which will seem strange to those accustomed to the marriage arrangements of to-day :

'June 14, 1830.

Lady Dufferin to a friend.

'Georgia married on Thursday evening, and a very merry wedding it was, only rather patriarchal, as the shy bridegroom induced her to beg there might be no one present but the members of the respective families. Ghigo* assisted at the ceremony with his hair curled, and was excessively admired. Georgia was dressed in plain white satin with no ornaments but a diamond brooch and earrings, beautiful blonde *seduisantes*, and a magnificent blonde veil thrown over her head, so large that it nearly reached her feet ; she was to have worn a tiara of diamonds and emeralds on her forehead, which her husband gave her, but unfortunately it was not finished in time. I think I never saw anything so perfectly beautiful as she looked, and she was in excellent spirits. The dinner, which was given by Uncle Graham on the occasion, consisted only of the Duke and his two sons, my mother, and we three daughters, husbands, etc., and my uncles and aunts and the clergyman. After dinner the rooms were lighted up, the back drawing-room arranged as a chapel for the occasion. Georgia put on her veil, and as soon as the gentlemen

* The present Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

came up from dinner, they were married, and immediately set off for Wimbledon Park, his place, which is only five miles out of town.* Then the fun commenced for us who were not shy, as the company began to arrive, and a very pleasant party we had of about 200 people. As "poor dear Anna" signified great anxiety to be invited, she was, but against Aunt Graham's will; but "poor dear Francis" was not. Caroline and I were dressed alike in white satin and pearl ornaments, and so now I think I have given you every circumstance attending the event, and you ought to be obliged to me. Both my brothers were there, of course, and we made really a gorgeous spectacle, being all so handsome, you know!

Lady Dufferin
to a friend,
1830.

* The Duke of
Somerset's
house at
Wimbledon.

The following letter from the bride continues the history of the young married couple.

*Lady Seymour to her Brother Brinsley
Sheridan, in India.*

'Berry Pomeroy, Devonshire,
'August 7, 1830.

'DEAREST BRIN,

' . . . I will now give you an account of all my doings. In the first place. I must preface by what will give you pleasure, which is that mamma was perfectly well when I saw her last and in good spirits, which was only

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

about a fortnight ago ; also ditto I can say of each and every individual of the family. . . . Now for myself. I was married on June 10, and went to Wimbledon Park, a place that Lord Seymour's father bought from Lord Spencer. A pretty place, and within a ride from London. There I stayed for about six weeks, and then I came down here, to another place of his father's—an old odd house that was once a monastery, with such old furniture of oddly carved oak, taken out of the beautiful old castle of Berry Pomeroy, which is now a most beautiful old ruin. It was bought by the Duke of Somerset in Henry VIII.'s time from the Pomeroy's. The bedstead in my room was the bed of Jane Seymour. About the thirteenth of this month I am going to quit this place, where we only came for Lord Seymour's election, which took place about a week ago ; he stands for Okehampton, a town very near here. His whole soul is in politics, and though very shy, he does not mind, but rather likes, speaking ; and so, as he is very clever, I am in hopes he will make a figure in the House of Commons.

‘After we quit this place, we go to Bradley in Wiltshire, another place of Seymour's father, a small shooting-place where we shall stay till October, when we return to town, as Parlia-

ment meets then. I am going to have Frank down for his holidays, that he may have some shooting and some fun. I wish *you* were coming, dear Brin. . . . I shall be in town by October, I hope, and then I believe the Duke of Somerset will give us money to buy a house there ; at least, so he said, but you had better if you write to me still continue to direct to Hampton Court Palace, as I am not even sure as yet where I shall be.

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

‘ What do you say to the death of George IV., our graciously deceased monarch? Everybody seems glad he is gone. Heavens! what a difference in the sorrow of the people at the Duke of York’s death and his! I believe there never was a King who, without being actively wicked and tyrannical, was so little regretted as him. William IV., formerly Duke of Clarence, is at present very popular and excessively pleased at being King. All the Fitzclarences are great people now. I went to see Amelia, the youngest of them, the other day at Bushey, just before I left Wimbledon Park ; and as I was quietly sitting with her in her dressing-room, a servant came to the door and said the King wished to see Lady Seymour. So down I went in a great tribulation, for I was not in proper mourning for the late King, and if the Queen was there, should be obliged to kneel and kiss her hand ;

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

but, however, he alone was standing with some Fitzclarences and some other people before the front-door of his house ready to ride with the Queen. He received me kindly, kissed me, and seemed in great spirits and quite delighted at hearing himself addressed as *his Majesty*.

‘Here is great news, wonderful news! Adolphus Cotton, our *only* Hampton Court young man, is married to an heiress—a Miss Murray, of good connections, very accomplished, and rich but ugly! You may just conceive the despair of the Miss

‘Wednesday, *August* 18, 1830.

‘I am, since I wrote the other sheet, arrived in Wiltshire, which I like better than the place in Devon. It is only the wing of the old house, which was pulled down about eight years ago; but it has some good rooms and extensive grounds. The large park extends many miles; it was never anything but a shooting-box, but might be made into a beautiful place. There are some nice downs to ride upon, and I have a beautiful horse. . . . I must now say good-bye, dearest Brin. God bless and preserve you, to gladden again the eyes of your most affectionate sister,

‘J. G. SEYMOUR.’

By the end of the year Lord and Lady Seymour were settled in their London house, No. 18, Spring Gardens,

which, as the following letter shows, they were busy furnishing.

*Lady Seymour to her Brother Brinsley
Sheridan.*

' 18, Spring Gardens,
' December 5, 1830.

' DEAREST BRINNY,

' Even this is not the long letter which I mean to write to you soon, for I have various things to argue on and impress on your mind. . . . More than a little word I really have not time for (though that may sound ill-natured), for I am now in *my* new house in Spring Gardens, but have no drawing-rooms to sit in yet, as they are not furnished, and am so busy buying carpets and mats to lay my wearied bones on, and scolding upholsterers, that I have not even time to read or write or anything. I send you a little ribbon thing, which is the latest fashion in Paris, to hang a watch or eyeglass from, and have finished my poetical effusions, which I rather think I told you of in one of my former letters. I suppose Car* and other ways of information have made you acquainted by this time of the changes that have taken place in the Ministry in this country; consequently, all I shall repeat is that Uncle Graham is First Lord of the Admiralty! And he says he will make Frank† a clerk or some-

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

* The Hon.
Mrs. Norton.

† Frank Sheri-
dan, her second
brother.

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

thing, and take him into the House with him, which will be a capital thing for him, and give him a profession, and make him learn to depend on himself a little, which he wants more than anything. Nothing is settled as yet, as Lord Melville does not leave the Admiralty till Wednesday next. Of course you remember the Admiralty House; the drawing-rooms, luckily (for they are immense), were furnished by the present King and Queen when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, when they, or rather he, was Lord of the Admiralty for a short time the year before last. They said, when they went out, that the furniture might remain as a fixture for whoever was Lord of the Admiralty, which I think is but fair, as the expense would be dreadful for the lord to do it himself, and ruin supposing he was turned out again in the space of a year or so. As it is, Uncle G.* will have to furnish all the bedrooms, which are enormous rooms also. . . . You may direct your letters here now, as this is to be my home; the lease of the house is for forty years, so I shall be sixty years old when it is up. It is a very nice house—two good-sized drawing-rooms and a little boudoir on the first-floor; below, a little study or library for Seymour, and a very nice dining-room. I am *very* happy, and only wish I could show it all to my Brinny,

* Sir James
Graham.

and that he was staying with me. Mamma is getting mouldy at Hampton Court, but is well; and Charley* is still at Wakton's, though he is to go to Eton at Easter. He is well enough now, and has got a roll collar to his jacket, which, though it may not seem worthy of notice to you, he thinks it necessary to tell everybody he sees of this improvement, as he fervidly fancies it. I am ordered by Car (who is here at this moment, five minutes to eight in the evening, she having dined with me, as well as Frank and Uncle Charles, who are sitting drinking wine with Seymour in the next room) to tell you a good thing of Talleyrand (our present French Ambassador). They said in the newspapers when he first came over that they saw him alighting or landing from the steam-packet, and that he was a nice-looking old gentleman, with a fine *open* countenance. Now, if there is one thing more than another that one cannot say of Talleyrand, it is this species of praise. So says Talleyrand, "Apparemment je souffrais *beaucoup de mal de mer*." Another good thing was said of the new Chancellor Brougham, who is now made Lord Brougham and Vaux, on his coming down on foot to the House of Lords soon after his new dignity. Someone asked "Why he did not come in his carriage?" Upon which a Cockney

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

* Charles
Sheridan, her
youngest
brother.

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

replied, "Because he is Lord Brougham and
walks."

'Friday, December 17, 1830.

'My letter has been interrupted for some days, consequently I have been able to glean some little news. In the first place another joke on Brougham—videlicet, "What will be Lord Brougham's motion on Reform?" The answer is, "Vox et preterea nihil!"'

'December 26, 1830.

'DEAR BRIN,

'Behold my work is finished, and I send it! Lord Melville is at last gone out of the Admiralty, and my aunts will have furnished it in the course of two or three days, I expect. . . .

'London is very dull now, as everyone is gone to Brighton now during the recess of Parliament, which lasts till February 3; and I am sorry to say a dissolution is expected in spring, if the present Ministers cannot carry the present measure of "reform," which will oblige Seymour to go and be elected over again.'

'December 27, 1830.

'To-day Amelia Fitzclarence is married to Lord Falkland, and goes, I believe, to Cumberland Lodge for the honeymoon. I hope he will make a good husband to her, for she is a

nice girl, and I am fond of her. My sisters-in-law come to see me to-day; by-the-bye, I have never told you about my new relations. Imprimis, my husband is an angel, my father-in-law the kindest old man in the world, and my sisters-in-law, of whom I have four, are nice, clever, and good-humoured. I have two brothers-in-law; the eldest, Lord Archibald, is about eighteen years old, good-looking, and nice for a boy of that age; the youngest, Lord Algernon, a gentle, mild-looking boy, whom I like very much. . . .

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

‘God bless you, dearest of brothers!

‘Your most affectionate sister,

‘J. G. SEYMOUR.’

‘18, Spring Gardens, London,

‘Tuesday, *June 21*, 1831.

‘DEAREST BRINNY,

‘It is a long time, I confess, since I last wrote to you, but you will forgive me when I tell you it is not my fault, but my doctor’s. . . . The moment I may go in a carriage, I shall quit town (of which I am heartily tired, having been here since last October), and go down to Maiden Bradley for the autumn, and shall not return to town till I am obliged to go up. . . . Helen is sitting opposite to me reading a newspaper, looking very well though rather tired, owing to having gone to the House of Peers

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

to hear the King's speech, as Parliament is opened to-day by our gracious Sovereign. It must have been rather a pretty sight, as all the ladies went in feathers and full dress, as if for a ball; though, by-the-bye, in general nothing looks more forlorn than an evening dress, bare neck, and dressed head on a fine summer's morning. The speech, I am told, consisted principally in warning his subjects not to eat too many cherries this summer, as the cholera morbus intended visiting our devoted isle. Seriously, there are great fears of its coming, as it has been raging in Russia and in the Russian and Polish armies (the Poles, I suppose you know, are up in arms against their quondam Russian masters); it has also been raging in Denmark, and some ships even at Portsmouth are lying with the yellow flag. You cannot conceive the absurd things people did in their alarm by way of preventives. Some who heard a *generous*-dieted (as doctors call it) person was less certain of being attacked, did nothing but drink port wine all day long, till they got a bilious fever. Others got up early and rowed all day on the river, because they heard exercise was necessary to prevent the body being predisposed to infection. The quarantine laws are enforced pretty strictly in all our ports, so much so that a captain of a

little steamboat, who landed in the night somewhere off Lewes or Brighton, was imprisoned for the same. I am getting tired with the for-a-long-time-never-undergone exertion of writing a letter ; so good-bye for the present.

‘ Your affectionate

‘ GEORGY.’

Lady Seymour
to her brother
in India, 1830.

There are many letters belonging to this period, from various relations of Lady Seymour, which would hardly interest the reader if reproduced here, but which show how happy they judged her to be in her marriage, and how completely Lord Seymour had won all their hearts. ‘ He is the kindest and dearest brother-in-law that ever was invented.’ So Lady Dufferin writes of him in a letter to a friend ; and this favourable impression of him, it is evident, was shared by all about him.

In the spring of the year following there was a dissolution of Parliament, and Lord Seymour stood and was elected, as a Whig, for the borough of Totnes, he and Lady Seymour having returned to Berry Pomeroy, which they made their home whilst he was canvassing. Lady Seymour, who had considerable artistic talents, beguiled the hours of his absence with catching and painting butterflies.

For the first two years of their marriage he and she were too seldom separated to have much occasion to correspond ; but towards the end of 1832 he was obliged to go, without her, to Maiden Bradley—their home in Wiltshire. Lady Seymour had a year previously given birth to a daughter, and it was the approach of a similar incident which probably prevented her from accompanying her husband now. During his absence his letters to her were constant, and clearer evidence to the happiness of their married life can hardly be imagined than that which these letters bear unconsciously.

*From Lord Seymour at Maiden Bradley
to Lady Seymour in London.*

‘December 5, 1832.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

‘The house seemed very desolate when I returned from hunting, which I did very early, as the hounds came away on account of the violent cold wind, which must have been very tiresome to you in the journey to-day. The chickens have gone to roost; no doubt they missed you at supper-time, when they waited in vain to hear the accustomed “tuck-tuck.” The silver pheasant was tearing his tail in despair, and the little bantam-cock was wringing his crooked claws in grief for your absence. . . .’

‘December 10.

‘. . . . We had a famous hunt to-day; a hare ran over the downs and came to the kennel-walk, where it cleverly ran under the very trees where the horseflesh is hung up for the dogs; so when our pack came there, instead of hunting the hare, they gazed up at the future good dinners in store for them, and in consequence we lost our hare. I had yesterday such a pretty run with the little pack that I wished for you to see it; they ran from the “Little Knoll” over the fields below, and away to the

downs. I stood on the hill and saw them all the time. . . . We shall not go up to Deptford Inn for some days, since the elections will now put the whole country in confusion. . . .

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

‘December 14.

‘. . . . We have had such pleasant weather that I wish much you could have been here, walking, and looking at the improvements with me. . . . Will be astonished at them when you come. . . . The election has produced in Frome what the county paper calls a *painful* excitement; that is, they have broken all the window-panes. . . . I should like to be here when my father comes, that I may suggest what I wish to be done, but I do not yet know when he will come. . . . I have looked at the Howard Society pamphlet; it is very confused, and gives as one reason why forgers should not be hanged, that in some instances at Newgate the rope is very ill-adjusted. I should have liked to have heard the speeches at the meeting. Your chickens are well; the bantam-cock still walks dejected, with his head down. I believe I have told you all the Bradley news.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour, 1832.

‘December 17.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour, 1832.

‘Your parcel and letter arrived here safe, and you may tell Caroline that I tried to read her magazine, but was stopped by a confusion of hurricanes and honeymoons. . . . I hope, however, that the sale of the work may increase like Prince Too-Too’s nose, most unaccountably, for it certainly will be to me most unaccountable if there should be a continued sale for such worn-out tales and insipid fragments. What does the town-rake mean? Was it put in as a joke? or why should the *Court Magazine* laugh at the town-rake? It really reminds me of the colloquy between the saucepan and the kettle. . . . The other night there was a disturbance in Frome—mobs, broken windows, and fractured limbs; old Dr. Bush had his hands full setting legs and selling plasters. —, who is, you know, lately in the yeomanry, was obliged to go and parade about almost all night. I lent him some pistols, but I have not heard whether his military valour was called into action.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

Between December 17 and 25, Lord Seymour was called away from Maiden Bradley for a day or two, and the following letter has reference to his return.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

‘. . . . My journey was rather tedious, for the coach was overloaded with Christmas dinners and presents to the good people of Frome ; turkeys, hares, and pheasants were hanging in clusters kicking their heels, and curious-shaped parcels were crowded in every corner ; then we had to stop at every village to leave or take up these tokens of friendly recollection, and our coachman (who was a bad scholar, or else he was very dim-sighted) made repeated blunders by misreading the directions. He gave Mrs. Waylet’s ham instead of Mr. Walter’s turkey, and he could not anywhere find Mrs. Hanmer’s present ; but she was determined to think it impossible she could be forgotten, and persisted in making him search the coach and spell every name that began with an H. In vain I proposed to give her a turkey and let her go. The coachman said the turkeys were all regularly *booked*, and so Mrs. Hanmer was left to meditate on the forgetfulness of her friends. Some twenty miles farther, when the parcels had grown fewer, we found a rush basket with two black legs protruding, round which was fastened a ticket for Mrs. Hanmer.

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour, 1832.

“Well, she can get it by next Wednesday ; and a day later won’t signify,” said the coachman.

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour, 1832.

“Why not,” said I, “on Monday, when the coach returns to town?”

“But this coach does not return, for it is the last day the Frome coach is to run.”

‘Ah, ah, poor Mrs. Hanmer! Well, with all this, we arrived at Frome two hours after our time, and it rained in my face while I drove the little pony-carriage to Bradley. Archibald went yesterday to hunt, and was to go on and dine with Portman; he returns, however, this afternoon. . . . Remember that some of that writing-paper I gave you should be sent very often to Bradley, or I will eat the bantam-cock.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

January, 1833.

‘We shall receive the cook with the greatest goodwill, and I hope she will soon become acquainted with the pans and dishes in our kitchen. Certainly when I was in town she called most forcibly to my recollection the old proverb, “God sends good meat, but the devil sends cooks.” I do not mean any insinuation against your aunt, who sent her to us. She will, I fear, prove to be one of those sort of cooks who seem as if they had learnt their art in a hospital, who instead of soup make a sick

broth, conceive no other idea of bread-sauce but a poultice, and when an omelette is ordered produce a cataplasm of eggs. Well, I will try - all this on Archibald when he has had a long day's hunting, and is in good appetite.

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour, 1833.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

‘January, 1833.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

‘So you are on the sofa, knitting many coloured shoes for the baby. Your mamma says you are permitted *short* conversations with your acquaintances ; but when, almost immediately after, she notifies the arrival of Lady Westmoreland, I conclude that your strength enables you to bear long ones. . . .’

‘January, 1833.

‘. . . . Very little advance has been made in the improvements, though I usually see an old man moving a wheelbarrow full of earth, and another indolently scraping with a spade ; but I never walk now except to the kennel, for now that you are not here to walk with me, it is melancholy to go and watch the slow progress of the workmen. . . .’

‘January 29, 1833.

‘. . . . I am very glad the baby is like you, but do not understand how its hair could be

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour, 1833.

* His eldest
daughter, now
Lady Her-
mione Graham.

dark at first, and then "grow light in a single night." It will be an excellent companion to Hermione* on the floor, as soon as it is old enough to enjoy the sports of the carpet. If it will grow like you, I shall be more pleased with it than with a boy. . . .'

'February 2, 1833.

'DEAREST GEORGY,

'This morning I had only time to send you a few lines, that you might not think I had lost my way on returning here. My father could not conveniently see the improvements, because snow mixed with rain has been falling all day. However, I have settled a few alterations which were essential to our new rooms, and which can be at once commenced.

'When I left town I brought away two volumes of M. de Balzac, which I read in the coach; they were a great disappointment after the "Peau de Chagrin," but as I was shut up in the coach there was no help for it, so I read them through. Send me any books that are amusing when you have done with them. Perhaps I can run up again to see you.

'Your affectionate husband,

'SEYMOUR.'

CHAPTER IV.

1834.

A Continental Tour—The Rhine—A German Dinner—French Marshals—A German Fortress—German Literature and Metaphysics—A Ducal Autocrat—Roman Remains—Return to England—Lord Seymour in Devonshire—Stands for Totnes—Devonshire Neighbours—Anecdote of Bowles the Poet.

THE next records of Lord Seymour's life belong to the latter half of the following year, when he and Lady Seymour made an autumn tour on the Continent. At the end of that year there was a dissolution of Parliament, on which occasion Lord Seymour again stood and was elected for the borough of Totnes. The letters relating to these events explain themselves.

Lord Seymour to his Father the Duke of Somerset.

'August, 1834.

'We have been staying for the last few days at Hampton Court. Yesterday we went to see the King prorogue Parliament; there was not much applause outside, and hardly a dozen peers in the House. On Wednesday we begin our tour; we shall go by Calais to Ghent,

Lord Seymour,
in Germany,
to his father,
1834.

Antwerp, Cologne, and then embark on the Rhine; and when we are tired of German scenery we shall return to Brussels, and see Leopold in all his glory. We shall return probably in November.

‘I will write to you that you may know our progress, although our road is so hackneyed that there will be little novelty to send you, unless we should go to any of the small German Courts, which are frequently ridiculous.’

‘The Island of Rolandswerth,

‘September 14, 1834.

‘DEAR FATHER,

‘We are now in an island on the Rhine where there was once a nunnery, but in more irreligious or enlightened times nuns were at a discount, and the convent, being considered an anachronism, was converted into an inn. It is a very pretty spot, six or eight miles above Bonn, with a surrounding scenery of vineyards, rocks and ruins, silent and undisturbed except by the splashing of the daily steamboat, which has, they say, frightened all the fish out of the Rhine.

‘I wish you had seen our dinner at *table d’hôte* the other day; it began at half after one, and drawled on till four — a succession of oily dishes, puddings, and meats, boars’ heads, and wonderful sauces. I saw a partridge, and was

pulling it towards myself to carve it, but the waiter snatched it from me, because, he said, nothing must be carved on the table. Sixty strange German eyes stared at me as if it was a barbarous greediness and unmannerly behaviour, but when they saw I only laughed they despaired of me.'

Lord Seymour,
in Germany,
to his father,
1834.

'Frankfort,

'*Sunday, September 28.*

'We left our island on the Rhine after two or three days' stay, and drove along the banks to Coblenz. A few miles beyond Andernach is a monument built by the French army to General Hoche, who distinguished himself by crossing the Rhine at this spot. Hoche did not die in battle, but was suspected of being poisoned. Another General, Marceau, is buried a few miles further on; he was a Marshal, and was killed at six-and-twenty. We begin now to consider the French marshals a race of Titans, or like the Ichthyosaurs and Mastodons, an extinct breed of wonderful creatures who have passed away, and left their bones in the different countries of Europe.

'At Coblenz we went to see the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, one of the strongest in Europe. It is now garrisoned by a regiment of Poles, for when the revolution in Poland broke out,

Lord Seymour,
in Germany,
to his father,
1834.

the King of Prussia, who has got a small share of that unlucky country, fearing, I suppose, that his Polish troops would catch the patriotic infection, wisely removed them from the frontiers of Poland to Coblentz, where by change of air and strict discipline those feverish and epidemic diseases, liberty and national independence, were happily avoided.'

'Frankfort,

'October 6, 1834.

'Since I wrote to you last we have been staying here reading German, and visiting the theatre every evening.

'The Duchess of Hamilton, with Douglas and Fincastle, came here for a day from Wiesbaden. . . .

'My inquiries after German literature have not been very satisfactory; plays and novels are the staple commodity of their book-stalls. Here we found a German professor, who gave us some instruction in the language; but when I asked what books he could recommend, he was much at a loss, for, as he said, their philosophers are nearly unintelligible; they write such strangely-involved German sentences. When an Englishman writes on a difficult subject, he chooses an easy, almost a colloquial,

style, as Locke and Hume in their essays ; but when a German feels philosophical, he pours out such curiously long sentences, and makes or borrows so many new and heterogeneously compounded words, that it reminds one of that invaluable Scotch definition of metaphysics : "When a man speaks, and nobody understands what he means, and when he himself does not understand what he means, then that is metaphysics." In history they have very little that is satisfactory ; they talk of nothing but Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," which I am tired of seeing, and it has not a date from the beginning to the end ; and Niebuhr's "Roman History." He first wrote a book to contradict and eradicate Livy, and then another edition to controvert himself ; but it was such bad German that it was a study for a German to understand him. I went into a large book-seller's, and made the man bring his catalogue. "Now," I said, "I will look at your best authors who are not poets" (for German poetry is that reading of which Solomon speaks when he says, "Of much reading there is no end," so I determined safely to make no beginning). Well, it was curious to see how this determination of mine shortened it (catalogue) and confounded the bookseller, so very few books of general reputation remained to be seen.'

Lord Seymour,
in Germany,
to his father,
1834.

‘Wiesbaden,

‘October 16, 1834.

Lord Seymour
to his father.

‘From Frankfort we came here. Lady Seymour came with the carriage in the evening, and we made several amusing excursions among the neighbouring hills, and then went to Langen-Schwalbach, a few miles north-west of Wiesbaden. Here the water is a strong chalybeate, with fixed air in it, which makes it so pleasant to drink that the people call it the wine-spring, and all the neighbouring poor come and fill their bottles with it. All the watering-places are thriving and increasing every year, and the Duke of Nassau, or his Minister, fixes all the regulations respecting them. At Schlangenbad, for instance, the inn belongs to the Government, and the lodging-price of every room is written over the door, while the price of a bath is arranged also by the Duke or his Minister. When at Schwalbach I wished to bathe, but was told it was absolutely impossible: the season for bathing was past, the bathing-house was locked up, and the key was kept by the Mayor of the town. What a paternal Government, which prevents a man dipping in water when the lateness of the season might render the immersion unsalutary! Such was my reflection as I dabbled in a foot-tub, thankful that the Duke had, in his wisdom, left me at

least this limited enjoyment of the water. The last two days have become so autumnal that we have renounced our intentions of going to Heidelberg, and mean to go from Mayence by Treves to Rheims and Paris.'

Lord Seymour
to his father.

'Paris,

'October 31, 1834.

'Since last I wrote we have made a long journey. From Mayence we went by Bingen across a wild rough country near the banks of the Moselle to Trier, or Treves. This town I had for a long time been desirous of seeing, as so much has been said of the Roman remains there. We entered the town through a stately Roman gateway, an immense building three stories high, constructed of large blocks of stone uncemented, but cramped together by metal, and ornamented with massive columns in a rude Tuscan style. This gateway—at least, its upper stories—were, during pious times, converted into a church, and would probably have still remained serviceable to the religious had not the French come there at that period when they waged war on men below and God above, and destroyed the church in order to restore the ruin.

' . . . Treves pretends to be the oldest town in Europe. On an old house, which was once

Lord Seymour,
in Paris, to his
father, 1834.

a town-hall, but is now the best inn in the place, is this inscription, "Ante Romanos Treviris stetit annis MCCC." I feel inclined to say of Treves as of some men who are proud only of their family, "Well, you may have been a long time in the world, and little good have you done in it, the more shame for you!"

'Luxembourg is in a curious position, as it is not yet settled to whom it belongs. It is as yet considered Dutch—that is, at least, the town, but not the province; but it is garrisoned by Prussian troops. Since I learned that from Luxembourg to Rheims there is no road, I was compelled to renounce my intention, and therefore we came to Thionville, and from there by Metz, Verdun, Epernay, Chalons-sur-Marne to Paris, and after several days' journey in wet and cold weather we are not sorry to be here, near the corner of the Place Vendome, where Napoleon stands in his great-coat and cocked hat, once more enthroned on his pedestal.'

The following letters, which relate principally to his election, were written from houses in Devonshire during the latter part of December—from Mamhead, near Dawlish (Sir Lydston Newman's); from Folleton, near Totnes (Mr. Carg's); and from Stover, near Newton Abbot—his father's :

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Mamhead,

‘December 14, 1834.

‘On Wednesday I am to attend a meeting for the improvement of agriculture at Kingsbridge, and although it is intended that all parties should be excluded, I should not be surprised if it leads to a Corn Law debate. I shall tell the farmers what I think of the agricultural mind, if they begin the discussion; it will not be very complimentary.

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1834.

‘I hope you and the Duchess are well. I wish you could have seen Stover yesterday; it looked very cheerful and gay, with flowers on the terraces.’

‘Folleton,

‘December 19, 1834.

‘I went on Wednesday to the agricultural dinner at Kingsbridge; there was a good attendance: Lord Courtenay, Sir J. Buller,* Sir R. Newman; Mr. Cary as chairman, and a room full of farmers. A cup given by you was bestowed on the best farmer of 150 acres; your health was drunk in consequence, and I returned thanks. Mr. Michelmores† son got two prizes for the management of his farm at Berry. The meeting was very successful, though some persons tried to disturb it by introducing poli-

* Afterwards
Lord Churston.

† The Duke of
Somerset's
agent.

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1834.

* The house of
his brother-in-
law, Mr.
Sheridan.

† Lord Mel-
bourne had
been dismissed
by the King in
November. Sir
R. Peel formed
an administra-
tion in Decem-
ber, and Parlia-
ment dissolved
the same
month.

tics, but the county members prudently abstained from saying a word on the subject.

‘I return to-day to Frampton.* There is some excitement in Totnes, as elsewhere, in regard to an immediate election†; but I should think Lord John Russell will meet this Parliament and state his intentions before he dissolves.’

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

‘Stover,

‘December 23 (?), 1834.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

‘I wish they would dissolve the Parliament, for I do not like to leave this at present, as it would be necessary for me to hasten back again whenever the dissolution should come.

‘The Tories have written an attack on my address; it is, unluckily, anonymous, so that I must not, I believe, answer it, which otherwise would have been an amusement, since I have nothing to do here. I have a great wish to call a meeting in the Town Hall, to speak to the constituents; it would be under pretence of vindicating myself from this attack, but in reality only to give me an opportunity of saying several things which I long to say; but, then, perhaps they might again pelt me with halfpence, so it is best to stay quiet.

‘To-day I am to dine at the famous Mrs. Wise’s; you shall hear about it. . . .’

Mrs. Wise was an old widow lady belonging to a well-known West of England family. She occupied Ford House, a curious Elizabethan mansion, not many miles from Stover. She was notorious for her affectations, and Dickens, to whom many of her sayings were repeated, attempted, in ‘Nicholas Nickleby,’ a portrait of her as Mrs. Wittiterly.

‘Stover,

‘Christmas, 1834.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

‘If next week’s *Gazette* does not speak of a dissolution, I shall come back, but I am engaged to meet the Newarks at dinner at Tor Abbey.* How much longer do you stay at Hampton Court? The papers say that Persia is likely to be disturbed by a civil war, for the late King, who has just died, has left sixty uncles to the present lawful monarch, and that most of these will try to get into the throne. Perhaps this family row will be over before he (Frank Sheridan) arrives. Write and tell me how long you wish to stay at the palace. I have no fear about my election, but it is a great bore to have travelled so many miles for nothing. I wish they would dissolve.

* Mr. Cary’s house, close to Torquay.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

‘Stover,

‘Tuesday, December 30, 1834.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

Lord Seymour,
in Devonshire,
to Lady Sey-
mour, Dec. 30,
1834.

‘My election will, I think, be settled, so that I may return about Thursday, the 8th. You say that I never dated my letters, but a frank seemed to me a sufficient date; it was a wrongful accusation of your husband. I shall see the Newarks to-day at dinner, and will ask them for Bentinck’s place of abode. . . . We rather expect Lord John Russell here this evening; he has been running about speaking in all the towns of South Devon, and has brought on himself the displeasure of Philpotts, the Bishop of Exeter. He will have no contest. Bulteel retires, which makes room for Sir John Buller, who, with Lady Buller, called at Stover when you were here.

* His brother,
now Duke.

‘Algernon* goes to town in a day or two; we have shot rabbits together, and cut down trees, for the weather has been very fine. Till yesterday there has been no rain since my arrival—quite a miracle for Devonshire! His dog Lion was grown very still and decrepit, so he has caused him to be put to death, and intends having his skin made into shoes, that he may have a memento of his faithful companion. Tell this to Charlie,† that he may admire this instance of utilitarian romance. No

† Charles
Sheridan.

foolishly engraven tablet or sculptured urn to record the perpetuity of his canine attachment, but a pair of shoes, which, while they are new and pinch him, will naturally awaken the acuteness of his feelings, but as they grow old and easy must gradually soothe him into a calm resignation, and even reconcile him to the short-lived and short-tailed destiny of curs. What a sublime sentence! I should like to speak it to the electors of Totnes if I could bring it in *à propos de bottes*, or somehow.

‘I have just read “Jacob Faithful,” which I prefer to “Peter Simple.” The first volume made me laugh quite as much; the second should be skipped, and the pathetic part of the third made very little impression on me. His women may be good enough for a sailor, but they are the most uninteresting creatures fancy ever feigned. . . .’

Lord Seymour appears to have left Devonshire the next day for Maiden Bradley, and to have written to his father immediately the following amusing anecdote:

‘Mrs. Norton came here from Bowood, and stayed two days. A party in that neighbourhood, chiefly ladies, went to call on Bowles the poet. As they drove up to the door, he came out with a fiddle in his hand, and then showed them into the house, walking in front and

Lord Seymour
in Devonshire,
to Lady Sey-
mour, Dec. 30,
1834.

Lord Seymour
to his father,
Jan., 1835.

Lord Seymour
to his father.

fiddling as he went the tune, "Voulez-vous danser, Mademoiselle?" They asked him where Mrs. Bowles was. "Why," he said, "she is gone to visit a poor man who is dying, for when they are in that sad condition my own nerves will not allow me to call upon them—" "Voulez-vous danser, Mademoiselle?" However, if he does not visit them when dying, he pays them the greatest attention when dead, for he composes poetical epitaphs for all, and his churchyard serves him for a scrap-book, in which he inscribes all his happy rhymes, and then says with Horace, "Exegi monumentum."

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

'Stover,

'January, 1835.

* His brother,
Lord Algernon
St. Maur, now
Duke of
Somerset.

'Yesterday I finished my canvass, and my success is quite certain. Algernon* went with me one day, and shook hands and drank currant wine with the constituents.

'The Tories are confounded at my arrival and at my address; they say that they are sure that Lord Brougham wrote the address for me at Paris. However, it was so popular that a second edition was required, and it has been sent to the neighbouring boroughs as a sample of *Totnesian* eloquence.

‘If there is no news of a dissolution in a few days, I shall return to Hampton Court, and not come back till the day of the election.

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour.

‘I have nothing to tell you, for my whole day has been passed running up and down the street of Totnes.

‘My sisters went last night to a ball at Torquay.’

‘Stover,

‘January, 1835.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

‘The other night we dined at Mrs. Wise’s. Mrs. Wise is a thin, smiling, affected old woman, and wears a remarkable wig in short curls on every side. If Norton* had seen it, he would have been very glad to discover its mechanism.

* His brother-in-law.

‘Archibald’s† great friend, Sir Walter Carew, dined there with his brother. A cold dinner, at which my father was fortunate enough to fall into a deep slumber, and a round game of commerce, completed the amusements of the evening. Yesterday I went to see the Newarks; they have got a very pretty cottage looking over Torbay. They gave me some mutton pies, but they had resolved in their devout minds to go to evening church; so when I had accompanied them for a short distance on their pious pilgrimage, I went to

† Lord Archibald St. Maur, his brother. Sir Walter Carew was a near neighbour to Mrs. Wise.

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour.

look for old Sharp, but he had walked out among the rocks. However, I saw two strange mad women, who are aged above forty, and who wear white Cossack trousers, and short frock coats with fur collars, and hair like German students. They are, I hear, well known at Torquay and Exeter, and their conduct is such as might be expected from their appearance ; but what is the use of being mad if one may not do what one likes ?'

The ladies above mentioned were two Miss Durnfords—sisters. They lived till, at least, twenty years after the date of the above letter, and were so well known that china statuettes of them were to be bought in the shops at Exeter.

CHAPTER V.

1835—1838.

Lord Seymour in the House of Commons—A Lord of the Treasury—Is re-elected for Totnes—Speaker and Canvasser in Devonshire for Lord John Russell—He and his Friends called ‘Itinerant Demagogues’—Faraday on the Ventilation of the House of Commons—Lord Seymour immersed in Business—Farmers robbed on the Highway—‘Reflections’ by Lord Seymour, suggested by his Political Life—Thought and Oratory—Ridicule and Truth—Truth and Intellectual Acuteness—Lord John Russell and the Radicals—An Extraordinary Hat—Ascot Races—Lord Mulgrave’s Curtailed Visit to Windsor.

LORD SEYMOUR had been but three months in Parliament when, on the change of Government, which took place in the April of 1835, he was appointed Lord of the Treasury under Lord Melbourne; and, as will be seen in his letters, he instantly presented himself to his constituents for re-election. A short note to his father may be given first, which indicates the keen interest with which he had entered into political life :

‘February 25, 1835.

‘Great debates last night; you will see in what uncouthly phrase Lyndhurst and Brougham attacked each other. I ran from one House to the other, and heard them all.

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1835.

Morpeth spoke very well, and, of course, Peel. But the debate in the Lords was the best. We expect to beat them to-night; in fact, the numbers will, I suppose, be much the same as on the Speakership. Nevertheless, as far as I can see, we are in an awkward position, and many of the Liberals are so angry that the old Tories have changed into Whigs that they would themselves change into Radicals. If Stanley had not made the premature declaration about Church property,* he would have been a good moderator between the parties; his violence has much injured him with the Liberal Party.'

* Lord J. Russell's motion for applying surplus revenues of the Irish Church to general religious purposes was carried in April by a majority of twenty-seven.

Lord Seymour to his Father.

'Mamhead, Devonshire,
'April 23, 1835.

'I came down by mail, and arrived at Totnes on Sunday evening, bringing with me the first news of the formation of the new Government.† Immediately I sent for Michelmores, and wrote an address, which was printed and stuck all about the town at seven on Monday morning; in the address I asked all the electors to meet me at ten in the Guildhall. There accordingly we put Cary in the chair, and I made a long speech, which was most attentively heard, and the electors were so satisfied that they said a

† Sir R. Peel resigned April 8. Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister.

personal canvass was unnecessary, and that I might devote my time to the interests of Lord John Russell. After the speech we adjourned to see the steamboat at work deepening the river; it appears at present to be very effective; this was the first day it had begun. At twelve Mr. Watson and others came to speak of Lord John's election, and we determined to make a great stir. We printed handbills announcing a meeting of electors on Wednesday at Newton, and another at Kingsbridge on Saturday.

Lord Seymour,
canvassing in
Devon, to his
father.

'On Tuesday morning I rode with Mr. Watson to Modbury, told the county electors that if they would assemble there at six in the evening I would speak to them, and in the meantime we went on to see your tenants beyond, in Kingston parish, I believe. Then we canvassed the electors in the parish and the two parishes adjoining, and having thus occupied the day, we returned to Modbury at six. Here there was a large room full of electors, none of whom I had ever seen before. I made a speech, however, most successful in its effects, for every man in the room gave his name to be put down as a supporter of Lord John.

'On Wednesday I came into Newton, having on Monday written to Newman, etc., to come

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1835.

there also ; they all came, also Lord Ebrington. Several Tory gentlemen were in the town, but when they saw our strength they did not venture to meet us. We carried everything our own way—a great triumph. I came here last night, but return to Totnes to-day. My election is to be to-morrow (Friday). I have yet heard of no opposition ; my sudden arrival and rapid proceedings disconcerted the Tories. We mean to have a congratulatory address to the King on the new Ministry after my election instead of chairing.’

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

‘Totnes,
‘April 29, 1835.

‘You see, I am again the honoured representative of Totnes. My election took place this morning ; no opposition was attempted.

‘I arrived on Sunday evening, bringing the first news of the new Ministry, and I immediately sent out an address requesting the electors to meet me on Monday morning. Then I made a long speech, which probably satisfied them, as they excused me from any personal canvass. I collected a number of county electors to consider what was to be done for Lord John Russell ; we thought a meeting on Wednesday

would be a good plan at Newton, near Stover, and accordingly published a notice, and I wrote to several gentlemen to come.

Lord Seymour,
canvassing for
Lord John
Russell, to
Lady Seymour.

‘On Tuesday I rode with a most zealous farmer, and canvassed some distant villages, and collected a number of electors in the town of Modbury, where I had never been before, when they filled a large room. I and my farmer companion went in, and I spoke a most impressive speech. Every man in the room gave in his name as a supporter of Lord John.

‘On Wednesday we had a great meeting at Newton; I was in the chair. Lord Ebrington came; we were most triumphant. To-day I have, of course, been speaking at Totnes, and to-morrow we have called a meeting at Kingsbridge, where I trust Lord John will come. I am afraid I cannot yet leave Devon, on account of the county election. They now call Lord J. Russell ‘the widow’s mite.’ Many of the common people here believe that he has turned Catholic, or, as they call it, a Roman, and that he intends to burn all the churches.’

‘Mamhead,

‘April 28, 1835.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

‘My time has been so occupied that I could not send you an account of our proceed-

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour, 1835.

ings. Last Saturday we had a great meeting at Kingsbridge. Lord and Lady J. Russell arrived. She looked out of the inn windows, while he stood amongst us on a waggon and addressed the people.

‘On Monday they were drawn in triumph into Teignmouth, and in the evening came to Torquay. Lord John had to make seven speeches on that day at different places.

‘On Tuesday we all went to Brixham, near Torbay, and there we spoke from hustings built in the corner of an old wall. We then drove through Totnes to a fair at a place called Brent, and here we found a large assembly of farmers, and also one opponent, Mr. Parker, with Sir J. Buller; they spoke from one inn, and we from the other.

‘On Wednesday morning we all spoke at Dartmouth. Our opponents are very angry at the success of these meetings and speeches. They call us “itinerant demagogues,” but we have done much good, and expect to triumph. The election will take place on Monday and Tuesday next. I shall leave Devon on Wednesday, and come to you that evening or Thursday.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Maiden Bradley,

‘October 23, 1835.

‘In a few days I return to town to resume Treasury work.

‘It is strange that the people in the south of Devon still complain of the corn which is smuggled from the Channel Islands, because they had a Committee of the House of Commons last session to examine into this complaint. Mr. Parrott* was one of the Committee, and yet they could bring no evidence; but, on the contrary, the Committee came to the opinion that it was all a false alarm, and that very little corn had been introduced in that fraudulent manner. Now, several Devon men were examined, I believe, on the question, and if there were any truth in the complaint, the members of the present House of Commons are most ready to detect any infringement of the Corn Laws, so that I cannot help thinking that the alarm is unfounded. . . .

* A gentleman
who lived near
Totnes.

‘I have just read an interesting report on the ventilation of the new Houses of Parliament, in which there are many curious observations by several scientific men on the transmission of sound. Faraday also was examined, and his answers were very cautious and acute, though

Lord
Seymour's
'Reflections,'
Thought and
Oratory,
1835-1837.

tween the two powers of thinking and speaking, which tend very much to prevent their being united in the same individual. This will, I trust, appear plain if we consider what a man does when he wishes to think correctly. He first, probably, looks upon his subject as much as possible separate from the words in which it is conveyed to him; for such, I remember, is the advice of Locke, and, as it will strike everyone, is the safest way to avoid prejudice and misconception. He thinks as far as he is able without the intervention of words, but he takes more especial care to avoid those strings of words which, from some temporary application, frequent usage, or sometimes merely from the harmony of sound, have been long combined and accustomed to go together. Such words he either omits, or, if he has need of them, he detaches them from their association, he weighs cautiously their insulated, their intrinsic worth, and never for a moment allows his mind to think of them in any other sense than that which he has prescribed. After this labour has been performed, and when he has sufficiently balanced in his mind the difficulties and probabilities on each side of the question, he draws his inferences and obtains his result. But this result comes forth from his mind, as metal from a crucible, in a pure and un-

adulterated state, not only with no adventitious questions attached to it, but without any epithets or any other of the usual concomitants of opinion. In this state, however valuable it may be to himself as an immutable truth, or as a predominant probability, it is not in a state to be communicated to others: it is a piece of pure gold, but it must be well coined and stamped before it will be generally received. He is obliged, therefore, to discard his usual habits of mental exertion, and to turn his attention to words—to seek out, in short, appropriate phrases, epithets, and metaphors, to mix his truth with the alloy of language that it may pass current in the world. The superficial thinker, or rather, perhaps I should say, the unphilosophical thinker, takes his question, on the contrary, with all the language in which he finds it enveloped, considers it all at once, and, if he arrives at the same conclusion, it must be rather by the acuteness of his mind than the adequacy of his means. But, then, he possesses his conclusion and all the arguments on which it is founded ready for immediate expression; he has used his words in the loose sense of common language, and in that sense they will be readily received; he needs no definition of terms, no restriction of meaning; he did not chemically analyze the coin which was given

Lord
Seymour's
'Reflections,'
Thought and
Oratory,
1835-1837.

Lord
Seymour's
'Reflections,'
Ridicule as a
Test of Truth,
1835-1837.

angels ; we should not laugh if we saw children in foolish ignorance risking their lives and happiness ; yet Milton had some apparent authority for this in the expressions of Scripture. When man had tasted the forbidden fruit, God said : " Behold, man has become as one of Us." Now, this speech was, as St. Chrysostom and others explain it, a bitter irony to Adam, who, instead of becoming like a god, was degraded and fallen from the state of man. Does not David also say that at the punishment of the wicked the just shall look and laugh over them, and Job says the innocent man shall mock them ? Jeremiah says that the deeds of sinners are vain and laughable. Is it not even said of the Deity that He shall laugh over the death of the wicked ? Such passages in Scripture are dreadful and incomprehensible. Laughter over an unrepentant sinner appears unworthy of a Christian. It is cruelty usurping the place of pity. It is curious to observe how much use is made of ridicule in all polemical disputes. Even in the earliest times, and down to the present day, different sects ridicule each other. The coarse ribaldry of Luther, and the vulgar wit with which the Church replied to him, seem as if it had been imagined the Reformation could be settled by personal aspersions and recriminations. We find

Milton making jokes against Episcopacy, and Pascal wittily mocking the doctrines of the Jesuits. In matters of religion ridicule is a dangerous weapon ; it frequently injures those who use it, for it is like bringing an elephant into battle ; and sometimes the witty writer, like Diomed under the walls of Troy, wounds a Deity while he aims at his antagonist.'

Lord
Seymour's
'Reflections,'
1835-1837.

'The Defence of Atheism.'

'A man who writes in support of atheism, and passes his time in trying to prove that there will be no future life, employs himself in a very melancholy occupation. The monks of La Trappe spent their leisure hours in digging their graves, but he occupies his life in proving that the grave will be eternal.'

'Truth and Intellectual Acuteness.'

'Hume says in one of his essays that men may be divided into profound and shallow thinkers ; the first miss the truth by going beyond it, the last do not penetrate far enough to reach it. Pascal says the same : " Si on n'y songe pas assez, ou si on y songe trop on s'entête et l'on ne peut trouver la vérité." This seems to be true in almost every department of knowledge ; even in religion, although

Lord
Seymour's
'Reflections,'
Truth and
Intellectual
Acuteness,
1835-1837.

we are often told to think of it continually, yet we observe that those who do make it the constant subject of their thoughts imbibe notions which must be false, because if they were generally adopted they would be most pernicious. By this I mean that I consider any religious opinion to be necessarily false which *militates* against the existence of society, and of this kind are the opinions which enthusiasts or profound thinkers in religion usually adopt. The saying of Hobbes is frequently quoted: "I am not so ignorant as others, because I have not read so much," and we might sometimes with equal truth say: "I am not fallen into so many errors as others, because I have not thought so much." This is, in fact, what is meant when persons remark "that suggestion is too ingenious to be true"; that is, "you have missed the truth by going beyond it." Much injury, as Bacon observed, has arisen to science by the love of generalizing; that is, reasoning too hastily from particulars to universals, or founding a theory upon a single fact, which is a vice peculiar to profound thinkers. Carneades, the sophist, used to say: "If he is a very clever man, I shall the more easily succeed in deceiving him," and there was much truth in this observation, for a clever man is more easily deceived by ingenious arguments than a

stupid man who seldom sees their force. Give Berkeley's essay to a shallow thinker, and he will soon put it aside as an extravagant absurdity; but no clever man ever read it without being much puzzled and left in doubt whether or not matter really exists. These remarks might be applied to the national character of many countries. We all know how the Athenians were constantly led astray by an ingenious argument, and thus we find that the speeches of their favourite orators consist almost entirely of argument; and, indeed, it must surprise everyone who reads these orations to see how seldom (considering that they were addressed to a promiscuous audience) they appeal to the passions. But this love of shrewd arguments and ingenious reasonings did not make them more difficult to be deceived; a clever man could always deceive them. Now, the English, on the contrary, are not easily deceived; they do not listen patiently to an ingenious argument. If the reasoning is very clever, they suspect it to be fallacious. They say of a clever child, "He is too clever to live long," and of a clever theory, "It is too clever to last." "It is so brilliant that it must be false," is a natural remark when one sees a fine head-dress of diamonds, and the same observation is frequently applied to a brilliant

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'Reflections,'
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speech. The sound sense of the English, it is said, protects them against these deceptions; if the people were more clever they would be more easily deceived. They are so sensible because they are so stupid; this sounds like a paradox, but there is some truth in it. Now, the Germans are more subtle and ingenious reasoners, and the consequence is that they are frequently puzzled about their own identity—a misfortune which can only happen to a profound thinker—"Si on y songe trop on s'entête."

The next two letters of Lord Seymour that have been preserved were written, as their contents show, early in the November of 1837; and the third, which concludes this chapter, in the June of the year following. Owing to the death of William IV. in the June of 1837, Parliament was dissolved in July. Lord Seymour was duly re-elected for Totnes. The new Parliament met in November, with Lord Melbourne for Prime Minister.

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

'November, 1837.

'You wrote me a very nice letter, and I am very glad the children are so prosperous. . . . Yesterday we began our Session, and Lord John made a strong declaration of resistance to the Radicals, who are in consequence furious with him. Some say it was

very right and sensible ; others say it was madness, and will break up the party.

‘ My own opinion is that his declaration* against the ballot was injudicious, and that it would have been fairer to his supporters if he had said it some time ago.† However, as his opinions accord pretty well with my own, I have no fault to find. . . . ’

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

* Grote's motion for the ballot had been introduced and thrown out the previous March.

† He declared against all attempts to reopen the Reform question.

‘ November, 1837.

‘ DEAREST GEORGY,

‘ There is a hat come for you, a most curious contrivance, an acre of black beaver ; it will be impossible to ride against the wind in it, but perhaps it is meant for your baby ; it will make him look like a black mushroom. I have been much amused with it. Francis‡ is in great distress how to pack it, in order to preserve its shape—“ If shape it can be called, which shape has none distinguishable.” *Le chapeau monstre*, that is its name. It shall be sent as soon as a box is made large enough to hold it ; I must then have one of the vans from Newmarket to carry it.

‡ An old servant.

‘ Lord John Russell made a very good speech last night ; discomfited the Radicals, and vindicated himself. What will be the end it is difficult to foresee, but at any rate Lord John has done what is right, and we are quite satisfied with him now. Caroline§ has just come in here ;

§ The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour.

she started at the sight of the *chapeau monstre*, and says it is not in the least what you ordered ; she will speak to the man about it.

‘ Rogers came here yesterday and took Caroline out in his carriage to amuse her.’

‘ London,
‘ June, 1838.

‘ DEAREST GEORGY,

‘ Yesterday morning I went with some of my colleagues at the Treasury to Ascot. It appeared more crowded than Epsom, though perhaps that might be from the numbers being collected in smaller space. We arrived just in time for the first race, and I went on the top of the Queen’s stand ; some of the household admitted me, with H. Corry and Sidney Herbert. The Queen was in the room beneath, and it was most amusing to see the thousands of up-turned faces staring at the stand. It rained, however, occasionally, which made it impossible for the women to walk about.

‘ After I had seen Grey Momus win cleverly the cup (which is no cup, but a silver St. George fighting the dragon) we went down, and making a loyal bow to the Queen (who congratulated Lord George* on his success), we were given a very good luncheon in a room in the royal stand. I saw Lady Ches. and Mrs. Anson in a small stand near us ; afterwards I amused myself in

* Lord George
Bentinck.

all the booths and stalls, which formed a complete street of painted canvas, peopled with rascals of every imaginable variety. I played some half-crowns at a game called mechanical race-horses, which consisted in a number of coloured balls running down a sloping board, and fools betting which colour would first get to the bottom; but the man, I believe, cheated, and after I had lost three half-crowns I complained that my horse never won, upon which remonstrance, said in a most complaining tone, the man let him win, and as I had wisely bet three half-crowns at once that time, I retrieved my fortunes and went away to another booth. Having then amused myself with dislodging various valuable articles from the summit of perpendicular sticks—which articles I have brought away as the proof and the reward of my skill—I found it time to come back to London, and after going through a splendid struggle of tired horses and ambitious post-boys, was safely landed at Crockford's, where I found Lord George, who had never had the curiosity to look at the cup he had won. He told me he had won £1,000 from Suffield, who had backed his *dear* Caravan, and what is worse for Suffield is that he is engaged to run another match with Caravan against Grey Momus for £1,500—of which match he can now anticipate a disagree-

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour, 1838.

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour, 1838.

* Frank and
Charles
Sheridan.

able result. Of course all Suffield's acquaintances had backed the gray, and therefore no one sympathized with him. I met Frank* in the crowd at the races, and saw Charley* in a stand. Lord Mulgrave was invited to Windsor for the first day of the races, and he imagined it was for the week, so he was unexpectedly turned away on the second day, and must have lodged with the gipsies on the heath, if Chesterfield had not charitably taken him to Salt Hill. They say that whenever the multitude cheer the Queen, he bows graciously, forgetting they are not his Irish subjects. Of course the new coronet for the Marquis fills his head, and makes him forgetful. I heard a number more ill-natured things (good things they are generally called), but not worth writing. I shall not go to Esterhazy's ball, as there is an eternal House to-night. I am so sorry that it is wet again to-day, as it must prevent your getting the air. If you are not quite well on Monday, you must not think of going to the ball, as there will be plenty of gay doings now for some time.

‘Your affectionate husband,

‘S.’

CHAPTER VI.

1839—1840.

The Eglinton Tournament—Scotch Visits to the Duke of Montrose and Lord Breadalbane—Lord Seymour offered a Place on the Board of Control by Lord Melbourne—Lord Seymour's Treatment of his Constituents—Railway Accidents—Julius Cæsar as a Prophet—Lord Seymour at Totnes—Manufacture of Votes—An Adelphi Farce—Voltaire mistaken for Calvin—The Way to treat Reports of One's Own Speeches—Autumn Shooting Parties—Sport for a Royal Duke—Lord Seymour's Dogs—Formidable Dogs belonging to Keepers—The Highlands Fifty Years Ago—A Minute Shooting-lodge—Deer-stalking.

IN 1839 Lord Seymour resigned his post as Lord of the Treasury, and was appointed Secretary to the Board of Control, which position he occupied till the June of the year following. In the early autumn of 1839 an event took place which has not yet been forgotten, and with which indirectly his name is still associated—the famous Eglinton Tournament, over which Lady Seymour presided in the character of Queen of Beauty. The earliest letter of that year which remains refers to it. It purports to be the joint composition of Lord and Lady Seymour, and is addressed to their two eldest daughters, then children. It was written from Buchanan, the Duke of Montrose's house, on Loch Lomond, where they went shortly after leaving Eglinton.

*Lord and Lady Seymour to their Daughter,
Lady Hermione St. Maur.*

‘Buchanan,

‘September 7, 1839.

‘We are very far away from Bradley, for we are staying at a house near Glasgow. We saw a fine sight at Eglinton Castle ; a great many gentlemen dressed themselves in armour, like old knights, and fought with spears and shields, riding on horses which were covered with silk robes.

‘We went also to the town of Ayr, where there were some races. This town is near the sea, and in the evenings we walked upon the sands.

‘On Monday we are going to Glasgow, which is a very large town, containing all sorts of manufactories, chiefly for making cotton stuffs. After that we shall go on to see some of the lakes and mountains and old ruined castles, of which there are a great many in Scotland.

‘Another day I will write a letter to Ulrica, and then you shall hear more of what we have seen ; but we have had very bad weather, rain almost every day.’

The following letters explain themselves :

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘ Buchanan,

‘ September 14, 1839.

‘ MY DEAR FATHER,

‘ We went from Ayr to Lord Belhaven, near Glasgow, and then came here to the Duke of Montrose. The other day we made an expedition from here up Loch Lomond and across to Loch Katrine ; we had two fine days, and enjoyed the scenery very much. We go on to the Duke of Argyll at Inverary, and after staying there a day or two we proceed to Taymouth, where Lord Breadalbane has invited us.

‘ Lord Melbourne has written to offer me a place in the Board of Control instead of the Treasury. This change will not make a re-election necessary. I wrote in answer that I could do whatever was most convenient for the general interests of his Government. This change will not take place until a successor is named for me at the Treasury, therefore it had perhaps better not be mentioned.

‘ As soon as I return to England I shall run down to Totnes to see my constituents ; perhaps you will be still at Stover.

‘ Yours very affectionately,

‘ SEYMOUR.’

‘Taymouth Castle,
‘September 30, 1839.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,

Lord Seymour
to his father.

‘I am very thankful to you for your letter respecting the state of Totnes and your proceedings. It is very difficult to satisfy the various opinions of my own supporters there; on many occasions when I have proposed to come and visit the borough I have been advised by —— to abstain from coming at that time, because the town was occupied with municipal elections, or was distracted with contests in which it was better that I should not be concerned. Otherwise, I have in no way that I can understand neglected the wishes or the interests of the constituency, but have obtained for many places under Government, and applied for all who have asked me; nor have I ever left their letters for a day without an answer. I am very glad, however, that you have visited the town, and am much obliged to the Duchess for the zeal which she has displayed in defeating the intrigues of obsolete aldermen and unemployed attorneys; there is no doubt they wish to bring back the borough under the control of the small party who formerly governed it, and who obtained thereby patronage for themselves or their relations. At the same time there is some difficulty in counter-

acting their schemes without incurring the imputation of attempting to obtain a paramount influence over the independent part of the constituency, and of this many most respectable voters are naturally jealous. Civilities may on this account be frequently misunderstood, and the most generous conduct misrepresented. I trust, however, that you have overcome many of the difficulties, and that the Liberal portion of the constituency see that their danger arises from the schemes of their old enemies. I shall certainly run down to Totnes before the winter—indeed, I should have come there in August if I had not been advised to delay it.

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1839.

‘We went for a few days to Lord Belhaven, and from there to the Duke of Montrose; afterwards to the Duke of Argyll at Inverary, and from thence to this place, where Lord Breadalbane has introduced me to the new sport of deer-stalking on the mountains, and I have been much amused. I am going southwards in a few days.’

‘India Board,

‘October 9, 1839.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,

‘We came to town on Tuesday from Lord Chesterfield’s, near Nottingham, where I was shooting for a day or two. We went also to see Archibald’s house at Burton, where Lady

Lord Seymour
to his father.

Seymour and the children will stay this winter, as it is within three miles of the railway, and I can rush up and down whenever I am wanted in London. It seems to be a comfortable little place, scantily furnished, but with a good south aspect. The great advantage is the railway, which brings me to town in six hours. When the railway to Bath is finished, and a branch-line to Frome, I can return to Bradley. Yesterday I saw Sir F. Smith, who was sent to inspect the railways where some accidents had occurred ; this was done under the powers taken by the Act which I introduced last year. From what he tells me, I think railways may be rendered much safer than they are at present by several precautions, which I hope we shall oblige all railway companies to adopt. Everyone in the street stops to ask if we are at war, and why we are at war,* and the answer is as inexplicable as the song in the pantomime :

* The Opium
War with
China.

“ Friends and foes
To battle they goes,
And what they all fight for, nobody knows.”

However, Palmerston's letter is very much praised, only it does not explain why Syria is such an object to be worth a general war ; the French papers seem to say “ it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands,” and the less it is explained

the better. The *Standard* has discovered from Cæsar's Commentaries that "Gallia divisa est in partes tres," and seems to imagine that Cæsar was prophesying the state of parties in France, and that the name of M. Thiers was even foretold by Cæsar, and that there is to be a religious war, and the Gallican Church is somehow to join the Egyptian creed, and united they are to put down Protestantism and Russian heterodoxy. We read all this at the clubs, and then we understand rather less than we did before.

Lord Seymour
to his father.

'I must go down to Devon in about ten days; I do not know when you mean to move in that direction. I will come to Wimbledon for a day, if I can, before I go.'

'India Board,

'October 25 (?), 1839.

'MY DEAR FATHER,

'The meeting of my supporters at Totnes was very satisfactory. You will see part of my speech in the paper, for although it was spoken late on the evening of Thursday, yet I found it in the *Western Times*, which was placed on my breakfast-table this morning. I think I have set right much of the nonsense which has been talked and written about the "notices to quit," and other imaginary acts of oppression. I am much obliged to you, also to the Duchess, for

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1839.

the good you have both done in Totnes. In case of an election this year, I think it safe, although it would be a hard contest. For the year 1841 there will be more difficulty, because the other party are making votes by building sheds and letting them with a small quantity of land. I find, however, that even on the Totnes side of the river the land is chiefly in the hands of Liberals, so that if we do not carelessly let it fall into the hands of opponents the result is safe enough. Mr. Webber, the architect, has, at my suggestion, drawn out a paper showing this very clearly, which Mr. Michelmores can show you. When any small plot is to be sold and can be got at a fair price—for it is absurd paying as Mr. Baldwin has done—it may be as well not to neglect it. The making of fictitious votes appears to be more easy since the Reform Bill than before, but the votes which can be made by letting fields are limited by the land in the borough, and Cary is quite willing to do all he can—indeed, it appears that it may be done without any sacrifice.’

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

‘India Board,

‘November 20, 1839.

‘I had no time to write you yesterday, for I went to see some lunatics, and, happy to

say, I found a few returned to their senses, and fit to be let out ; examining these people took the whole afternoon. In the evening I went with M. Stanley and Byng to the Adelphi, where we saw the latter part of " Jack Sheppard," and then a piece called the " Tournament," or, as the actors pronounce it, " Tournamong " ; they also called " joust " " a juice." It was the stupidest thing ever seen ; the queen of beauty entangled her hair in the long flowing wig of one of the knights, and they were held fast together, which made us laugh ; and Yates, fearful that such laughter might injure the performance, turned to our private box, and begged us not to laugh—rather an impudent request ! However, we had no more chance of laughing ; it was too dull.

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1839.

' ——— told me rather a good story about Lady ——— at Geneva ; he, ———, bought a little bust of Voltaire, and took it to her, telling her it was Calvin, and that he thought she would be glad to have a bust of that religious and zealous Protestant. She was delighted, and kept it on her table to inspire her devotional meditations, and it would have been there still if someone had not undeceived her, and acquainted her that she was praying under the sneering bust of the infidel Voltaire.

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1839.

* Lord Ash-
burton's.

† Earl
Bathurst's.

‘To-morrow morning I go to Buckenham,* but shall return to town on Sunday; and on Wednesday next, if you have settled it, I shall come to Clarendon.’†

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘November, 1839.

‘I never read the report of my speech at Totnes—very probably it was full of errors; but it is better never to correct a speech one's self, because if one corrects one is immediately answerable for every word. Now, I wish only to be answerable for the general purport, and whatever I say is always carefully qualified in the next sentence.’

‡ The Earl of
Leicester's.

‘Holkham,‡

‘November 12, 1839.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,

‘I have run down here for two days’ shooting; on Friday I shall be again in town.

‘I shall be glad if you will mention to your steward (Mr. Martin, I believe) that the tenantry in Lincolnshire should be allowed to vote as they please, but certainly are not in any manner precluded from voting for Mr. Handley. They are, I hear, all really friendly to him, but do not wish to vote in any way that might be unpleasant to you. I shall

certainly run down to Devon, if I can, towards the end of the month.'

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

'Ranton Abbey, Stafford,*

'December 9, 1839.

* The Earl of
Lichfield's.

'DARLING GEORGY,

'The railroad brought me to Stafford yesterday, which is only five miles from this. The Ansons came by the same train, having come across from Lord Carington's in the morning. I found the Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia here, and Ellice arrived before dinner; that is all the party except Mr. Stephens, who, I believe, is Lord Lichfield's secretary. — told me on Saturday that he should come on Sunday also; but as I left my house in the morning to be in time for the train, I received a note from M—— S—— for Lord Lichfield. In this note he narrated that his brother had been with Horace Pitt and some others in a gambling house on Saturday night, and the police had come in there, and, under the powers of a new Act of Parliament had taken them all up, and J—— S—— would not, he feared, be let out before Monday morning. Teach him to gamble again!

'I heard in town that Lord Ashburnham is

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour.

to marry Lady Breadalbane's sister; so all the chess - playing did end in something serious. . . .

'This house is a small shooting-box, the rooms not much larger than Gedling; a farmhouse joins it, and there is an old tower, the remains of the abbey, which makes a large mass of building in appearance; but we have only one small sitting-room.

'When I was at Bradley that evening, and you had left me in the room with the children and Phœnix, I observed that Phœnix is a very nervous dog, and I am sure that if the children were to play riotously or quarrel, the dog might fly at them just as she used to do whenever Tippoo and Drake fought. I really *hope* you will not have her in the room with the children; if such a thing were to happen, you would never forgive yourself, and I am certain there is a risk of such an accident. . . .

'Yours affectionately,

'S.'

'Ranton Abbey,

'*Thursday, December 12, 1839.*

'I went with Colonel Anson and John Stanley to see some dogs belonging to the keepers here, which they take out at night. The dogs are ugly, rather larger than Phœnix—one almost a bull-dog, and the other like an

overgrown turnspit. They were very quiet dogs, but in order to see how they attacked a man, we muzzled them, and then found a man in a smock-frock, who agreed to have them set at him. He accordingly ran across a field, and a dog was led to the gate, and encouraged after him; the dog ran and jumped at him, and he would not be beaten off, though the man thumped him with his fists. Then we made the man run and climb up a tree, and we loosed the other dog, who hunted him to the tree, and sprang up the trunk, and would have got to the man if he had not climbed to the topmost branches. . . .

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour.

‘They have asked my father to move the Address in the Lords; I suppose he will consent to do it. . . .’

‘Ranton Abbey,

‘December 15 (?), 1839.

‘I intend going to Manby on Thursday or Friday, if I can; but it is a small party here, and the Duke of Sussex means to stay the week.’

‘Manby Brigg, Lincolnshire,

‘December 22, 1839.

‘DARLING GEORGY,

‘I came here this morning, leaving Ranton yesterday. I found Lord H. Bentinck here, and so under such auspices shall begin

Lord Seymour
to Lady
Seymour.

hunting immediately. The Duke of Sussex was to stay at Ranton till Wednesday, and they had provided a hundred and fifty pigeons for his Royal Highness to shoot at on any unoccupied day.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘S.’

The next two letters belong to the August of the following year, and those who are familiar with Highland life as it now is will be amused at the contrast suggested by Lord Seymour’s short account of it as it was then.

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Killin, Inverness,

‘August 22, 1840.

‘I have been staying a week in this most inaccessible place, living in a small cottage in a valley near a lake. There is no sort of road here, and everything is brought to our abode on ponies, who carry our portmanteaus and our provisions. I was obliged to walk five hours over the hills to reach the cottage, but we have very comfortable rooms, and Lord Henry Bentinck, with whom I am staying, has laid in a good stock of provisions. . . .

‘There are a few deer on the hills, and, after crawling on our knees over a black swamp, we killed one. It is a most healthy life, for I am up at six or seven, and out until

dark. On Monday I am going to Lord Douro at Auchnacara, near Fort William, where I expect Lady Seymour to meet me. I shall write to you from there, and tell you more of my Highland life. . . .’

Lord Seymour
to his father.

‘Auchnacara, Fort William,
‘August, 1840.

‘I came over here from Killin on Monday last by Fort Augustus, where I stopped to breakfast with Colonel Porter, who has a comfortable little place there for shooting. Lady Seymour came from London by steam, and arrived within half an hour of the time I arrived. This house is beautifully situated between Loch Arkeig and Loch Lochy on the banks of a river which falls over rocks under the windows. The lower part of the hills is covered with wood. Indeed, there is too much wood, for the deer hide in the woods, which prevents our shooting them! Ben Nevis is in sight from many points, but we have not attempted ascending it, though we have had most perfect weather. Douro has got a most excellent house here—a rare thing in the Highlands—and a good road to Fort William; also a steamer passes frequently over Loch Lochy within a mile of the house.

Lord Seymour,
in the High-
lands, to his
father, 1840.

‘ In a few days we shall return by Glasgow. We have brought no carriages with us, as we are not going to travel inland, but depend on the steamers.

‘ We are going to church, a little wooden hut here, where Church of England service is performed.’

CHAPTER VII.

1841—1842.

Lord Seymour Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department for Two Months—Re-elected for Totnes—Goes with Lady Seymour for a Tour in Italy—Parisian Beards—Turin—An Ascetic King—A Puppet-show and a Comedy—Marengo—Napoleon half forgotten—Filth of Genoa—The Road to Rome—Rome—A New Church—Professional Antiquaries—Naples and Sunshine—A Nun taking the Veil—The Letters of Abelard and Heloise—Unsatisfactory Saints—English Politics—The Great Towns and the Tories—A Neapolitan Prince—Royal Palaces at Naples—A Dinner with Prince Cimitile—Baron Charles de Rothschild on the Pope—A Bishop of Jerusalem—Pompeii—A Charity Sermon—Religion all dressed in Smiles—Rome—Bitter Weather—Wasteful Agriculture—Aqueducts—A Battle of Confetti at Naples—The Monasteries growing richer—The State, the Church, the People—Balance of Power—Lodgings in the Palazzetto Borghese—A Roman Count's Costume—Statues by Torchlight—Bunsen's Book on Rome—Modern Roman Sculpture—Classical Influence on Modern Architecture.

IN the June of 1841 Lord Seymour was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. He held the post, however, for barely two months, as Parliament was dissolved on June 23, and at the end of August, when the new Parliament assembled, Lord Melbourne was succeeded in office by Sir Robert Peel. Lord Seymour was re-elected for Totnes without opposition. In the autumn he and Lady Seymour went to Italy, where they remained till the spring following.

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Rue de la Paix, Paris,

‘October 22, 1841.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,

‘We are staying here for three days on our way to Italy. I had intended to have gone to Marseilles, and then embarked on a steamer for Genoa or Leghorn, but Lady Seymour finds the sea too disagreeable, so we shall go by the road of Chambery, Mont Cenis, and Turin, but shall not stop anywhere more than a day until we reach Naples, so that my direction will be, Poste Restante, Naples.

‘Paris streets are full of men with beards, for it seems that this hairy excrescence, which was considered the grave adornment of ancient sages, is now the distinguishing feature of “la jeune France.” Many are like Hudibras’s beard, in the shape of a tile, and of the same colour.

‘I am not aware that there is any news here, or any fresh instance of persons indulging in the popular amusement of shooting at the Royal Family. The French papers say that the Queen is never so happy as when her sons are in Africa, exposed to the fevers of the desert and the fire of the Arabs, because there they are safe from a more treacherous fate in the streets of Paris. It is a somewhat singular way of treating their own chosen King. We

treated William III. very scurvily, but then we had some excuse in a jealousy of foreigners and Dutch troops.

Lord Seymour,
in Paris, to his
father, 1841.

‘I shall send this note to Park Lane,* as I am not sure whether you are yet in Devon. When you are at Stover you will, I suppose, drive over some day to Totnes, and then pray look at the steps from the bridge into the island, which must be finished, and inquire where the key of the gate is kept, and what facilities the people have of access for walking there. I am also anxious to see the old keep and grounds made into a public walk; it would add to the respectable appearance and comfort of the town, and without it I do not know where the Totnes lovers can go to sentimentalize. The chief difficulty is to find an entrance to these grounds, but I think the present entrance, if the street were gradually improved, would do.’

* The Duke's
London house.

‘Turin,

‘November 3, 1841.

‘We reached this town on the ninth day from Paris—not very fast travelling, as we do not start very early, and stop as soon as we can after it becomes dark. At Chalons-sur-Saone the water covered the country, and nearer Lyons the floods have done great damage. We left the Lyons road at Macon, and came

Lord Seymour,
at Turin, to his
father, 1841.

by Bourg and Chambery. On Mont Cenis the snow was deep enough to make the road very bad travelling. We slept at an inn on the top of the mountain—a most desolate place. There is a small lake in front of the inn, and abrupt declivities on every side covered with snow. From the top of Mont Cenis it is an easy day by Susa to Turin. We did not intend staying here more than one day, but the King goes to Genoa to-day, and he appropriates all the post-horses, so we must wait till to-morrow. They told me that this King is very religious, and that he considers bodily discomfort necessary for his salvation. I wish, then, he would have walked to Genoa with peas in his shoes instead of preoccupying the post-horses, and keeping us in a town where there is nothing to be seen. . . .

‘The son of the King of Bavaria is in the hotel, which rather disturbs it. We took a drive round the town this morning; our coachman had moustaches and earrings. The view outside the town is beautiful; the Alps, now covered with snow, seem to stretch round the town on one side, and on the other are hills covered with white villas, vineyards, and gardens. I wished to-day you could have been here; you would have enjoyed the contrast of driving along in a bright sunny road,

and seeing a range of snow, such as one would expect at Archangel.

Lord Seymour,
at Turin, to his
father, 1841.

‘To-night we are going to see a play of puppets, marionetti; I have got a private box for half a crown. Last night we went to a comedy, a poor performance enough, as far as plot went; a great part of the dialogue was beyond my Italian, and I could only guess at many jokes which delighted the pit of the theatre. For a very good box I only paid ten francs, so that theatrical amusements are cheap here.

‘It will take two days to get to Genoa, about four to Rome, where we shall only stay two days, as we wish to get to Naples, and shall see Rome on our return.

‘According to the accounts which I see in the papers, the state of trade in England does not improve, and I fear it will be a dreadful winter for the manufacturing towns.

‘Nothing can look more wretched than the valleys of Savoy from Chambery to Mont Cenis; the villages swarm with goitred, decrepit, deformed, idiotic creatures, and those who have the use of their senses and their limbs are so dirty and slovenly that it was most disagreeable to pass through their villages. I shall send this to Stover, and I hope at Naples to find a letter from you from Devon.’

'Rome,

'November 17, 1841.

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1841.

'My last letter to you was from Turin, whence we went in two days to Genoa by Alexandria, and over the plain of Marengo. However tired one may be of Napoleon's battle-fields, the postilions will always stop and tell about it. The history of Italy before Napoleon is forgotten, and I ask in vain for the story of old castles and picturesque ruins; the usual answer is that it is an antiquity, and with that they are satisfied, as if Napoleon was not also an antiquity. There are some spirited lines, I think by Béranger, saying:

“Un conquérant dans sa fortune altière
Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des lois,
Et de ses pieds on peut voir la poussière
Empreinte encore sur le bandeau des rois.”

But they are rapidly brushing off that dust.

'Sardinia seems to be increasing in wealth and prosperity, as far as one can judge in driving through the country. At Genoa we only stayed one day, for, though the view of the bay is beautiful, the town has many disadvantages. Very few streets are wide enough for carriages, the houses are very high, and one's nose is constantly offended; indeed, I always wish I could have left mine on the other side of the Channel. Lady Seymour.

never moves without a piece of camphor in her hand, which is very necessary. I believe the sense of smell is obliterated among the Italians. The drive from Genoa along the sea-shore by Chiaveri, and then over the mountains to Lucca, is beautiful; orange-trees or lemons, for I was not sure which they were, covered with fruit. And we had no rain between Turin and Rome; frequently the heat of the sun obliged us to pull down the blinds of the carriage. We went from Lucca to Pisa, and avoided Florence, as we hope to see that on our return. At present, we only stay here two days, as we are anxious to see Naples.

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1841.

‘There are not many English here whom I know. There is a church here of St. Paul now rebuilding; the work has been going on many years, and will last many more, but they are doing it quite as magnificently as any of the churches in the best times of Italian architecture. The Roman State, it seems, pays very little towards it, but Spain, Portugal, Austria, and Naples send money; at least, so the guides tell me. It will cost something enormous to finish it, as it is all in marble except some handsome granite pillars, beautifully polished, and in one piece. They use convicts for some of the work, but I should think that does not much lessen the expense.

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1841.

‘I do not suppose that any great antiquarian has been staying at Rome since I was last here, for I find the ruins enjoying the same names as when I left them, whereas a new and ingenious antiquarian always finds out that they are wrongly named, and gives them some new appellations. Some ruins have changed their names five or six times, and now only rest upon the assertion of some venturesome godfather. I never read any works on which the identity of the names depends, and, indeed, history goes so fast at present that one has hard work to read after it as it advances, without looking back to reconcile the difficulties of old Roman history.

‘I will write to you from Naples, where I hope to find a letter from you. At this moment we are going to the play, which I find improves my knowledge of Italian, though their style is very inferior to every other.’

‘Naples,

‘November 27, 1841.

‘I received your letter dated the 12th here the other day, and shall be glad to receive any news, as I do not see any English papers, but collect some news occasionally from Galignani’s paper. There are, however, several English here, who have little else to

do except to disseminate news more or less true. We have got some rooms close to the sea and facing the Bay of Naples. The sun warms the rooms so that we have not wanted a fire yet, even in the evening; in the shade, however, it is very cold in any situation exposed to the wind. The town of Naples has disappointed my expectations. The ground on which it stands is very uneven; the streets are as dirty as the rest of Italy, with fewer fine churches or buildings to draw off one's eyes from the filth and the beggars. The beauty of the bay is, I acknowledge, not overrated; but the town is not worthy such a situation. We have not yet made any excursions to Herculaneum or Pompeii; indeed, my favourite occupation is sitting near the window with a book and enjoying the sun. Lady Seymour went to see a young lady take the veil; but I am not fond of long ceremonies, and, as I heard she made a very ugly nun, I did not lose much. They tell me there is here a very strict order of nuns, who are so shut up from the vanities of the world that they have no door to their nunnery, and when a new nun is admitted, a piece of the wall is knocked down and then immediately built up behind her; she never hears any news of her family, or even of their deaths. The French Ambassador told me this.

Lord Seymour,
at Naples, to
his father, 1841.

Lord Seymour,
at Naples, to
his father, 1841.

‘I bought the original letters of Abelard and Heloise and read them on my journey. Heloise was a most sensible woman; her doubts how far all the penances and discomforts of her nunnery were acceptable to Heaven must have made her existence much more wretched, and, if such heretical conjectures ever occur to one of these women who are bricked up for ever, I can conceive few tortures worse. I think Pope’s version of Heloise’s letter a shameful calumny. I hope she has had an opportunity of rating him soundly for his scandalous verses. I picked up also the works of Michelet, a professor of history at Paris, cleverly written remarks on the Roman history, of which Niebuhr and other ingenious writers have left very little, so there is the less to learn.

‘At Rome the *valet-de-place* was showing me a picture of St. Peter and St. Paul turning back Attila when marching upon Rome; I asked him why these useful saints had not come again to stop the French; he could only suggest that probably they were engaged at the time, or could not take the trouble a second time. There is a statue here of St. Januarius, with his hand towards Vesuvius, deprecating an eruption. They say the good saint came forward at one great eruption, and by his prayers stopped the stream of fire flowing

towards the town. It is a bad statue without any dignity, not worth seeing, though often talked of. The King is in Sicily at present, and I have seen nothing of the royalty here; the palace is a fine building on the bay, but there are a number of low, dirty buildings between it and the sea, so that it produces no effect. I intend to hold myself in readiness to run home by the steamer, if wanted for Parliament; the difficulties about money for the new Government will hardly come on just at first, but I hope to hear in time, so as not to be absent when I can be of any use.

Lord Seymour,
at Naples, to
his father, 1841.

‘Mr. and Lady Caroline Sandford are here; Lord and Lady Lichfield; Lady Seaforth, who was Lady Hardy, with Lord Seaforth, and her daughters; Mr. Byng, surnamed “the poodle.” There are operas, plays, and balls; but except the play we have yet seen nothing; we have been twice to a French play, where the actors are very tolerable.’

‘Naples,

‘January 11 1842.

‘I received some time past your letter of the 20th, and I hope the rest of the winter will have passed over without causing any more illness to the Duchess.

‘What you tell me of the attacks against me in the *Western Times* does not much disturb me, as

Lord Seymour,
at Naples, to
his father, 1842.

of course, they come from some of the disappointed of Totnes, and there must always be some attorneys disappointed among that number. I am anxious to do everything for the improvement of the town, and to give whatever custom or opportunity of employment may be possible to the constituency, which indeed has, I think, been fairly done at Stover latterly ; but to attempt to satisfy all parties at Totnes, or to escape anonymous abuse, I never expect. I have heard from Tufnell, who tells me that Lord John Russell will not probably want me before Easter ; however, he is to write to me at Rome, where we go at the end of this month, and give me further intelligence. I think our party act wisely in not commencing any violent attack on the Government ; let the country see the difficulties which surround any Government at present, and the way in which the Tories propose to meet those difficulties, and before long great questions of taxation will press themselves on public attention. I do not believe the great towns or manufacturing districts are in the least more favourable to the Tories now than formerly. Peel cannot long govern against their opposition, and how he will conciliate their support remains to be seen. The other day I met Prince Cimitile, who told me to remember him to you. I do not know

whether his appearance formerly was what it is at present, for having once seen him, no one could forget him; he has long gray hair, and on the top of this he wears a little black wig; it has the oddest effect, and represents the modern innovations on the ancient *régime*. I have seen the King here at several balls, for he goes to most balls. . . . He has not, however, given any balls himself, which I believe he usually does at this season. He has a palace in the middle of the town close to the sea, which has the finest view of any royal residence in Europe.

Lord Seymour,
at Naples,
to his father,
1842.

‘There is another palace on a hill near the town which has been applied to various purposes according to the disposition of successive kings. Charles built it a hundred years ago, because it was a good spot to shoot *beccaficos*, and he and his son, Ferdinand, were devoted to sport; then Joseph Bonaparte adapted it for pleasures, and thought he might there relax from the formal dignity of the Neapolitan palace; then Murat found the park would be a good place for reviews, and to display his fine figure in regimentals to his admiring subjects; then Ferdinand returned in 1815, old and tired, determined to fit up in it a chapel and a monastic cell where he might retire to pray. The French made a road to it, for before that

Lord Seymour,
at Naples,
to his father,
1842.

the only way to it was on a mule, and when Ferdinand returned, he ordered his mules to go there, and could not believe the French had made a road.

‘We have had stormy rainy weather lately, and I have not yet been up Vesuvius or made the usual excursions. Direct your next letter to Rome, where I propose to stay February. I am glad we have taken Amoy, and hope we shall now make some good treaty with the Chinese, and open our trade in those parts, for our manufactures sadly want more customers.

‘We hear very good accounts of our children frequently.’

‘Naples,
‘January 19, 1842.

‘I dined the other day with Prince Cimitile; he is so fond of England that he has everything English. His tables and chairs come from England, and at dinner he would have the roast turkey carved upon the table, and the tablecloth removed and the dessert put on the bare table, as used to be done in London when he was there. He has a fine collection of books, the best editions of the classics and all the modern authors. I did not see many Italian books, but I hear that he has some curious ones, and among his documents a set of all the proclamations of Masaniello.

‘The Baron Charles de Rothschild sat next to me at dinner, and told me he had been at a breakfast at Wimbledon three or four years since. I was talking of the different States in Italy, and inquiring about their revenues, and he told me that the Pope had plenty of money, and that a few months since he passed through Rome and went to pay his usual compliments to the Pope, and was told that the Holy Treasury was well supplied and no loan required.

Lord Seymour
at Naples,
to his father,
1842.

‘You know we are sending a Bishop to Jerusalem, a renegade Jew I hear he is, and that he will hardly be received unless we land some marines to support him. This, I think, was done by Lord Melbourne under the influence of our Church, which is getting upon its high horse again.

‘I spent a day at Pompeii, where I found Lord and Lady Camden with a fine luncheon spread for them in a Roman bath. Looking at this town makes it more difficult to understand how the Romans lived; the rooms that remain are all so inconveniently small, even for bedrooms they would be ill-suited. The forum and the temples give a grand appearance to one side of the town, and the view of the Apennines and Vesuvius, which have now a little snow on them, was beautiful. There is hardly a good staircase

Lord Seymour,
at Naples,
to his father,
1842.

in any house, or else I should believe that they lived chiefly in some upper stories that have been destroyed. It is provoking that the Government will not clear away the earth from the rest of the town, as perhaps this might assist our knowledge on many questions; they do not now unroll the manuscripts; they have indeed discovered how it might be done, but they do not go on with it. Some memoirs of family histories, or even a book of their household accounts, would tell us more about them than the most learned know at present. There is a railroad which takes one very conveniently to Herculaneum and Pompeii; it is the only one finished in Italy; but the Austrians are now going to work, and soon we are to travel from the Adriatic to the Baltic in this improved mode.

‘I think Lord Ashburton’s appointment to settle our questions with America the best the Tories could have made. I hear Morpeth is to be put up for Dublin, but I think he will be beaten, as many will be frightened at O’Connell and disgusted with his Repeal nonsense.

‘Russia and France seem to be very sulky and uncivil to each other without having the intention of quarrelling outright.

‘I met Lord and Lady Beauvale at dinner at the British Embassy last night; she is very

pleasing and ladylike, and speaks English with just enough accent to show she is not English.

Lord Seymour,
at Naples,
to his father,
1842.

Lady Seymour went to hear a charity sermon yesterday, and the preacher (some Bishop or Cardinal) was describing some lady of high rank who, unsparing of trouble and zealous in virtue, went about doing good and ministering to the distressed. Lady Seymour asked a Neapolitan lady what is the name of this excellent lady who is held up as a pattern of excellence, and was answered, "I know all the ladies of rank and society in the town, and this certainly must be a *figurative* lady, for I do not know her."

'The Roman Nuncio here is the liveliest of bishops; he laughs and giggles with all the ladies in order to give them a pleasing idea of his religion.

'We go to Rome on the 28th.'

'Rome,

'February 7, 1842.

'I received your last letter some days before we left Naples, and was sorry to hear that the Duchess had had such a serious illness, and that it had prevented your going to Devon. The winter has been more severe than usual in Italy, with more snow on the hills, which, however, only improved the views round the Bay of Naples. Altogether my stay there amused

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

and interested me ; there was every day some occupation, and not only old Roman antiquities, but many monuments of the Middle Ages, which are to me quite as interesting.

‘In the evenings, also, I read Giannone’s History, besides one or two other short histories of more modern times, so that every spot recalled some old story, and I knew the histories of the churches and tombs better than the men who showed them. This is not saying much, for the guides in the churches were generally some priests who knew nothing of their own country’s history, and many could not tell when their own saints lived. The chief objection to Naples is the difficulty of getting good lodgings, for if one has not the sun, it is as cold as England to one’s feelings ; and then they say there is no good water except from one fountain, and even from the palace they send to this fountain every day for water, so I am told ; not that there is not other water, for there is a water-course from the hills, but this is cut through the rich lands that surround the town, and consequently is seldom clear, and they say not wholesome. This can easily be imagined, for the country below the hills, *terra de lavora* as it is called, is a fine soil cultivated by spade-labour, as we should say, though a Neapolitan spade is a very different thing from an English

one, and this soil is manured with great care. One day we saw a fine field of beans, about eighteen inches high, which the men were digging up and then turning over as manure for the ground, and this is a common way of manuring the ground, so that you can imagine a stream running through this land and saturated with the juices of decayed vegetation cannot be a very choice beverage. Indeed, I have nearly come back to the old plan of an aqueduct as being the best way of supplying a town with water.

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

‘Here the water can be brought from its source in the rock and carried along fifteen or twenty feet in the air safe from all possible contamination, it turns no mills, it waters no fields, it drains no gardens, but it collects no impurities in its course, and violent storms cannot wash down dirt into its channel.

‘Now look at the New River and see all the uses to which it is unavoidably put before it comes to supply London, and even after the best filtering stones, I think you would prefer the aqueduct. It is now acknowledged that many at least of those who built aqueducts knew perfectly the nature of water rising to its own level, to say nothing of Pliny mentioning it. The fountains in every house at Pompeii, with the pipes still left, sufficiently prove it; but

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

they knew also if the object is a large supply of clear and clean water, the best way is to bring it above the ground.

‘Last Thursday, February 3, we went in a carriage into the Toledo, the great street of Naples, and amused ourselves, as others did, with pelting everybody with sugar-plums—that is, sugar plums made of chalk. We were in a carriage with the Duke and Duchess of Montebello; he is the French Ambassador. The ladies had wire masks to protect their faces, which were quite necessary, but I borrowed a parasol, under the shelter of which I fought valiantly. I laughed to think that probably at that very moment Parliament was opening, and while there my friends were pelting each other with hard words and fiery speeches, we at Naples were only throwing flowers and sugar-plums at each other’s heads; not that ours were not the most fearful weapons of the two, for the bravest man winks when he sees a sugar-plum directed at his eyes, and I would defy the most august of the Cæsars to look dignified when he was hit on the nose by a shower of comfits.

‘In Naples, and I think generally in Italy, the priests are on the increase; the monasteries are growing richer than of late. Much of this is from Governments now believing that the

priests are the best police, and the best means of preventing disturbances. As long at least as the people reverence the priests this is true to a great extent, but when religion is made too subservient to Governments, it is to be feared that the people will grow to hate both together, as they have done before.

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

‘The great struggle of the people of Italy in former times has been against Church power. In proportion as their Governments joined them in this struggle they have been popular. If the Church again becomes too rampant, there will be new reaction and new mischief. But the Church is the fashion with Protestant as well as Catholic Governments; and it seems as if Prussia wished to take part in this movement, but with his free press and restless reasoners it will not tend to religious quiet in Europe, if he in a fit of religious fervour should endeavour to set up in Germany a Protestant hierarchy to oppose the Catholic; and yet what else means this joining us in this Jerusalem Bishop, who is to be alternately Lutheran and Church of England?’

‘The last news I heard from Cabul by Malta will require another force to be sent there. We shall stay here a month, and then homewards by way of Florence.’

‘Rome,

‘February 21, 1842.

Lord Seymour
to his father.

* The Rt. Hon.
H. Tufnell,
M.P.

‘From the news in the papers I do not feel secure that I shall not be obliged to hasten home. My last letter from Mr. Tufnell,* which I received on my arrival here, told me that Lord John did not want me before Easter, and that consequently he, that is Tufnell, had paired me till then with Lord Henniker. It is therefore no use my hurrying home unless I hear from him that I should be of use when I arrived, otherwise, as there is a steamer twice or thrice a week from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles, I could get home by myself in a very short time. We have got some nice sunny rooms in the Palazzetto Borghese, a large building close to the Borghese Palace; I rent them from a Roman Count, who appeared to us in a flaming dressing-gown, and boots and spurs—an unusual mixture of dress. Lady Seymour suggested he had had a nightmare, and had been riding it, as the only solution for such a costume! We have enjoyed fine weather ever since we have been here—a cloudless sky every day, with a powerful sun; but the change of temperature in the shade is at this time of year very disagreeable, and even dangerous. The other evening I went

with the Campdens and Sandfords to see the statues in the Vatican by torchlight ; it is the most striking mode of seeing them, but I do not consider they are the objects most worth seeing here, because it is for people nowadays quite a study to learn to feel their merits ; an abstract idea of a heathen god in stone, however well executed, gives me no great pleasure. It is odd that, with these fine models, the statue in St. Peter's, and in some others which the people kiss and worship, should be so very bad. The other day I went into the church of St. Augustin, where there is a statue of the Virgin—a coarse, ungainly figure—which is an especial object of veneration among the populace ; there were such crowds pressing round to approach and kiss it that I could hardly get near to see it. The walls of the church are covered with offerings to the Virgin, and among the rest a great quantity of daggers and knives, which are said to have been given up by repentant ruffians. When one chosen statue is so kissed and worshipped, while other images of the Virgin are nearly unnoticed, it is difficult not to call this idolatry ; but yet it has its advantages if it induces murderers to offer up their daggers and give up their course of life. The other evening we went to a party at the Princess Doria's. I met her the day after my

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

arrival at Rome in a house on the Corso, where we went to see the amusements of the Carnival. The Princess had been amusing herself in pelt-ing sugar-plums and flour, which had been amply returned upon her, so that her hair and face were white and smeared with such patches of flour that it was difficult to recognise her. During Lent there are no balls, but parties at the different embassies every evening. . . .

‘Since I was here years ago there is a new church of St. Paul’s building instead of one which was burned down; it is certainly a magnificent but extravagant waste of money in a town which has already above 360 churches. The hard work is chiefly done by convicts, but it is said that nevertheless it will cost above half a million before it is finished. I am still of opinion that the Gothic churches far surpass these Italian structures, and are more in character with Christian worship. Mr. Bunsen, who is now Prussian Minister in England, has in conjunction with other learned Germans written the only book upon Rome and its antiquities and works of art worthy the subject, and reading it here is a great pleasure. There are, however, many questions relating to religion in the earlier ages upon which I should like to hear the opinions of some learned Catholics, as well as the remarks of

Protestant writers, who should not be allowed to have it all their own way.

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

‘How active the King of Prussia seems to have been in England, running from the palace to the prison, and from the Queen to Mrs. Fry! I hope to hear from you that the Duchess is re-established in health, and that when I return I shall find you enjoying the release from the past wintry weather, which I hear has been very severe in England. Here the sun is now so powerful that riding fast is disagreeable, while the shade is so unpleasant we cannot bear to visit any sights which take us out of the sunshine. This prevents my seeing many things, which I defer to a wet day, and not one has occurred since my arrival.’

‘Rome,

‘March 8, 1842.

‘. . . . We hope to stay here until the Easter ceremonies are over, as I am paired, and also have got leave of absence from Parliament. We shall then return by steam to Marseilles, which will save time at this season of the year; the packets make usually very punctual voyages. Our children are at Brighton, very well and happy according to the letters we receive, so that we have had no anxiety on their account.

‘A very faint echo of Parliamentary business

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

* In connection
with duties on
corn.

reaches me here, but I perceive that Palmerston has been making the ears of country gentlemen to tingle with the announcement of principles which certainly go some way,* and seem to outstrip Lord John's notions, as far as he does Peel's measures. In short, land without protection and a property tax besides seem to be the prospective blessings to which we are rapidly approaching.

‘Here I have enjoyed uninterrupted fine weather, and the sun is so enjoyable that I cannot bear going to sights which take me away from the open air. Nevertheless, I have been to see a few of the modern sculptors’ works; one of the best of these is a colossal statue of Huskisson, which is preparing for the Custom House at Liverpool. It will please all who admire large figures in a Roman costume, and will probably be as like him as a Roman orator can be made to a political economist of these days. There is one sculptor’s room full of busts of nearly all the English who have passed through Rome latterly. Lord and Lady Camden have just been modelled there, and Mr. Seymour is now sitting. If there were to come an earthquake, and this gallery of busts were to be buried for the amusement of future antiquaries, they would have room for endless conjectures about the

likenesses of curled, whiskered, and moustached Englishmen, who would contrast strangely with the features of the ancient heads. The other modern works I have seen are chiefly of that same eternal imitation—dying Psyches, deserted Ariadnes, deploring Andromedas, and other ladies who were ill-treated in those classical but unjust times, when no courts awarded damages and no brothers demanded satisfaction. Then there are a profusion of Floras and Auroras, which means ladies in scanty shifts hovering and hopping with flowers and cream-jugs in their hands. A modern artist, in aiming at a goddess or a nymph, seldom makes anything above an opera-dancer, which I suppose is considered to be the nearest approach to a divinity which modern men can imagine, for people purchase these performances. Some statues of children I have seen which are better; it is to be observed, of angels and modern Cupids, that they are usually sadly bloated, and look dropsical, as if fed on unwholesome diet. I wish no statues treating of ancient subjects were tolerated; it is as bad in sculpture as the whining pastoral poetry of the last century was in literature, and equally out of date. The artists here seem to be chiefly foreigners, both in sculpture and in painting; they come to copy the antique, and

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

Lord Seymour,
at Rome, to his
father, 1842.

usually lose the little originality they might possess and acquire, instead, a style as like the classical as the French Revolutionists were to the Romans, whose names they appropriated. In England it is rather imagined we are improving in the fine arts, and schools of design are to promote the taste of the people. Seeing what is done here by various nations, and what works are ordered and bought, it seems to me there will never be any works of art again until all the museums and collections are destroyed, and people begin afresh to invent what they wish to represent. I believe our architecture would be now far better if not one Greek temple had survived to mislead us into ineffectual imitations. Among the latest ruins discovered near this is a large tomb of some Roman baker, who has represented in relief upon his tomb all the process of bread-making. I suppose he contracted to make loaves for the army, or had some similar advantageous business, so that he could afford a tomb of such splendour. It must have been a *job* in the time when he lived, but there was no Joseph Hume to expose it, and so it has not the honour of history. Well, our *jobs* will not rest so quietly inurned.

‘There are parties at the different embassies every evening, otherwise it is quiet enough.’

CHAPTER VIII.

1842—1843.

Two Country Visits—An Eccentric Sportsman—A Tour to Norway—An Autumn in the Highlands—The Highlands Fifty Years Ago.

LORD AND LADY SEYMOUR, as the last letter indicates, returned to London after Easter. In the autumn they went to Frampton, Mr. Sheridan's house in Dorsetshire, and paid several other visits in the West of England. In December they were again in London, where, except for an occasional visit, they remained till the following July. In July Lord Seymour made a short expedition to Norway, and in the middle of August joined Lady Seymour in Scotland. The two first letters given in this chapter belong to the former period. The rest deal entirely with his Norwegian and Scotch tours, in the August and September of 1843.

Lord Seymour to his Father.

'Heron's Court, Christchurch,
'October 11, 1842.

'I received your letter at Frampton, which we left on Saturday, and came on here. The late Lord Malmesbury was very fond of shooting, and for forty years kept a journal of

Lord Seymour,
at Lord
Malmesbury's,
to his father,
1842.

his shooting performances. In this he noted down every day he went out, every shot he fired, and whether he killed or missed; the numbers of miles he probably walked in the forty years, according to his calculation, was above 36,000, and he shot above 38,000 different creatures. A curious book this will be for the comments of future antiquarians, explaining to unborn generations the forgotten habits of English noblemen. He must have passed a most regular life to have been able to keep such a journal. He also collected books, and there is an excellent library in the house, the result of the collecting of three successive purchases of books; there are a great number of the best editions, and others scarce because they are worthless; some of ——'s works, with corrections in his own hand: nobody will probably ever read them again, for they are not worth it; and notes by several noblemen on the classics which they did not understand, for how could they before the Germans had made sense of them? Then there are a number of manuscripts, things quite unfit and useless in a private library; it is a curious collection, and amusing enough. . . .'

‘Welbeck,

‘January 13, 1843.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,

‘I am glad to hear you are better, and shall direct this to London, as I suppose during this very cold weather you will stay there rather than go to Wimbledon. I left my boy* in great delight at a cake, and a letter which he had received from the Duchess directed to himself; he is very proud of it, and will talk of nothing else for the next month. He received a very singular present some few weeks since. Lady Seymour received a very kind letter from the Duchess of Orleans, saying that, in looking over the late Duke’s papers, she found, among other memoranda written *under a presentiment that he should soon die*, a note that he wished a sword or some of his arms to be sent to my boy (as he was called Ferdinand after him); a case containing this is now at my house in town.’

Lord Seymour
to his father.

* His eldest
son, Lord
Ferdinand St.
Maur.

‘Auchnacara, Fort William,

‘August 12, 1843.

‘I could not write to you from Norway, because I was among the fiords and mountains, where post-offices have never yet been wanted. We made a very prosperous tour, and enjoyed beautiful weather and incessant change of scene.

Lord Seymour,
in the High-
lands, to his
father, 1843.

‘I was in the House of Commons on Tuesday, July 10, at four o’clock in the afternoon, and on Wednesday, the 11th, at four o’clock, I was sailing by May Island, which is off Leith, and was occupied in catching cod-fish. We crossed over to Bergen, and had a long passage of five days, from want of wind; but the sea there is excellent for fishing, and we caught a great variety of fish—one day as many as a hundred mackerel.

‘Bergen is prettily situated at the end of a deep bay under some high mountains; it is completely land-locked — indeed, there are various entrances to it from the sea, but the passages are from twenty to thirty miles long between rocky islands. The town is built almost entirely of wood, which is painted white and red, and shines brilliantly in the sun. It is but a poor place when one walks through the streets. The people live almost without exception on fish, and it was difficult to get anything else in the place. This diet, it is said, renders them subject to leprosy, and there are hospitals for lepers. I suppose it was the fish diet in Galilee which made the disease so common in that country. You might ask this of some of the medical men you see so often.

‘The sea about Bergen and along great part

of the coast of Norway is so deep that it is not practicable to cast anchor, and in those passages where there is much traffic large iron rings are fixed in the rocks, to which the vessels make fast their ropes.

Lord Seymour,
in the High-
lands, to his
father, 1843.

‘We sailed from Bergen to the northward, and through very narrow channels, between barren rocky islets, and entered the Sogne Fiord. This is, I believe, the largest and longest fiord in Norway; it is a deep channel between the mountains, and we sailed to the end of it, above 150 miles from the mouth. Many of the mountains were covered with snow, and waterfalls glistened among the dark fir-trees. In some places the snow was still lying in the ravines, very few feet above the water upon which we were sailing. In the valleys, and wherever there was a spot of ground free from rock, a wooden cottage was to be seen, but the greater part of the shore was one continuous mass of stone, in the crevices of which, when not too precipitous, fir-trees grew. The mouth of the Sogne Fiord is the most desolate scene I ever beheld; innumerable islands, consisting entirely of stone, with scarcely herbage enough for a goat to feed upon; gulls and cormorants are the chief occupants, and here and there a lonely fisherman’s house and boat showed that men could

Lord Seymour,
in the High-
lands, to his
father, 1843.

find a livelihood in some way, where every other land animal would starve.

‘The long evenings made our travelling very pleasant; it was quite light at ten o’clock, and we often did not return from our rambles till that time at night.

‘We left Norway one afternoon with a wind which took us over to Shetland, and the next evening at seven o’clock I landed at Lerwick, which may be called the capital of Shetland. We stayed there a day or two, and then came to Inverness, and sailed up Loch Ness and the canal until we anchored in front of Lord Ward’s house at Glengarry. I shall stay here at Lord Malmesbury’s for a few days; indeed, I do not know whether I shall travel by land or sail away again to some other coast. . . .

‘The Caledonian Canal was injured by a great flood last January. A Scotchman on the coast said to me that it was so heavy a flood that if he had not known the promise of the Almighty, he should have expected another deluge. I suppose he would have enacted Noah, and set sail for Ben Nevis in a barge, where he might have established a free kirk.

‘I have scrawled this in great haste, but it may amuse you to trace my journey on the map.’

‘Oban,

‘September 18, 1843.

Lord Seymour
to his father.

‘Since I wrote to you last I have been sailing about the west coast of Scotland, from Fort William to the Island of Mull, where we coasted slowly along, anchoring frequently, and fishing in the sea or in the rivers, and shooting on the islands. Then we sailed round Ardnamurchan to Skye, and stayed for a day at Lord Macdonald’s at Armidale. The Listowels were there, but sailed next day for Ireland. We sailed in the same manner between Skye and the mainland, and intended to have gone on to North Uist, and some of the further islands, but bad weather and contrary winds prevented us, and we returned here. I shall now leave the sea, and transfer myself to the railroad, so that I hope before long to see you.’

‘Netherby, Cumberland,*

‘September 20, 1843.

* Sir James
Graham’s.

‘We are now on our way to the south. Our last week at Auchnacara was occupied in an expedition to Mull. We set out on ponies, with baggage tied to our saddles, and a very curious appearance we made, Lady Douro and Lady Seymour wrapped up in mackintosh cloaks and plaid shawls. We rode through Fort William to the Coran Ferry, which we

Lord Seymour,
in Cumberland,
to his father,
1843

crossed, and then rode on to Strontian, where we arrived in the dark, and in heavy rain. We found, however, a tolerable inn, and next day Sir James Riddle, to whom this part of the country belongs, called to offer any assistance for facilitating our progress. It was a very stormy morning, and there was no boat at Strontian which could go to Mull, so we rode on by the shore to Salin. Here, again, there were only small boats, so we proceeded to Lagan, but by this time the storm of wind and rain had so increased that we could not attempt to cross. There was no inn at Lagan, and so we found we must either return to Strontian or go on some fourteen miles further to a village, where there was a manse, at which they told us we might perhaps be accommodated for the night. The road they said, however, was in places too bad even for a pony, and we should have to dismount and lead our ponies.

‘With all these difficulties, the ladies were only intent on advancing, and accordingly we went on. The road was over the side of a mountain, rough, steep, and stony; but the ponies carried us safely over it, for it was so swampy and rocky that the ladies could not have walked. We arrived at the manse about nine o’clock in torrents of rain, and as the manse is situated near the sea at the point

Lord Seymour,
in Cumberland,
to his father,
1843.

of the Ardnamurchan district, you may judge from the map how we were exposed to a storm from the west. At the manse we found most hospitable people. The clergyman was away, as we had heard before, for he was gone to Australia. However, the women, his relations, and a clergyman who was his substitute, were as hospitable as possible; they killed chickens and boiled eggs, and gave us all they could find. They were much astonished when they found it was Lord Douro and a party from Auchnacara who were rambling over the country in such a stormy night.

‘Next morning it was still too stormy a wind for crossing to Mull, but we looked at Mingary Castle, an old ruinous place by the seaside on a rock, probably a place for securing the cattle in former times of warfare, for it could only have been a place of occasional habitation, since it had no windows, except a few peepholes about the size of half a crown. In the afternoon, the boatman told us, if we wished, he would take us across to Tobermory in Mull, which is about six miles, but the sea was very rough, and he thought we should wish ourselves on shore when we got into the sound. We resolved to go, as it might be another storm on the morrow, and, besides, we had sent our servants and things some days before from Fort William by

Lord Seymour,
in Cumberland,
to his father,
1843.

steam to Oban, and thence to Tobermory. We set sail about six in the evening, while the hospitable people in the manse were killing ducks to prepare us a dinner. The wind was favourable, though stormy, and we crossed in less than an hour, with a little wetting from the sea breaking over us.

‘At Tobermory next day it continued to blow, and they told us there must be two or three days’ calm before it would be possible to enter the cave of Staffa. Not having patience to wait for this, we again took a boat and sailed across the sound, and up Loch Sunart to Strontian. Loch Sunart is very beautiful, winding among mountains covered with wood, and full of rocky islets.

‘When we arrived at Strontian we went to Sir James Riddle’s cottage, as we had promised if we returned that way. Near Strontian there are some lead-mines, not worked at present, and the earth called Strontiles or Strontian earth is found there. Sir James Riddle says it is only used to burn in the theatres; when mixed with sulphur, it produces those mysterious coloured lights essential to the effect of the “Freyschutz,” and such other devilish plays. He says it is the only place in the British Isles where it is found, and consequently named from it. Luckily, however, of late years the same

sort of earth has been found in Germany, so that they can light up their own devils without our assistance; and I should think they burn up a large quantity, for the devil is even more popular on the German stage than here. The woods consist of oak and birch, and I asked Sir James what use they found for the birch, since, even if Lord Brougham's most sanguine anticipations were realized, and school-masters were spread over the earth, they could not use all this birch. He told me of late enormous quantities were used for making bobbins, and that he had a contract to supply I know not how many tons weekly to persons in Manchester.

Lord Seymour,
in Cumberland,
to his father,
1843.

'Next day we returned to Auchnacara. On Monday I shot a young stag on the hills, and Tuesday we left for Glasgow. We came through Fort William, up the Pass of Glencoe, of murderous memory, and up Loch Lomond in a steamer to Dumbarton, then in another steamer to Glasgow. There I saw Lord Breadalbane, but his account of the scientific proceedings did not tempt us to stay, so I came on here. The Duke is to give the scientific men a great feast at Hamilton Palace.'

CHAPTER IX.

1844—1845.

Lady Seymour in Paris—First Impressions—Acquaintances amongst French Society—Theatricals at the English Embassy—A French Hunt—Arab Chiefs—‘The School for Scandal’ acted—Hunt at Fontainebleau—Lady Seymour Mounted by a Russian Prince—Sainte-Beuve’s Reception at the Academy—Speech by Victor Hugo—Kindness of French Society.

IN the autumn of 1844 Lord Seymour started on a long yachting cruise with Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, in the latter’s yacht—the *Dream*. He did not return till the March of the following year. These months Lady Seymour spent in Paris. Her stay is described in the letters contained in the present chapter. Lord Seymour’s letters, with his diary for the same period, will be given in the chapter following.

Lady Seymour to Lord Seymour.

‘London,

‘October 25, 1844.

‘DEAREST SEYMOUR,

‘. . . . I write you a line to say how far we are getting on our road of preparation for Paris. . . . The children are wild with joy at the thought of the trip. I fetched Ferdinand from school last Tuesday ; he was looking

very well, and, I am sure, seems willing enough not to lose his Latin, for he walks about the house with a sheet of paper inventing the strangest Latin sentences. I confess that all the nouns in it are generally nominative cases, whatever the English may be, but we hope to progress. . . .

‘Fanny* is going to take me to see the Queen open the Royal Exchange on the 28th. Helen† and mamma leave for Paris the same day or day after me.’

Lady Seymour
to Lord Sey-
mour.

* Lady
Graham.

† Her sister,
Lady Dufferin.

‘17, Rue d’Angoulême,

‘Faubourg de St. Honoré, Paris,

‘November 18, 1844.

‘DEAREST SEYMOUR,

‘Being now settled at last, I write you an account of my proceedings. We left London on October 30, mamma and Helen crossing the same day. Principal incident, our all being very sick, including the baby,† who could not conceive what was the matter with him, and kept repeating: “Oh, what a bore—what a bore—what a bore!” I remained with the children ten or twelve days at Boulogne, mamma going on to Paris with Helen to see what they could see in the way of a house. At last they found this. The rooms are not uncomfortable, and that is the most we can say for it. The children and

† Lord Edward
St. Maur.

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1844.

Miss Seineke have the dining-room next me. Helen and I taking it (the house) together made it less expensive to us, otherwise there are disadvantages, as the two households are continually in collision, and running away with each other's saucepans. We are rather far from the gaieties, but close to the English Ambassador, and only a step from the Champs Elysées, where there is a nice dry asphalte walk for the children. I have called upon Lady Cowley and Lady Sandwich, but have seen no one as yet; no society begins until New Year's Day. We arrived here on November 13, and found Charley very well and happy.

'Mrs. — is here for the winter; I saw her yesterday at Helen's, but the Irish husband has not shone upon us yet.

'I have with me a letter from Madame St. Aulaire to the Duchess of Orleans as an introduction; when I am up to such an undertaking I shall send it. The Aulaires were very kind to us. . . . The children have been keeping a *Latin* journal of their journey for you, which Ghigo* says is really well done for such young beginners. God bless you, dear!

'Your affectionate

'GEORGY.'

* The present
Marquis of
Dufferin and
Ava.

‘Paris,

‘December 9, 1844.

‘DEAREST SEYMOUR,

‘I have received one letter dated Gibraltar. . . . I dined once at the Embassy with Lady Sandwich when I first came; since then I have done nothing, as I have had so many things to settle and arrange for the children, etc. We were obliged to take this house for six months. . . . The children are perfectly happy, and I have got a good dancing-master for them twice a week—a great desideratum now the weather is so bad (we are in deep snow). I have been here a month next Wednesday, and might as well have been in London for aught I have seen; but now we are more settled. . . .

Lady Seymour
to Lord Sey-
mour.

‘I sent word to the Duchess of Orleans I was here with a letter Madame St. Aulaire gave me, and last Tuesday she arranged to see me and Ferdy at St. Cloud at three o’clock.

‘She is pretty, and very pleasant in manner; was very gracious, and even affectionate; talked a good deal of the poor Duke, and very frankly and unaffectedly upon almost every subject belonging to the times. She showed me her two boys, and gave Ferdy a magnificent inlaid desk, and sent him to play in

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1844.

another room with the Comte de Paris. He is a most beautiful boy in feature, and very tall for his age—as high nearly as Ferdy, though only six, but slight; the little one is small and delicate.

‘Lady A. comes here in a few days; she has no house, but to save trouble remains at the Hôtel Bristol, and brings Charley,* which will be a great thing for Ferdy. Ghigo has been good-natured enough to teach Ferdy his Latin regularly every day, *and* the girls, who delight in it, and are getting on very well. Then we read Shakespeare every evening; they are enchanted with the whole life, poor things! I hope you have kept a little journal for the children as you promised. . . .’

‘Paris,

‘December 24, 1844.

‘DEAREST SEYMOUR,

‘I received safe two letters from Naples, and was very glad of them. We are getting used to our noisy apartments, though not to their immense distance from everything and everybody, as it is rather humiliating to hear one’s friends impress upon one how much time they waste in paying one even a hasty visit. We have begun to go out a little now, and I mean to keep for you a little journal of all the people (at least, all the interesting ones)

* Lord Charles
Bruce.

I make acquaintance with among the French. All the Noailles have been very civil to me ; the mother, Duchesse de Poix, a good-natured woman with a cordial manner, rather like Lady Ashburton in face. Sabine is a clever-looking girl. The papa is a clever-looking, regular Frenchman, as young in appearance as his son. The Duc de Mouchy, the eldest, who is married, is coming soon ; he, they say, is the handsomest and pleasantest, but seldom leaves his hearth. . . .

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1844.

‘Helen is very much admired and liked, but my French rather stands in my way ; however, I really am improved already since I am here, so by spring I may be glib. Madame de Castellan (whose house answers to Lady Holland’s) is “at home” *every* night, and has been very civil and cordial to me. I shall like to know some of these people well. We went to Court the other day, and all the Royal Family were *very, very* civil to me ; I thought the Duchesse d’Aumale’s manner charming.

‘The English Embassy were getting up theatricals, when Lady ——’s untimely decease put them off ; however, they are now on again, and, as Helen and Charles* both act, it will amuse us. They wanted me, but I said I did not think you would like it, and I knew I should not remember a word, so I refused.

* Charles
Sheridan.

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1844.

The only thing that I have weakly consented to is that, if they cannot find another Maria, I will sit at cards with Lord Leveson in the background to make up the tableau of the scene, as they want to keep it entirely among themselves.

‘The play is to be the “School for Scandal”—that is to say, only two scenes of it are to be acted. Before that they act “Charles II.,” in which my people do nothing, and which Leveson thinks will not answer. As it is from the French, and much better done in French, the English translation, with its heavy language, will prove a failure by comparison.

‘*Sunday, 25th.*

‘To-morrow we go to see Parliament opened, which, I expect, will divert me. The children have been in the seventh heaven to-day, giving presents to everyone; they have been these three weeks buying their little matters in all the shops on the Boulevards and Palais Royal. It is surprising to see what pretty little things you can get here for next to nothing—things that at an English bazaar would have been beyond their purses. Charley gave me a box at the English play (Macready) that was given him, to which I took the children to see “Othello.” On Friday Ghigo and I mean to take them to Franconi’s. I shall not take them to the

French theatres ; the plots and jokes seem to me all as well to remain unheard by them. God bless you, dear ! Many happy returns of the day and new year !

Lady Seymour
to Lord Sey-
mour.

‘ Paris,

‘ *Tuesday, January 17, 1845.*

‘ DEAREST SEYMOUR,

‘ I have received your letter of December 22, Corfu, and am glad you seem to be leading a very pleasant life, though what with Jem, Prince George, and Maidstone, it sounds very like St. James’ in the midst of Albania. The baby tells everybody he meets that “ Papa has got out of his ship on some lands to shoot beasts.” I hope you have written to your father since you left, for he seemed to think Parry’s expedition to the North Pole, when first thought of, nothing to the uncertain dangers of this trip of yours. I am not the least uneasy about the sailing part, as Benny would not put to sea in bad weather and promised to be careful, and I suppose you are always *coasting* ; but seven guns in hasty hands sounds rather alarming, so pray be careful ; ’twould be a foolish way of getting hurt through the carelessness of your London dandies.

‘ I have yesterday done a thing that diverted me more than anything yet at Paris. I went to a French hunt at St. Germain (red deer the

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1845.

game); I made Lady Ailesbury and Madame Vetry (a friend of Mrs. Francis Baring) join me to make it proper, and we had another little Comtesse — somebody whose name I forget. Madame Vetry mounted both Lady A. and her friend; I had a large fine old hunter belonging to Prince Labanoff; it was sixteen hands high, and heavy like Sunflower, but handsomer made, and a sweet-tempered giant; it could jump, for I tried it a day or two before near the Bois de Boulogne; but in these hunts there are no obstacles; you rush down different alleys, and I dare say on cold days and with a small field it would be very tame work; but the day we went was beautiful and mild, and the scene altogether the most brilliant and curious I ever saw. There are ten or twelve Arab chiefs here decorated with the medal (I forget its name), who have been very useful to France in their late wars, and whom the Government here bring over and keep at their expense, and show them all the sights, “pour leur donner une idée des grandes ressources de la belle France.” These Arabs were to appear and join the hunts in their national dress on hired horses, covered with Arab trappings and their own saddles; in consequence of this expected addition, hundreds of foot-people as well as horse attended the meeting, and, although it

considerably impeded the hunting as far as business was concerned, it added greatly to the gaiety and peculiarity of the scene. The Arabs looked very picturesque flying along with their white and purple bernous streaming with the wind. They were greatly astonished at me and my big horse. They rode with their knees up to their chins, but apparently a secure seat, though one could hardly judge, as they were badly mounted. The dress of the Prince and suite, though theatrical, was very like an old picture, and I liked the Piqueurs (?), with their bugles and tunes. The last ceremony of cutting up the deer and baying the hounds might have been dispensed with; it took a great deal of time, made us all very cold waiting, and was nasty enough when done. Two deer were killed; they met at eleven, and it ended at two. We came with the Princes in a royal rail carriage and returned in the same. Who should turn up in the hunt but little — of Dorsetshire memory, looking very shivery on a shiny horse, and seems “flush” of money at present, as they say of thieves. . . .

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1845.

‘Helen and I have both caught colds, which has rather put a stop to our gaieties. I saw a very pretty ball at Pozzo di Borgo’s the other night: the lights were so dazzling and numerous; it was like a fairy scene.’

‘Paris,

‘January 29, 1845.

‘DEAREST SEYMOUR,

Lady Seymour
to Lord Sey-
mour.

‘I have received your letter from Zante. I hope at least you have got some of mine directed to Malta. . . . The children rush for their atlas when a letter comes, that we may hold our fingers on the exact spot where it was written. . . .

‘The “holding the umbrella over your head to keep off the sun” fills my mother with envy. Not that we have had at all a severe winter; on the contrary, we have got through it wonderfully well; but running after summer and always finding it sounds very pleasant. I suppose you will hardly have finished your homeward-bound steps, as nearly as I can reckon, before the hire of this house is up; else, now that Ghigo is gone to college, we have a nice little room to spare. What a long time it seems since you went! Are you sure you remember the colour of my hair and eyes, and how many children you had? However, I have been very well amused, I must say, and if fear of not taking the present opportunity (which may not recur) of seeing everything did not oblige me to rather weary myself, I should be still better amused.

‘Now for an account of our theatricals, which

greatly bored me in my share. First, as being the only thing I was not sure you would like me to do, although I undertook an automaton part, confining myself to sitting in the background playing cards at a table with Leveson as Joseph Surface. All went off very well; Lady Leveson acted perfectly; Nell likewise, and the men pretty well; Charley admirably. We only chose two scenes: the scene when they all talked scandal—the only one in which I was wanted—and the screen scene:

Lady Seymour
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1845.

Joseph Surface	-	-	Lord Leveson.*
Lady Teazle	-	-	Lady Leveson.*
Mrs. Candour	-	-	Helen.
Lady Sneerwell	-	-	Dowager Lady Essex.
Maria	-	-	I.
Sir Ben. Backbite	-	-	H. Howard.
Crabtree	-	-	Lady Kinnoull's brother.
Sir P. Teazle	-	-	Mr. Auriel.

* Afterwards
Earl and
Countess
Granville.

‘In the second scene Charley was Charles Surface.

‘Afterwards they gave “Charles II.” Mr. Laurence Peel (Sir Robert’s brother), a very pleasant unaffected man, as Captain Copp, Miss Mactavish as his niece Mary, Heneage the Attaché as page, H. Grenville as Charles II., Leveson as Rochester, Madame de Bouval as Lady Clara, and Peel’s two sons as servants. Laurence Peel and Miss Mactavish (who has also a beautiful voice) acted better than any

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1845.

real actors that we possess now on the stage. Helen wrote for them a very funny prologue spoken by Charley and Henry Greville. We had two representations for such of "Gallia's fair daughters" and sons as understood English; and Lady Cowley and her Lord were exceedingly obliged to us, and so all is well over. Carême is come, and to-morrow the children and I are going to spend a day at Mrs. F. Baring's. I get on better with my French and the French people now. . . . Caroline writes word she has been very ill indeed, but is better now, that, however, she has not much time for her book in consequence, and has lost the Christmas sale. God bless you, dear! I hope you are keeping well.

'I am going to see a wild boar hunt at Fontainebleau on February 11; I look forward to this with the greatest expectation; Charley promises to go with me, and old Labanoff will lend me his hunter again.'

'Paris,
'March 9, 1845.

'DEAREST SEYMOUR,

'I have just returned from Fontainebleau with Charley, and found two letters from you, February 24 and 26. Now for a report of my proceedings. It was very kind of Charley to go with me to Fontainebleau, as he had to ride

gently after us instead of hunting, and dine quietly with me at the little inn of an evening. However, I think it rather did him good, and although I was unfortunate enough to come in for some horrible weather, I was amused, and had a very pretty run the second day. We went down the evening before the first day's hunt, which was *wild boar*! (Comte Grefeuil's hounds)—sounds very fine! but of this we had little pleasure; snowed all the first hour, and drenched us with rain the two last, when we returned without killing or even seeing once what we were running after. The next day (*cerf* with the Duke de Nemour's pack) snow on ground and slippery frost, but fine overhead, though very cold; a beautiful run in the wildest and most beautiful part of the forest; the stag, an enormous one, broke out close by me; we ran very well for three hours, and pretty fast, but nothing like fox-hunting; then the hounds from bad management divided. We went after a fresh stag, got lost, and finally, as we could not find my *second* horse (there's grandeur for you!), I was afraid of tiring my first, and went home. They found their first stag an hour afterwards, and killed him; I wish I had stayed, as they said it was very fine to see him at bay, though he was so fierce with the dogs they *shot* him. They sent me his foot, which

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1845.

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1845.

I shall dry and mount as I did my St. Germain one, with the date, etc., on it. The forest is magnificent, and the ground excellent for riding. I was mounted on a *pur sang*, sixteen hands high (as swift as the wind and elastic as india-rubber), that had been a racer. I managed him very well ; there is nothing to *franchir* in these hunts, not even a ditch, though both my horses could jump. The other was a large, heavy English hunter, as big as Sunflower, but handsomer made, and rather heavy on hand ; I rode him to the wild boar, and he was to have been the second horse next day. Both belong to an old Russian, Prince Labanoff de Rostoff, a cousin of the Emperor's. I hope if he ever comes to England you will be kind to him, for he has been most kind and obliging to me here, with his horses and services in the field, for he never comes out in society, and is not much liked—indeed, is disliked—as he is very grumpy ; but you may like him, as he is *très-instruit*, and has just written a book to be published in a week, which we shall all have to read, and, I fear, is dull and profound. Since I wrote I have been again to the Académie Française, “pour la réception de M. Sainte-Beuve,” and heard a fine speech from Victor Hugo. I have spent a day in the Chambre des Députés, and came in for some

good things, amongst others little Guizot, in a great passion, flying his arms about like a windmill. Ferdy and baby go every Saturday to play with the Duchesse de [illegible] children from three to six, which has proved a great resource to them. Ferdy's manners delighted them, and the last two times I sent them alone, and baby walked first into the room on arriving, announcing himself and brother as "Lady Seymour's boys are come." I have free entrance now into most of the best French houses, and have been kindly treated by all. I have diligently spoken my bad French (seeing no English whatever but Lady Sandwich, Lady Ailesbury), and, though it was pain and grief to me at first, I can talk glibly enough to amuse myself now, and perfectly comprehend them, which is more than I did at first. Charley is pretty well, and means to ask leave to come to England for a few weeks in May. My mother is well, but blinder than she was—I fear in *both* eyes. Helen, after often threatening it, has suddenly put into execution yesterday her project of rushing in the *malle post* to England, *viâ* Boulogne, to see Ghigo, perhaps bring him back, and discharge Flatten, her fat old irritable German. She has chosen the most severe weather (we are in a hard frost) for her journey, has left everything here, and

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1845.

Lady Seymour,
in Paris, to
Lord Seymour,
1845.

means to be back in ten days! Brinsley is *safe in as a Whig for Shaftesbury* in a very creditable manner! He is very pleased, as are we all, and I know you will be glad of it too, and you will have a companion to toddle down to the House in May.

‘Very late ; good-night, darling!

‘Your affectionate

‘GEORGY.’

CHAPTER X.

1844—1845.

Lord Seymour's Yachting Cruise in the Mediterranean with Mr. Bentinck—His Diary, interspersed with Letters—Gibraltar—Sardinia—Corsica—Naples—Messina—Corfu—Zante—Greece—Tiryns—Athens—Malta—Lisbon.

LORD SEYMOUR'S diary of his cruise is printed *in extenso*; for, though many of the entries are in themselves trifling, they contribute to the sense of spirit, quickness, and motion which the whole produces in the reader. Many of the descriptions are remarkable for the vividness of the effect obtained by a few simple but suggestive touches—touches which create an atmosphere as well as a picture.

Certain of Lord Seymour's letters are inserted, between the entries of diary, in their proper chronological places.

Diary of Lord Seymour.

1844 and 1845.

'October 11, Friday.—Came to Gosport with Bentinck and Lord Blandford.

'October 12.—Crossed in the Duke of Beaufort's yacht, the *Intrepid*, to Binstead. Dined with the Wiltons, Cantelupe, Worcester, H. Corry. Slept in the bath cottage.

Lord Sey-
mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

'*October 13, Sunday.*—Sailed from Binstead with Bentinck, Cantelupe, Worcester, in a Ryde wherry, until we met the *Intrepid*; got on board, and went into Portsmouth. Dined with Lyon on board the *Georgian*, the same as above, with the addition of Cecil Forester and G. Wombwell, and slept on board the *Dream*.

'*October 14.*—The preparations for the Queen and the King of the French interfered with by the bad weather. The *Gomer* and other French ships went out of harbour. At five o'clock sailed in the *Dream*, and anchored off Binstead, where we dined.

'*October 15.*—Sailed in the morning to Cowes. The royal yacht arrived shortly after, and the Queen went on shore. We dined on board the *Kestrel* with Lord Yarborough.

'*October 16.*—To Weymouth, where we anchored about one that night.

'*October 17.*—Landed, and drove to Frampton to breakfast; went out shooting, killed 118 head, and returned to sleep on board the *Dream*.

'*October 18.*—Reached Plymouth early on Saturday morning.

'*October 19, Saturday.*—Landed at Devonport, made a few purchases, found some water-

proof boots just made for the harbour-master, approved of them, and took them away ; called on Lady Mount-Edgcombe, who showed us the grounds, where we rambled about until dark.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

‘*October 20, Sunday.*—The *Dream* anchored in Catwater ; we walked to Saltram.

‘*October 21.*—Went into Plymouth ; in the afternoon sailed.

‘*October 22-27, Tuesday to Sunday.*—Read “*Mystères de Paris.*”

‘*October 28-31.*—Read “*Martin Chuzzlewit.*”

‘*November 1, Friday.*—Saw Cape St. Vincent at a distance, a bold headland with a convent on it.

‘*November 2.*—Looked at Tangiers from the sea ; anchored in Sandy Bay opposite Gibraltar.

‘*November 3.*—The *Dream* anchored under the new mole. Walked to Europa Point, and saw the new fortifications, which, they tell me, shake when the guns are fired. Dined with Stewart Paget, chief magistrate of Gibraltar ; met Lauderdale Maule (Fox Maule's brother), Captain Gilbert of the Artillery.

‘*November 4, Monday.*—Drummond, who has the *Scout*, and Captain Gilbert, breakfasted on board the *Dream*. We walked through the

Lord Sey-
mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

town, and went up to the galleries; had a beautiful view of the flat ground, the Bay of Gibraltar, and the hills of Spain; the galleries quite came up to my expectation, and the rock is as steep and inaccessible as tradition represented it. The view from the batteries was so precipitous that it was painful to look down; some men were at work near the bottom of the rock, having ascended by ladders, in a place where I could not have stood an instant. We went through the excavation called St. George's Hall, and then ascended to the rock gun, the highest point on this side; the view looking down upon the Mediterranean and Catalan village is beautiful. . . .'

'Lord Seymour to his Father.

'Gibraltar,
'November 5, 1844.

'We arrived here on Saturday last, having been eleven days from Plymouth. We were becalmed for twenty-four hours off the Lizard, and we met a gale from the south-west, which stopped our progress; indeed, we had bad weather most of the way out. The first land I saw was Cape St. Vincent, a fine headland with a white building, a convent, I believe, on the top. We went into Tangier Bay, and I

wished to have stayed there to see the place, but there was so rough a sea rolling into the bay, and no harbour or mole to protect vessels, that it would have been a very uncomfortable anchorage; consequently we were obliged to come on to Gibraltar, which we reached in a few hours. This place has quite equalled my expectations. Yesterday I occupied six hours walking over every part of the rock, went through the galleries excavated on the eastern side, and visited every spot remarkable for the beauty of the view or traditions connected with the siege. There are still works going on, out-works and forts being built, so that every year probably adds something to the strength of the place. The town is full of bustle, and the variety of costume exceeds any place I have ever seen, except, perhaps, Trieste. Spaniards, Moors, and African Jews in their national dresses crowd the streets, the trade, as you know, consisting chiefly of articles to be smuggled into Spain. The Bay, which I think is as large or larger than Torbay, is enlivened by small vessels which are employed in this contraband traffic, and as long as they remain under the protection of the English batteries, the Spanish revenue cruisers cannot touch them. This protection seems to be very effectual, for a short time since a cruiser in

Lord Seymour
at Gibraltar,
to his father,
1844.

Lord Seymour,
at Gibraltar,
to his father,
1844.

pursuit of a smuggler came within reach of the guns, and instantly a shot was fired, and with such effect that the cruiser went down before it could reach the Spanish port of Algeziras. Boats were sent off to save the crew, but this certainly appears a rough mode of treating a friendly Power. There are one or two Danish or Swedish men-of-war in the Bay, which came out for the purpose of making a new treaty with Morocco, and discontinuing to pay a certain tribute which these States have gone on paying from old times, when Morocco had some naval power, and sent out its Sallee rovers to pillage Christian vessels. The Moors are now so weak that I suppose they must take any terms they can get, for they have, I believe, no ships fit for sea.

‘We shall sail from here on Thursday, if the wind is favourable for going to the eastward. I am anxious to get on towards Greece, because, when once there, we shall be more independent of weather, and shall only have very short passages, with many places of shelter, and interesting scenes on every side. A few towns on the coast of Spain I hope to see on my return, for the weather is now rather unsettled; the rain, they tell me, has come rather earlier than usual, but it is very warm, and every wind, either from the south

or from the north, is equally soft. The trees and shrubs here make us feel warm from merely looking at them; palms and aloes, and plants one is accustomed to see in hothouses, appear to be the wild weeds of this rock. I have not seen any of the monkeys.

Lord Seymour,
at Gibraltar,
to his father,
1844.

‘I hope to find a line from you at Naples, telling me that you and the Duchess are well. As we shall only touch at Sardinia, and perhaps at Port Mahon, on our way, we shall not be very long reaching Naples. As far as I have yet experienced, a sea life suits me very well; I lie on a sofa reading most of the day while at sea, which is an easy way of travelling, and knowing that one cannot do anything else makes me very resignedly bear the confinement of the ship. When I have read all the books we have got on board, I shall be obliged to study navigation to employ my time.

‘*November 6, Wednesday.*—We walked with Drummond and Colonel Maule through the town and the barrier across the race-course to the kennel, where twenty-two couple of fox-hounds are kept; the hounds were not ill-shaped, but too fat and ill-matched. They tell me their country is quite open, but hilly and stony; not a bad scenting country, except towards spring, when the wild plants and flowers puzzle the hounds. . . .

Lord Seymour,
at Gibraltar,
to his father,
1844.

‘On our return we met the Governor of Gibraltar, Sir Robert Wilson, riding out ; Maule, not being in uniform, thought it right to shirk, as boys used to shirk the masters of Eton. We entered the town by the waterport gate, and went into the market, where every variety of fruit and vegetable was heaped in profusion ; it was much cleaner than I expected. Went into a shop where a Jew sold Moorish manufactures ; bought a pair of yellow slippers for three shillings ; the other articles were small carpets, coarse, with dull, indistinct colours ; pocket-books, baskets, and other trash, so that I could see nothing worth taking away. We dined with the Governor at the Convent ; party of about twelve. Met a Colonel Harding, who had been at Fez ; he told me that one must obtain permission from the Emperor before one could go there, that it was a fine town, though without any old Moorish architecture, that it would take five days to ride there from Tangier, and that there was no town upon the road.’

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream (con-
tinued), 1844.

‘*November 7.*—In the night of Thursday saw the light of the lighthouse off Malaga.’

‘*November 8.*—Saw the Sierra Nevada snowy mountains not far from Granada. . . .’

‘*November 12, Tuesday.*—At about eight

o'clock in the morning the *Dream* sailed into the Bay of Porto Conte, on the north-western coast of Sardinia. Cape Caccia is a fine rock, the extremity of an elevated ridge of land, on the left hand as we entered; the *Dream* anchored beyond a martello tower on the right hand called Torre Nuova. In this tower resides the man of authority, who received us very civilly—that is, he asked us to sit down by him on the ground, while he wrote a description of the *Dream* as a “bastimento di guerra” He could not well invite us to his tower, for the only entrance to it was by a door fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and he came down by a rope-ladder; his tower appeared to have no windows, but I did not walk round it. We told him we desired to go shooting; he at first deemed it necessary to send six miles off to the Governor of Alghero for permission, but on seeing an old permission given to Bentinck two years ago, he made no further objection. . . . I never saw a more barren, desolate-looking country, for it was a fine day with a bright sun; there was not a tree visible and apparently a great want of water; the spaniels luckily found a little rain in a hollow rock.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

‘November 13, Wednesday.—Landed about eleven o'clock to the eastward under Monte

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

d'Oglio ; met the cacciatore, who came with six cur dogs. We walked together through the bushes, and found a covey of redlegs. I killed a brace ; the cacciatore missed. . . . Got on board again before one o'clock, and the *Dream* went out of the bay. We put off in a boat to the rocky cliffs on the coast of the bay. . . . I shot one pigeon that fell on a ledge of rock about twenty feet above us, and was regretting the impossibility of getting him, when a hawk pounced upon the dead pigeon and took him away in his claws. I shot the hawk, and the pigeon fell into the sea close to the boat. We must have gone under these rocks for nearly two miles, or nearly to Point Galera.

'*November* 14.—A dead calm.

'*November* 15.—Becalmed off Cape Caccia ; towards the afternoon a light wind took us along the coast to Asinara.

'*November* 16.—Becalmed within two miles of Asinara Island ; in the afternoon we went to the shore in a boat. I landed, and walked over some of the roughest ground I ever saw, rocks and bushes. A few sheep and goats were feeding ; but I saw no man, although some smoke gave symptoms of some habitation. When I returned to the boat we rowed along-shore, and having passed a ruined tower, we saw a cave, and there found a few pigeons. . . .

‘*November 17, Sunday.*—We passed through the Strait of Bonifacio ; it is about six or seven miles across. The hills of Corsica and Sardinia make a fine rugged outline. There are several rocky islands in the straits, perfectly barren and desolate. The town of Castel Sardo or Santa Teresa in Sardinia appears rather more wretched than the town of Bonifacio, which is, however, very miserable. We anchored in the afternoon in the bay called Port Licia. Such a fine evening that we sat on deck, at ten o'clock at night, enjoying the moonlight and the ripple of the waves.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

‘*November 18.*—Rowed into the small river which runs into the Bay of Port Licia. . . . The ground seemed adapted to all sorts of shooting, and the high hills covered with wood, evergreens of all sorts, and rocks rising from the midst of the trees, presented a landscape such as tourists would rave of. . . .

‘*November 19.*—Sailed with a very light wind towards Porto Vecchio in Corsica ; we were becalmed about three o'clock off the Tauro rock. . . . We reached Porto Vecchio late this night.

‘*November 20.*—Porto Vecchio an excellent harbour ; a beautiful, mountainous country ; a very miserable town. We walked out with our guns over the land to the left as you approach

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream.

the town. A guide had been sent to show us the best ground for shooting; but nevertheless we saw nothing, though the sandy soil interspersed with patches of corn and cultivation seemed favourable for partridges. We walked amongst shrubs of arbutus, and myrtle, and cork-trees, and numerous shrubs whose names I do not know. . . .

'*November 21.*—Landed on the northern side of the harbour in Port Stagnolo. . . . In the evening we went to sea.

'*November 23.*—Came to Nettuno, where we expected to find a mole and harbour; but the Pope has allowed the harbour to fill up with sand, so that there is only eight-foot water, consequently the *Dream* could not enter, and we turned away for Naples.

'*November 24.*—Passed close to Ponza and other islands, bare volcanic rocks; the *Dream* anchored off Pozzuoli, near the remains of a causeway said to be the work of Caligula (this is doubtful). It is very probably the arches of a Roman mole, as they were often so built.

'*November 25.*—In the morning becalmed in the Bay of Naples. Saw several French ships of war and steamers and one English, decorated on account of the marriage of the Duc d'Aumale with a Neapolitan Princess, which took place this day. . . . In the evening we walked along

the Toledo, where were some lights meant for illuminations, and one transparency of royal faces well worth seeing. Went to a small party at Mdme. Creptovitch's ; *he* is chargé d'affaires of Russia ; saw there the Brabazons, Walpoles, Connor, Lady Pellew, and Prince Schwartzenberg, looking seventy, quite gray and withered, yet they told me he is now looking much better than lately. . . .

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream.

' *November 26*.—A miserable day ; went to the French play with Lichfield, and heard about the water-cure at Graffenberg. Saw " Diane de Chivry " and " Le Ramoneur." . .

Lord Seymour to his Father

' Naples,

' *November 26, 1844.*

' We arrived here yesterday after a prosperous voyage. When we sailed from Gibraltar a strong west wind made us think it inexpedient to delay by looking into Malaga or Carthagera, which otherwise I should have liked to have seen (if it had not risked our chance of making a good passage), so we sailed down to Sardinia, and in five days we arrived at Porto Conti, an excellent harbour on the western side of the island. There is no town, or even village, there ; the only inhabitants are the old soldiers who live in a watch-tower, one of the old towers,

Lord Seymour,
at Naples,
to his father,
1844.

apparently, such as were formerly built to secure people against the Saracens ; it has no windows, and only one door about fifteen feet from the ground, with a rope-ladder down which these veterans descended with difficulty to inquire who we were. In the harbour we were becalmed for a day or two, and I went out shooting with Bentinck, taking with us some sailors to beat the bushes. The country was very barren, stony, and without any grass, but covered with evergreen bushes and a dwarf palm, or palmetto (I believe they call it), which the cattle feed upon, and I believe the people also eat it.

‘The Sardinians have the reputation of being a savage, dangerous race of people, but the only inhabitants we met, though very wild-looking, were very civil, and seemed glad to see anyone walking about their desolate country. The rocks by the sea were full of wild pigeons, and when we drove them out of the dark caves where they hide themselves, large hawks hovering above drove them back again. We shot a quantity of these pigeons, and one which I shot fell on a ledge of perpendicular rock about twenty feet above my head, and as I was regretting the impossibility of getting this pigeon, a hawk flew down and carried him off, but apparently he had not been familiar with

double-barrelled guns, for the second barrel brought down the hawk and pigeon.

Lord Seymour,
at Naples,
to his father,
1844.

We sailed with a gentle wind along the coast of Sardinia, and took another ramble over the island of Asinara, one of the wildest, roughest places I ever saw. We then sailed through the Straits of Bonifacio, and the weather was all this time so lovely that I sat under an umbrella to keep off the sun, while I looked at the high mountains of Corsica covered with snow, and the rocky islands interspersed between that island and Sardinia. We anchored in Port Licia, a bay on the north-east of Sardinia entirely land-locked, and here we made a long ramble on the banks of a river between mountains covered with evergreens, amidst which large masses of rock protrude, and make a scene such as would drive distracted a landscape-gardener, and convince him his trade is hopeless. Here there was a little cultivation, and a man was occupied in urging two diminutive half-starved cows to drag a wooden plough. After a day spent here, we sailed across to Corsica, and anchored in Porto Vecchio, another beautiful harbour, where we again rambled about and shot snipes in some low ground close to the sea, and amidst woods of arbutus and myrtle and innumerable shrubs of which I could not tell the names. We then

Lord Seymour,
at Naples,
to his father,
1844.

determined to cross to Italy and go into Port Nettuno, north of Terracina, where there are some remains of imperial ruins, works of Nero, and other of those amiable sovereigns. When, however, we came close to the port we found that the Pope had allowed the harbour to fill up with sand, so there was not water enough to enter, disagreeable enough, as there seemed to be a stormy night coming on. We sailed away and had no storm, but violent thunder and lightning in the course of the night—at least, so I was told, for I slept and never heard it. We passed close to Ischia, and anchored off Pozzuoli, where we looked upon Baiæ and Misnum by the light of a brilliant moon. Yesterday we came in here and found a great commotion, guns firing and ships decorated with flags, and Naples illuminated, though even when illuminated Naples is darker than the worst-lighted streets of London; all this for the marriage of a French Prince with a Neapolitan Princess. . . .

‘*November 28.*—Lichfield and his doctor breakfasted on board the *Dream*. . . .

‘*November 29.*—Walked to the Marchese di Rocca Romana’s villa on the Strada Nuova; saw in a grotto, where salt-water is admitted from the bay, the flying-fish, which are not properly flying-fish, but a kind of gurnet with

large fins edged with blue, like the wings of some insect ; they feed on small slices of fish which are given to them ; there are several varieties of this flying-fish.

Lord Seymour,
at Naples,
to his father,
1844.

‘Saw also a seal about four feet long, which the Marchese has had about two months ; it has in this time become quite tame, and feeds out of his hand, rising up in the water to take any fish that is offered to it, and swims after him as he walks round the reservoir where it is kept ; it gets out of the water every night to sleep on a stone step ; it makes a noise something between a bark of a dog and the bleating of a calf. It is an interesting creature, with a pleasing countenance ; but its eyes are rather too prominent. Saw also a very small monkey from Brazil with very long silky hair, which apparently feeds on snails. Dined at Temple’s, met Lord Walpole, Cecil Forrester, Mr. Fox, an attaché, etc.

‘*November 30.*—Landed on the outer mole and walked to an inner dockyard, where some five or six small war steamers are laid up ; I believe they were built in England. Dined at the Ville de Paris in the Toledo ; went to a ball at the Duke de Montebello’s, where all the Neapolitan Royalty and the Duke and Duchess d’Aumale, Prince Joinville, etc., were assembled.’

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘ Naples,

‘ November 30, 1844.

‘ I am glad to see you have been well, and able, consequently, to remain at Wimbledon without requiring the air of Brighton. We hope to leave this on Monday or Tuesday, if the wind will allow us, and shall go to Messina or Syracuse on our way to Corfu. There are not many English here at present; Lord and Lady Brabazon, Lord and Lady Walpole, and Cecil Forester are almost all I know.

‘ Vesuvius has been rather more lively than usual; there is plenty of smoke, and at night one can occasionally see a little fire issuing from the crater, but hardly more than one might see in England if a party of gipsies were encamped on a distant hill. The summit of the mountain is, however, considerably changed since I was last here three years ago. Some tourists got up to see the effect by night; and lately one party making this expedition was stopped and robbed, since which an armed soldier is now sent to accompany the enterprising tourist.

‘ The kingdom in other districts is at present somewhat troubled with robbers, for I hear that in Calabria there is a band of 300 lurking in the mountains. These are the remnant of a

set of men who, as you may have seen in the papers, landed some months since in the South of Italy to make a revolution ; their leaders were, however, taken and shot without regard to their declaration of patriotism. Since then those who escaped have adopted the profession of banditti, as being more profitable and not more perilous than the trade of patriot. They follow the approved Italian method, seizing travellers and carrying them off to the woody mountains until they are ransomed. Steam-boats, however, bring most travellers here from Messina and Sicily, so that no person, except in search of adventures, need go through Calabria.

Lord Seymour
at Naples,
to his father,
1844.

‘I walked yesterday to the villa of the Marchese di Rocca Romana ; he is a great naturalist, and among other creatures he has now got a live seal, which is kept in a reservoir of salt-water enclosed from the bay. He told me that he had only had it two months ; but he has made it so tame that it swims after him as he walks round the enclosure, and rises out of the water to take fish from his hand ; it is a young one, not above four feet long, but yet it ate eight or ten pounds’ weight of fish in a day. Its appetite seemed insatiable ; indeed, he told me she is a female, and I call her “ Monaca,” because she is so greedy, and eating is her only gratification ; they resemble women, too, in

Lord Seymour,
at Naples,
to his father,
1844.

other respects, as the Marchese proceeded to explain to us and to a young priest, who, in a long robe and large three-cornered hat, heard with admiration of how, in secluded caves, these cold and fishy females listen to tender addresses, such as a Monaca ought never to hear of. The Marchese belongs apparently to former Neapolitan fashions; for in these days the Court is remarkable for its veneration of monks and nuns, and a rigid regard to all propriety; the King, indeed, insists that the opera dancers shall wear little drawers—in fact, breeches of green silk—so that the pirouettes may never startle his royal eyes. A few nights since at a Court ball an officer went in a Highland uniform with the kilt, as he was invited to come in full dress; but a hint has been since given to our Ambassador that the King thinks the dress by no means *full* enough. Whether the officer is in future to add the precautionary costume of the opera dancers, or what is to be done in this difficulty, is not yet determined. There are here three French men-of-war and one English one; the English sailors are kept on board, and not allowed to come on shore, lest they should quarrel with the French sailors. I believe at Portsmouth the French sailors were for the same reason kept on board all the time the French vessels were in that port.'

‘*December 1, Sunday.*—Lichfield, Anson, and Mr. Warrender came on board the yacht. We dined at Lady Strachan’s, Marchioness of Salza’s, met the Walpoles, Lady Pellew, etc. . . .

Lord Seymour’s Diary
on the yacht
Dream.

‘*December 4.*—A very wet day with sirocco wind ; we have had rain almost every day since we have been at Naples. Remained on board reading all the morning ; dined with Mr. and Mrs. Warrender ; he is brother of Sir G. Warrender ; she is sister to Lord Alvanley ; after dinner went to Lord Walpole’s, where they smoked and played whist.’

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

‘ Naples,

‘ *December 1, 1844.*

‘ DEAREST GEORGY,

‘ . . . We arrived here last Monday, having passed a week of beautiful weather in Sardinia and Corsica, where I saw some beautiful country, though I did not find any good shooting. This place has been very gay on account of the Duc d’Aumale’s marriage ; last night we went to a ball at the Montebellos’, where we saw all the Royal Family ; Aumale and Joinville were there also. We dined here the other day with Creptovitch ; he is Chargé-d’Affaires, with no Minister over him. Schwarzenberg is the Austrian Ambassador here ; I

Lord Seymour,
at Naples, to
Lady Seymour,
1844.

should never have believed him to be the same man as the dark dandy of former days in London ; he is quite gray, and looks so old and weak that Temple shines forth as a young man by his side. The Lichfields are here ; she has brought out another daughter ; he is so far restored by the water-cure that he can ride about ; and though he walks bent and crippled, he can manage to come on board the yacht to breakfast, and has spirits as good as ever. The Brabazons and Lord and Lady Walpole are here ; Cecil Forester and one or two men are all we know. Last night I saw a pretty woman at the ball, who, they told me, is the wife of Albert Esterhazy ; I did not see him, for there was a great crowd. I dined with Temple one day, who afterwards took me to St. Carlos, which has been cleaned and painted, so that it looks much better than formerly. We walked yesterday to the Marchese di Rocca Romana, where you saw the flying-fish, which I wanted to show to Bentinck. . . .

‘To-day we are to dine with Lady Strachan, who has now one innocent occupation in a villa on the Strada Nuova, where she occupies herself daily laying out grounds, with the assistant taste of Lord G. Quin (a brother of Lord Headfort’s, I believe), who devotes himself to her and her villa. Naples is, you see, rather

worse off than usual for English society. We shall sail to-morrow, or next day, for Sicily ; for I detest this place, and Bentinck only waits for some letters. I have become a better sailor than I expected, only one day since I left England I was ill some hours ; otherwise I have always eaten a good dinner in the roughest weather, and sleep indefatigably. The other night I slept through a heavy thunderstorm, which Bentinck's mate told me in the morning had been quite awful. I have scrawled a rough journal of all our doings, that you may see my whole journey when I return. As yet, I would say that a yacht voyage in winter is too rough a life for a woman, and am very glad you did not attempt it. For instance, the other day we ran across from Corsica to Italy, intending to go into Port Nettuno to see the antiquities and shoot snipes. The sailing-books gave a very good account of the port ; but when we got there we found, fortunately in time, that the port is now so filled up with sand that the cutter could not enter, and we were obliged to put off again at once, though it was a gloomy afternoon, and looked as if a very heavy storm was coming on. This storm, luckily, did not reach us, though, when we arrived at Naples, we heard they had felt it here very severely.

Lord Seymour,
at Naples, to
Lady Seymour,
1844.

Lord Seymour,
at Naples, to
Lady Seymour,
1844.

‘There are four French men-of-war here, and one English, so that the balls are filled with naval uniforms, and the streets with drunken French sailors. The English sailors are not allowed to land, lest they should quarrel with the French, which would probably happen as soon as they were drunk. . . .

‘I hope you enjoy your time, and that the children are also happy with their visit to Paris. Write me a line occasionally, and direct to me, “R. Y. S. *Dream*, care of Messrs. Bell and Co., Malta.”

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

Lord Sey-
mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream (con-
tinued).

‘*December 5.*—The *Dream* sailed in the bay, chiefly for the purpose of drying the sails. Anchored within the old mole at Pozzuoli. Walked to the Solfatara, where at present no work is apparently done. The sulphur seems to be taken from the soil in a state almost pure; they showed us also some red-coloured dirt which they said was arsenic. (Is it found usually in the neighbourhood of sulphur?) Saw the old amphitheatre, which they say would contain 45,000 people; it is perfect in shape, but almost every trace of ornamental architecture has been removed; one or two fragments of fluted columns lie on the ground, which one may suppose may belong to it.

' *December 6.*—Sailed after breakfast round Cape Misenum to the tower of Patria. . . . The tower has a sort of drawbridge, by which the guard descends, and we saw him standing on his bridge, but he came no further. We came back to Pozzuoli, and anchored within the mole before dinner.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

' *December 7.* — We sailed and reached Naples by ten o'clock; left Naples at three o'clock in the afternoon; were off Capri at sunset.

' *December 8, Saturday.*—Saw a waterspout—that is, a long narrow cloud reaching down from a mass of cloud to the water; if they had not called it a waterspout I should never have noticed it. Saw also two flying fish, white things, skim above the water, and then sink again; they seemed pale and colourless, but I saw them indistinctly. We were not far from Stromboli, but the thick mist and smoke driven towards us prevented my seeing any fire.

' *December 9.*—Becalmed close to Stromboli, within a mile of the island, but not on the side from which the volcano can be seen, as it is on the north-west side of the mountain; and therefore I only saw the smoke, and at night the reflection of the flames. . . .

' *December 10.* — Reached the Straits of Messina at nine o'clock in the morning; saw

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on the yacht
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the rock and town of Scylla. The rock is so much out of the way that it is difficult to conceive how anyone avoiding Charybdis could fall upon Scylla, unless he ran there purposely ; but it is said the rock has been sadly damaged by earthquakes. The town consists chiefly of a long row of white houses lining a small bay, where there is a rock at one extremity, with apparently some sort of fort upon it ; a quiet little place for fishing-vessels, with all its poetic horrors gone for ever. The Straits are very much praised for their beauty, but I was disappointed. It certainly was a very bad day, rain in squalls, but yet there was occasional sunshine ; so that I think the beauty of the Straits has been overrated. The mountains of Calabria are rough and barren in the upper parts, with vineyards below ; but vineyards at this season of the year are ugly, and the rocks and precipices are not steep enough ; they do not overhang and frown as they are often said to do. The Sicilian coast is studded with white cottages, chapels and villages all the length of the Straits, and, with sunshine in times when the vines are in foliage, must be a bright and cheerful scene. Of Charybdis I saw nothing, further than that strong tides ran with eddying waves all through the Straits of Messina. - The Fiumares are mountain torrents, since, from the steepness of

the hills, they must be usually dry, and rather spoil than improve the view of each coast. Etna was almost entirely concealed by clouds; the part visible was covered with snow; the higher and more distant scenery was lost in mist.

‘Messina is a fine-looking town from the sea, and two castles or forts on hills above it were brightened by occasional gleams of sun. We passed Capo del Arme at sunset.

‘*December* 11.—Saw Etna covered with snow, I believe forty miles distant.

‘*December* 12.—After rolling all night in a calm, with a heavy sea, was very glad of a breeze.

‘*December* 13.—Saw the high land of Corfu, hills partly covered with wood; passed round Cape Bianco. The channel between Corfu and Albania seems perfect for yacht-sailing; beautiful scenery and smooth water. We passed round the citadel of Corfu about half after eight in the evening; the buildings of the citadel, the vessels and towns, seen by the light of the moon, were frequently clearly shown by vivid flashes of lightning, which gleamed from a heavy storm then rolling over the mountains of Albania, forming an interesting scene. A new place seen by such indistinct light is always attractive—so much is left to the imagination. Next morning, however, this view quite equalled

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mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

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mour's Diary
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the expectations I had formed the night before. . . .

‘*December* 14.—Landed about nine o'clock, and got a carriage in which we were driven to the citadel, where we saw Jem Macdonald* on a balustrade waiting for the party from the schooner (*Flower of Yarrow*, from Malta), who had settled to go to the Val di Roppa to shoot snipes. Presently they came—Maidstone,† Lumley,‡ Wells and Bromley—in a sort of break with four horses, driven by Mr. Carter, an old sailor who lets out horses and carriages here. The whole party then proceeded in two carriages to the Val di Roppa. We drove along a good macadamized road, through a beautiful country, for about eight or nine miles, when we branched off up a hill and came to what looked like a farmhouse. Here we all took out our guns, and having caught two boys to carry shot and game-bags, walked down the hill to a great marsh extending for miles. Everyone took a line of his own and straggled through the swampy ground, though the place looked far too wet for snipes, as, indeed, it proved, for only a few stray birds were left in it. The ground is all cultivated and drained, with ditches and banks in squares, giving it the appearance of a chess-board. After we had walked for some hours upon the narrow ridges of earth which

* The late
General the
Hon. James
Macdonald.

† Afterwards
Earl of Win-
chelsea.

‡ Afterwards
Earl of Scar-
borough.

intersect the swamp, and fallen into a sufficient number of holes and ditches, we came to our senses, and discovered this amusement to be unsatisfactory. We were, moreover, hungry, and Maidstone told us there was a capital luncheon coming after us, with, however, very little chance of overtaking us if we walked so fast. Tongue, fowls, pale ale, sherry, brandy were all provided, and were now following us through the swamp. We looked for it in vain, and were at last obliged to content ourselves with some biscuits and cheese which were in our game-bags. Tired of looking for absent snipes, we got out of the marsh and tried the hillsides for woodcocks. We had no dogs, except two retrievers, yet by walking about and crying hi-cock at the bushes, we found enough woodcocks to show us that, if we had commenced with this sport, we should have done better. In the midst of these olive-covered hills we met a Greek carrying what appeared to be a large portmanteau on his head, and this was hailed as the luncheon. Of course the portmanteau was locked, and Maidstone with the key was still walking away over the swamp. We returned to the house from which we had started, and while we were occupied in changing our wet things, and for the most part were more than half undressed, in walked Prince George, who

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on the yacht
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had been riding, and called to hear what sport we had met with. We drove back and got on board by six, and then went to dine on board the *Flower of Yarrow*, where they have got a very good cook.

‘*December 15, Sunday.*—Wrote down our names for Lord Seaton, the Lord High Commissioner, and for Prince George in the citadel; went into Jem Macdonald’s room, where we found Maidstone in a suit of white flannel with red stripes, a gilt-edged waistcoat, and a wide-awake hat with red ribbon round it—a splendid sight!

Prince George came into the room, and we all walked to the lighthouse above the citadel, whence there is a magnificent view; afterwards we walked on the parade, where there used formerly to be military music on Sundays, but Lord Seaton, from religious opinions, has put an end to this innocent recreation. Dined at the mess of the Rifles—Colonel Buller, brother of Lady Poltimore, Adolphus Vane, Ernest Fane.

‘*December 16.*—Set sail for Butrinto. Were becalmed about eight o’clock off Vido Island; Prince George overtook the *Dream* and came on board; after trying to sail with little success till about ten, we got into a green six-oared boat, which had brought Prince George, and rowed to Butrinto about five miles (the distance from Corfu to Butrinto is about eight or nine

miles). The *Flower of Yarrow* followed our example, and we all landed at the old castle on the right hand, as you go up the river; Jem Macdonald had arrived before us, having sailed over in the *Stork* during the night. We walked close by a second ruined castle, where the Turkish authority resides, and here a soldier in a loose white dress, with a long gun, pistol and sword, joined us and walked after us, to protect us from any ill-disposed Albanians. About 200 yards from this spot we began beating the bushes, and woodcocks immediately flew about in all directions. We lunched on the side of a hill, when some wild-looking Albanians came to stare at us, and asked for powder.

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on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

‘They were dressed in sheepskin cloaks with belts, in which were long pistols; they came out of huts made of dead branches and covered with the stalks of the Indian corn, wretched hovels in which they can hardly stand upright. The whole party dined on board the *Dream*.

‘*December 17.*—We divided into two parties. . . . We bagged ninety-four couple of woodcocks and some snipes. We passed close to an Albanian encampment, out of which crowds of children and dogs came screaming and howling at us. It was a fine wild scene; but they are a dirty race, and look sickly, as if they had the malaria. In shooting a snipe, one shot

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on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

glanced from my gun and hit an Albanian on the other side of a hedge ; I had not seen this, but Jem, who was on the other side, perceived it, and gave the fellow five shillings for me, with which he was quite satisfied. We shot one or two large hawks measuring five feet across the wings. We dined on board the *Flower of Yarrow*, and had patties of woodcocks' brains. Prince George sailed with Jem in the *Stork* for Corfu. At night we heard a great noise like men shouting on the hills, which they tell me is a pack of jackals hunting.

' *December* 18.—[After describing the game that was shot, the journal goes on :] We had not got two shillings amongst us to pay the Turkish soldier, and the guardians could not satisfy the fellow, who tried to stop us ; I held up my gun at him, Bentinck strode over the marsh, but the sailors would not get out of his way, or run from the "—— Turk," as they called him ; consequently he touched one man belonging to the *Flower of Yarrow*, and the guardians immediately said that the man who had been touched must be put in quarantine for seven days. Upon this we went to the castle to remonstrate with the Bey, or chief authority, whatever he may be. He was sitting wrapped in a coarse woollen cloak on the bank of a wet ditch smoking a pipe, and we could make

nothing of him, though the "guardians" chattered for some time; he had three or four soldiers near him. We came on board, and the infected sailor was put into a boat and towed astern of the schooner, where he passed the night under a sail; Lumley's shot-belt and game-bag were also put into quarantine, but the game was taken out and given to him.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844

'We dined on board the *Dream*; the *Stork* arrived from Corfu with some provisions, and the news that Prince George and Jem would arrive in the rowing-boat in the morning.

'*December* 19.—The morning was cloudy; the wind being southerly, no boat arrived from Corfu. . . . Made sail for Corfu, where we anchored at six o'clock. We went in the evening to the citadel, where Prince George and Jem were smoking; heard that our doings at Butrinto had made a great noise—the Turk we had shot, the sailor who had been touched, and the row with the Turkish soldier, had all been reported to Lord Seaton, and enlivened the monotony of his government.'

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

'Zante,

'*Sunday, December 19, 1844.*

'DEAREST GEORGIE,

'I received here your letter of November 9, forwarded from Naples, and your letter

Lord Seymour,
at Zante, to
Lady Seymour,
1844.

of November 24, sent on from Malta. Continue to write to Messrs. Bell and Co., Malta, as we shall go there on our return from Athens. I wrote to you about ten days since from this place, since which we have been to Patras, and shooting at several places in the Morea. We have had delightful weather, so that we sit down on the ground for an hour to eat our luncheons, when upon our shooting excursions, as in September in England. We usually land after breakfast about six in the morning and ramble over the country shooting everything we see ; we then reassemble and lunch together in some romantic spot, and then disperse until the evening obliges us to return to the ships. We have killed above 1,500 woodcocks, besides snipes, ducks, etc., and many strange birds, enormous hawks, four deer, and have had a chance of killing jackals, and even wolves.

‘We came the other day to a convent, a ruinous sort of tower, where some monks lived. I wished to see the interior, and accordingly we all rushed into the building, and clambered up a staircase into a wretched room, furnished only with wooden benches ; on one of these an old monk lay asleep. He was rather startled at finding five or six men with guns taking possession of his apartment ; and, indeed, our party is rather alarming—what with their

costumes, beards, and moustaches, it is a strange sight. Bentinck has got a most formidable beard, and all the others dress as if they were acting banditti on the stage. The natives frequently run away at the sight of us, so that we go about as if the whole Morea belonged to us.

Lord Seymour,
at Zante, to
Lady Seymour,
1844.

‘We sail from here again this evening, and hope to be in time to land after breakfast to-morrow and explore the banks of the river Alpheus; then we go on to Navarino, and so round Cape Matapan. Jem Macdonald has been with us since we left Corfu, but he leaves us here to return to his royal master. As long as the weather is fine this sort of life is very pleasant, for though we may not always reach the place we intend, yet, as we keep near the shore, we can, when becalmed, row to land in the boats, and explore any spot that looks inviting. It is a curious contrast to life at Paris.

‘I am glad you declined acting in the private theatricals, but wish I had seen the performances.

‘I shall be able to tell you from Malta about what time I shall be in London, but it will hardly be before the beginning of April. This will, however, give you time enough to see something of French society, and the children

Lord Seymour,
at Zante, to
Lady Seymour,
1844.

ought by that time to dance like so many sylphs and speak with a Parisian accent.

‘There was an earthquake here since I was last here ; but a slight one, doing no mischief, though they tell me it came with a great rumbling noise. I regretted that I missed it. The best thing that could happen here would be for an earthquake to throw down half the town, for it is a filthy place, though beautiful at a distance. In the spring the richness of the valleys and the great variety of cultivation must make this island very striking ; at present the orange and lemon trees are in fruit, otherwise there is nothing in good foliage.

* Charles
Sheridan.

‘Remember me to Charley.* Tell him that, if I meet with any remarkable Princess of incomparable beauty and immense wealth, I will inform him. As yet I have seen nothing but some shepherdesses in Arcadia, of so doubtful an appearance that we often were at a loss whether it is a man or a woman.

‘I am rather afraid of those French horses tumbling down with you, and hope you are careful.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

Lord Sey-
mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream (con-
tinued).

‘*December* 20. — Ordered some shooting clothes, for the thorns in these countries tear everything to rags. Saw a field-day on the

esplanade, where Prince George reviewed the regiments. Dined with H.R.H. in the citadel; some patties of woodcocks' brains (it took sixty woodcocks to make this dish). . . .

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

'*December 21.*—Prince George came on board. We sailed at seven for Cotarto in Albania, about eight or nine miles distant. . . .

'The yachts had been sent round to Pagagna. We dined on board the *Flower of Yarrow*, and sailed back by moonlight to Corfu.

'*December 22.*—In the afternoon we set sail for the Acheron river; the wind was against us, with rain and thunder all night—at least, so I was told, for I never heard it. About ten in the morning we were off Parga, a curious place perched on a hill close to the sea, with apparently no port, and precipitous mountains around, so that inland communication must be inconvenient.'

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

'Corfu,

'*Sunday, December 22, 1844.*

'DEAREST GEORGY,

'We have been here and in the neighbourhood during the last week. I found Lumley, Maidstone, etc., in their yacht, and Lumley gave me your letter written from London. I am glad you took Francis, if it

Lord Seymour,
at Corfu, to
Lady Seymour,
1844.

has been of use to you, and should have recommended it only that I thought some French servant might have been more useful.

‘We have been shooting on the coast of Albania. Prince George and Jem Macdonald accompanied us. We killed in two days above 380 woodcocks; it was fine wild sport. A beautiful country of hill and wood, with higher mountains covered with snow in the distance; strange-looking Albanians with long guns and pistols came to stare at us; and we came upon an encampment of the wildest-looking people, who ran out from their tents to wonder at us. Prince George is to return this spring; he is quite tired of the place; and it is not surprising, for it is dull and stupid, with nothing to do except the shooting at this season. Jem has got a small yacht, which someone has lent him, and I believe he will accompany us to Greece, where we go in a few days. We intend there to go into the interior and take up our residence in some convents, where, it is said, we shall find excellent shooting; and as we are now a large party (seven with double-barrelled guns, and sailors, etc., in attendance), we are tolerably secure from any ill-intentioned Greek.

‘You will laugh at some of the expeditions we make when I can describe them to you in

detail. We no sooner land than everyone rushes off with his gun in different directions, and in a few minutes one is in a thicket, another in a swamp, and others fording rivers or struggling through ravines. Yesterday I found Prince George in the midst of a wood up to his middle in water and held fast by some inextricable brambles. We were all scrambling through a pathless wood, Maidstone without any hat, with a long moustache and beard, looking as wild as any Albanian. We were told it was a dangerous neighbourhood, and the dogs that live in the huts of these people seem inclined to attack us; but otherwise the chief danger is from our own guns, since, when the woodcocks are on wing, everyone fires without much regard to his neighbours. The other day, while Maidstone was pointing his gun at a woodcock, a dog came behind and caught him by the leg, but his complaints were only received with a shout of laughter from his friends. After the labours of the day we all dine together, either on board the *Flower of Yarrow* (Lumley's yacht) or on board the *Dream*. While on deck looking at the mountains by moonlight, I heard a tremendous noise, like a whole population screaming, and they told me it was a pack of jackals hunting on the hills.

Lord Seymour,
at Corfu, to
Lady Seymour,
1844.

‘There is something very attractive in land-

Lord Seymour,
at Corfu, to
Lady Seymour,
1844.

ing in places of which we none of us know anything, and immediately exploring, gun in hand, intent upon shooting everything we see; while the consciousness of our security when we are again on board of an evening is not disagreeable, since, as we can none of us speak a word of the Albanian language, we never can guess what these people mean when they scream at us.

‘This island is certainly beautiful, and, for anyone fond of yachting, the channel between this and Albania is far superior to the Isle of Wight.

‘You may still write to Malta, direct to me on board the *Dream*, to the care of Messrs. Bell and Co., and then the letter will be forwarded to wherever we may be. I hope you have enjoyed Paris, and that the children have been well and happy.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Corfu,

‘December 22, 1844.

‘We have been staying hereabouts for a week, rambling over the opposite coast of Albania, shooting woodcocks, snipes, etc. Tell Sir J. South we killed in two days 390 wood-

cocks, as I know he is fond of shooting, and he will be glad to hear of our sport. Prince George accompanied us, and enjoyed the ramble as much as anyone. It is a beautiful country, though the marshy grounds where we find the best shooting must be very unwholesome in summer. Our shooting parties would make a striking picture, if Landseer could paint them: the wooded bank of a river, the sailors carrying our game, the wild Albanians who come to look at us dressed in loose white robes or rough sheepskins, with long guns and pistols, masses of rock rising abruptly from the river, and high mountains covered with snow. This place is very beautiful, though as a residence it must be very dull. They must be a very idle race, for, though the island is apparently very fertile and would grow anything, they do not cultivate much of it, but trust to their olive-trees for their maintenance, and are even too lazy to gather the olives themselves, so they get people from other places to do this work for them. A few good roads are now in progress of being made in the island, and this may perhaps improve the people, otherwise I should think they were now little more advanced than in the days of the Venetians.'

Lord Seymour,
at Corfu, to his
father, 1844.

'*December 23.*—About twelve o'clock of Monday, the 23rd, we entered a little bay, into

Diary on yacht
Dream con-
tinued.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

which the Acheron river* empties itself and makes the sea muddy. The harbour is not landlocked, as the sailing-books announce it, but, on the contrary, a swell came in from the south-west ; with an east wind or a north wind it is well enough. We landed on the right-hand bank as you approach the river ; there is an awkward shoal, where the boat got aground. We walked under a steep hill on our right and with a deep swamp on our left, and seeing that this ground was unfavourable for cocks, we tried a marsh for snipe, and killed a few ; they were very wild, and yet probably had not been shot at, but the marsh was much too wet.

‘*December 24, Tuesday.*—Rowed up the Acheron river, and landed on our right hand, waded through a swamp and tried some bushes where cocks immediately flew about ; we beat some marshy woodland between the river and the hill, and walked on till we came to a small lake. We then turned to a rough bridge over the river and crossed it ; passing a few miserable huts, we came to some bushes and thickets full of woodcocks—saw frequently five or six in the air together. Having tried much of this ground, we came to another river, and

* ‘The Acheron river should have poplars (called *αχερωίδες*, from this river) on its banks, but there certainly were not many of them.’

saw a bridge and some buildings more civilized than any I had yet seen. We thought it too late to penetrate further, and therefore returned by the way we had come. We brought on board the *Dream* sixteen couple of cocks, a hare and a snipe; the party killed about forty couple of woodcocks, but a great many were lost. We had a very good guide, an Albanian dressed in sheepskin without shoes, stockings, or breeches, a capital dress for the water, not so good for the thorns; he seemed to know the best places for cocks, and was rewarded with a dollar at parting. We had a good day's shooting; Bromley shot a jackal, but did not kill it. We got on board and made sail a few minutes after five, and had a good run to Corfu, where we anchored at ten.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

'*December 25, Wednesday.*—The weather clear and bright; looks well for our shooting prospects. Prince George walked with us to the new fort, whence there is a fine view of the surrounding country. We then returned through the town, and walked to the one gun, about a mile and a half, from whence there is a view of the island called the Ship of Ulysses; there is now a chapel upon it. Dined with Prince George at the citadel; ate our Christmas dinner with immeasurable appetites.

'*December 26, Thursday.*—Went to the

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

citadel to see some cannon-practice. They fired with thirty-two pounders at about 2,000 yards, or at least somewhat beyond a mile; they never hit the target, and the firing was not remarkably good. In the evening we set sail in company with the *Flower*; the *Petrel*, schooner; and the *Stork*, cutter. Prince George, Ernest Fane, and Jem Macdonald dined on board the *Dream*, and it was difficult to wait for the *Petrel*, in order for the Prince to get on board again.

'*December 27, Friday.*—We had been becalmed during the night, and at nine in the morning were again 'off Parga. We reached Port Phanari or the Acheron river about one o'clock, landed and beat some bushes close to the shore, where we killed six couple of woodcocks, three snipes, and a teal. The *Flower* did not get in till about seven o'clock, and the *Stork* not before eleven at night.

'*December 28, Saturday.*—We rowed out of the harbour at seven in the morning; could see nothing of the *Petrel*; tried some caves in the cliffs for pigeons; found a few. I shot one, but there was hardly sufficient light to see the birds. Landed before nine, having rowed some distance up the river, and then got on shore, on our right hand; found some woodcocks immediately, and then walked through covert

until we came to a rough bridge over a stream, which we had formerly passed. We again passed over it, and shot some clumps of thorns and rough brakes until we came to the river. Prince George and Ernest Fane had arrived, and overtaken us with the assistance of an Albanian guide we had left for them. We lunched on the bank of the river, and had killed above seventy couple of woodcock. Our guide now urged us to cross the river, which we did, and after making a long circuit passed under a hill, on which there was a building called a castle. Here we beat some bushes, and found several cocks, which encouraged us to proceed, most unfortunately, since we found very few birds afterwards, and had a laborious walk through wet fields and swamps to the shore, having killed in all only ninety couple of woodcock. If we had not committed this error, it would have been a splendid day. We all, nine in number, dined on board the *Flower*; at night Prince George, in the *Petrel*, made sail for Paxo.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

‘*December 29, Sunday.*—Sailed for Paxo and arrived at Gaio at about eleven o'clock, having been becalmed; walked along the shore of Gaio to the fountain or reservoir, for there is no water in the island except what is collected in wells from the rain. It is a miserable

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mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1844.

island, a mere rock with olives on it, and no cow in the whole island. Our "guardians" were put on board the *Petrel* to return to Corfu, and we made sail for the south; again becalmed, and rowed to Anti-Paxo for exercise before dinner.

'*December 30, Monday.*—When I came on deck we had rounded Cape Ducato; I had a fine view of Ithaca and of Vasilika Bay, where we landed and tried shooting; not a good place, but the thicket held a few cocks. Seventeen couple were killed and some snipes; two, or even three, guns might find amusement there, but the place is not worth visiting for shooting; at times a good many snipe might perhaps be found there, as there is a good extent of marshy ground, but I did not see many. At night we felt distinctly the shocks of an earthquake; it seemed as if something had struck the vessel underneath; the second was much slighter, and might have been a clap of distant thunder if we had not felt the first, which I suppose must have been a slight earthquake.

'*December 31, Tuesday.*—Sailed between Leucadia and Ithaca, a high rocky island, and passed through the strait between Leucadia and Meganisi; anchored in Port Nidri, a beautiful landlocked harbour; tried shooting on the

banks and walked round the harbour, but the shooting was a failure, and it can hardly ever be good.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

'January 1, 1845, *Wednesday*.—Sailed out of the harbour and, having passed Scorpio Island, perceived the *Flower* under the opposite coast ; signalizing and intending shooting followed to Xeromero, in the Bay of Zaverda, where we landed at a village and got *pratique* and two men with long guns to guard us. We then went into a marshy plain, where there were many ducks and widgeon ; we beat bushes, for there was no wood, and, having rambled about for some time, Bentinck and myself killed six couple of woodcock, four hares, three snipe, one quail. I do not know what the *Flower* party killed, for they wandered in a different direction ; one of them told me he put up a deer out of a bramble-bush. We got on board before half after four and sailed for Mitika, in hopes of reaching Dragomestre early to-morrow. This Xeromero is not a bad place for a rambling walk with a gun ; the rivers marked on the chart depend probably upon rain, for at present, after some days of dry weather, no river prevented our crossing the plains, and wherever there was covert woodcocks were found, but covert was scarce. Several hares were seen, and I saw a large

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mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

wild cat, and caught a tortoise which the spaniels found. We anchored in Mitika Bay, and passed the evening on board the schooner.

'*January 2, Thursday.*—Sailed into the Bay of Dragomestre and anchored off the village at about twelve o'clock, having had a calm and contrary winds which prevented our arriving sooner. Went on shore, and, having got *pratique*, took a Greek guide and walked up the plain; there is no river, and the place is much too dry, besides which there is no covert. We explored the valley without success and returned on board, bringing only six woodcocks and seven snipes. This place can never be worth visiting for shooting.

'*January 3, Friday.*—Sailed early in the morning, and by twelve o'clock reached Skropka, within the Isle of Oxia; the schooner had anchored, but in an exposed place, where Bentinck did not like to anchor. The *Dream* lay to, while we landed and explored the left bank of the Achelous (or Aspro-Potamo); it was a marsh reaching a great distance along the edge of the river, which is a fine wide river as broad as the Thames at Windsor. We saw every sort of water-fowl—swans, geese, bitterns, ducks in thousands, widgeon, etc., but no snipe. We did not stay in the marsh long, but having brought down five ducks, sailed to the harbour

inside the islands of Petala; a very good anchorage. The *Flower* and the *Stork* were anchored close by.

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on the yacht
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'January 4, Saturday.—We landed on the marsh to the south of the harbour, and having waded through a wide piece of water, walked over low flat land to the right bank of the Achelous. Here we found some covert and a few cocks; we rambled some distance, but it rained heavily, and at last we saw a tiled building on the side of a hill, where we went for shelter. It proved to be a chapel, for there was a picture in one corner, with a small lamp burning, otherwise it might have been a cattle-shed; we took refuge here for an hour, and then tried some strips of wood under the hill, where we found a good sprinkling of game-cocks. There is very good shooting to be found on the banks of the Achelous, but it is not very convenient of access, for in wet weather the water we forded would probably not be passable. We think of going up the river in boats and leaving the yacht lying to off the mouth of the river. This country should be explored.

'January 5, Sunday.—Sailed at seven o'clock for Zante; light winds; did not anchor before eight o'clock in the evening. A beautiful warm day, requiring a parasol on deck.

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mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

'*January 6, Monday.*—The town of Zante, though a poor place, looks well from the bay. We walked up to the citadel, a fortress on a steep hill above the town, from which there is a fine view, the ground rent and split, as is said, by earthquakes. The fortress has been apparently abandoned, except one building, which is a hospital. The winged lion of Venice is to be seen in several of the walls of the fortification. Set sail in the evening to return to the Achelous.'

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

'Zante,

'*January 6, 1845.*

'DEAREST GEORGY,

'I wrote to you from Corfu, and hope by the next packet from Malta to receive some letter from thence. We have passed ten days very agreeably, shooting on the coasts of Albania and Greece. It would require a good map to show the various shores where we have landed, and the valleys we have explored. The weather has been beautiful, warm, bright, and calm—indeed, the calms have been rather inconvenient, often making it difficult for us to reach the places in time for a good day's sport. Prince George accompanied us as far as the Acheron river, which is on the coast opposite

the Isle of Paxo. He then returned to Corfu ; but Jem Macdonald is going on with us to the Morea. Sailing among the islands, Leucadia, Ithaca, etc., has been very interesting—such variety of scenery in a few hours. While we were at anchor in a bay to the south of Leucadia (or Santa Maura), we felt the shock of an earthquake distinctly, as if some violent blow had been given to the vessel underneath. They are common in these islands, but I had never felt one before. I have found several tortoises very like the one at Burton ; the dogs often come upon them when looking for woodcocks ; but I have seen no turtles, except one very large dead one which we met with one day out at sea.

Lord Seymour,
at Zante, to
Lady Seymour,
1845.

‘This place, Zante, is very prettily situated, built at the end of a deep bay, with steep hills rising immediately behind it, and upon many a green eminence a little chapel, red or white, is perched, from which at this moment there comes a distracting sound of bells, for here it is Christmas Day. The Greeks are behind in everything, and are keeping Christmas while we have got well into the New Year, which I hope you are enjoying at Paris. I cannot get you a New Year’s gift here, so you must choose one at Paris, where probably you can find one more worth having. We shall not go further than

Lord Seymour,
at Zante, to
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1845.

Athens, but from there begin our return homewards. As yet I have felt nothing of winter. We had rough wet weather in the early part of December, but latterly it has been as enjoyable as our weather in Scotland last summer. Yesterday I sat on deck with an umbrella to keep off the sun, while I looked at the view of Cephalonia and Zante on one side, and the coast of the Morea, where there are high mountains covered with snow, on the other side. The day before it had been very wet, and while we were shooting on the banks of the Achelous, a fine wild country, we took refuge in a small solitary chapel on a rocky hill, in the midst of a large marsh. There was a picture and a lamp burning under it, otherwise the place looked more like a cattle-shed. While we were there we saw a Greek in a long white dress approaching, and were afraid he might be a priest, and would look upon our conduct as a profanity ; but he proved to be only a shepherd in a dress of sheepskin, and said we did quite right to take possession of the chapel, where, indeed, our sailors made themselves quite at home, lighting their pipes at the shrine.

‘ You see, I have nothing very striking to tell you ; for though this sort of life is full of small incidents, yet it gives little matter for a letter.

‘ We sail again this evening to the coasts of

Greece, and shall return here again in ten days for fresh provisions before we go round the southern point of the Morea. I mark on a chart my course, to show you on my return.

Lord Seymour,
at Zante, to
Lady Seymour,
1845.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

‘*January 7, Tuesday.* — Entered Port Paganna, within the Island of Petala, and went in the boat to the marsh on the north-east side of the harbour : found it too deep in water and mud to be passable. Scrambled over the hills, and, after walking for three hours without seeing one woodcock, reached the chapel where we had formerly taken shelter. We then proceeded to a wood on the bank of the river, where we found a good sprinkling of woodcocks. We killed twenty-five couple (three guns). Jem had returned with us from Zante.

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on the yacht
Dream (continued).

‘*January 8, Wednesday.*—Sailed round the mouth of the Achelous and met the schooner there. Went up the river in the boats, and landed at the first likely covert on the left bank, or right hand as we went up ; found plenty of woodcocks. Bentinck shot a deer, a roe-deer, with the horns covered with velvet. We then crossed and shot a covert on the opposite bank, and then again passed over to a large covert on the left bank, where some more deer were seen,

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mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

and Jem Macdonald shot a fine doe. We had a good day's sport.

'*January 9, Thursday.*—Went up the Achelous in the boats, and found some more ground on the right bank—very fine covert; and we went again into the large covert on the left bank. We explored somewhat further up the country, but did not see any covert. The furthest point we reached must have been about five miles from the mouth of the river Achelous. The river winds very frequently, so that it takes much time to go far into the interior. Very probably there may be other woods full of cocks beyond the country that we saw, but it would be difficult to reach them from the ships, and there is no habitation on shore where we could remain.

'*January 10, Friday.*—Left Petala in the morning and coasted, in company with the schooner and the *Stork*, inside Oxia to the eastward. We wanted to shoot a wood beyond Messalongia, under the mountains of Palxo Vouna, but a strong contrary wind in the Gulf of Patras made this difficult. In the afternoon we anchored to the westward of Point Bakari, a coast ill laid down in the chart; for the *Dream* got aground for about ten minutes on some bank, of which Captain Smyth's chart says nothing.

January 11, Saturday. — A strong wind from the east. The *Stork* remained at her anchor. We sailed close to the hill of Palxo Vouna, but it was too rough to land, otherwise the wood looked promising enough. We crossed to Patras, where we found a perfect calm. While in the middle of the gulf there was a strong wind. We landed and walked to an old castle above the town. It is now a prison, and a strange sort of prison discipline is practised there: men and women locked up together in a square tower. A fine view of the gulf from the turrets of this old castle, which stood a siege in the late Greek Revolution. Patras is a poor place.

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on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

January 12, Sunday.—Sailed from Patras, having obtained from the Consul a guide called Valerio, who speaks Greek and English. We first went to look for the *Stork*, and found her still anchored; we then proceeded south and anchored off Konopoli Rock.

January 13, Monday.—Landed on the south side of the rock, and walked through evergreens and brushwood, passing an encampment of woodcutters, wild-looking people. We reached a wide marsh, on the side of which is the convent, of which we had heard that it is a great place for cock-shooting. We waded through this marsh, which hardly wetted our ankles,

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on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

and then spread through evergreen bushes and oak-trees, and much ground like an English park, fern and old oaks. The convent is an old tower built for defence, the entrance over planks some twenty feet from the ground. The monks are only two or three in number, and there is no sign of anything religious in them or their building; no chapel, shrine, or other mark of sanctity about the building; upstairs there were two rooms, no windows, but wooden shutters, closing very imperfectly; no furniture, except benches against the walls, on which one of the monks lay asleep when we entered. These are the rooms where Mr. Oxendon stayed for a month to shoot! We rambled over the woods and marsh, and brought back (three guns) forty-eight head.

'January 14, Tuesday.—Landed and walked to the convent, where some guides awaited us; they led us over a country by no means promising, to the bank of a small river, where we found a few cocks, and I shot a fox. We rambled on nearly to the convent, called Paramatoky, which looks much like the other. This country may deserve its reputation, but it is now much too dry, and is probably only good in very wet seasons, for though other parties have been here before us, yet it seems they had not much more sport, and we considered it

so bad that we sat down at luncheon half the day, and did not try to shoot.

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on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

'*January 15, Wednesday.*—Left our anchorage at Konopoli Rock, and sailed round Cape Klarenza, hoping to reach Katacolo in time for shooting, but were becalmed near the shore, between the river Peneus and Skaphidia. Landed in the afternoon and tried some bushes and marshy land; anchored at night inside Cape Katacolo. A rolling sea southward all night.

'*January 16, Thursday.*—Sailed round Katacolo in order to land in calm water on the outside; landed in a bay, crossed over some high land, and came into an extensive plain, where we found a few snipe. Sailed to Zante in the evening, anchoring there about nine o'clock.

'*January 17, Friday.*—Waiting for a steamer with letters from Malta; dawdled about the town; bought some Zante sashes.

'*January 18, Saturday.*—Dined with Colonel Parsons, the resident; met his secretary, Count Makariti.

'*January 19, Sunday.*—Walked to a cottage near Zante, where Caroline, Napoleon's sister and the wife of Murat, resided after her husband's death. The cottage has been dilapidated by earthquakes.'

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Zante,

‘January 19, 1845.

‘We have been coasting along Albania and Greece ever since we left Corfu; first to Port Phanari, the ancient Acheron river, where there appeared nothing to suggest the subterranean world, except that to the ancient Greeks it was very much out of the way. We went then to shoot woodcocks, and had good sport. Touched at Paxo, a rock covered with olive-trees, for there is no water except what is collected in tanks. We then sailed round the southern point of Santa Maura, close to the cliff called “Sappho’s Leap”; I did not, however, see the place, for I was asleep, and I do not know why that cliff has been selected as the identical spot. We passed close to Ithaca, and then went through the channel between Meganisi and Santa Maura into the Bay of Zaverda, and thence between Calamo and the mainland southward to the Rock of Oxia and the river Aspro-Potamo, anciently the Acheulous. Thence we sailed to the eastward, passing within sight of Messalonghi to Patras. Since then we have been coasting along the Morea as far as the river Alpheus, landing and rambling over the country every day. We

have had lovely weather, dry and bright, so that we can sit down on the ground as in September in England. I wish you could see us sometimes sitting under an old oak by the bank of a stream, with a group of sailors carrying our game, and Greek shepherds dressed in sheepskins with crooks, staring in astonishment at our proceedings.

‘The other day we passed near a Greek convent of monks, and went to look at it : a square tower, built originally as a fort, the only entrance being over a sort of drawbridge ; the windows not glazed, but having wooden shutters ill-fitted ; no furniture in the room except wide benches all round, serving for seats and beds. Here, coming in suddenly, we found the chief monk asleep, and two or three others lolling near him, having been awakened by our approach. No appearance of anything religious about them or their buildings, no chapel, shrine, or saint, that I could see. They rather wished us to take possession of their monastery as a shooting-box for a few days, which some English have done, when the monks retire to a still meaner apartment beneath. This town of Zante is prettily situated round a bay, where we are now at anchor. Above the town are some very steep hills, curiously rent and shattered by earthquakes. There was a slight one

Lord Seymour,
at Zante, to his
father, 1845.

Lord Seymour,
at Zante, to his
father, 1845.

a few days since, and we felt one lately while at anchor in a bay at the southern extremity of Santa Maura ; it is as if some blow had been given to the ship underneath. . . .

‘ I have not received any letter from Sir James South ; tell him we killed above 1,500 woodcocks, besides ducks, snipes, etc. We sail this evening towards the south of the Morea ; but if the weather continues fine as it is now, we shall put into several places before we get round to Athens.’

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mour's Diary
on board the
yacht *Dream*,
1845.

*‘January 20, Monday.—*Sailed in the morning early, intending to go to the river Alpheus, but were becalmed. Landed in the afternoon in a glen below Castle Tornese, and rambled about. Re-embarked at sunset, and, as the weather was too unsettled for the river Alpheus, we sailed for Convent Island.

*‘January 21, Tuesday.—*Early in the morning saw Convent Island, with a tall, white building upon it ; but the sea was too rough to attempt landing. We proceeded, therefore, to Navarino, and anchored there before seven at night, having had a very rough passage.

*‘January 22, Wednesday.—*Very wet day. Landed at Navarino, a large village situated on the side of a desolate hill. Walked to a castle which commands the entrance of the bay ; it was built, I believe, by the Venetians, and is now a barrack and a prison.

January 23, Thursday.—Sailed to the northern part of the bay, in order to be near the ground where there is said to be some shooting. The captain of the port, a Greek naval officer, came on board, and was very civil, offering to be useful in any way he could. We landed about ten o'clock, rambled through some marshy ground and round the northern part of the lake of Osman-Agha, where we found no river as marked on the chart.

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on board the
yacht *Dream*,
1845.

January 24, Friday.—Rambled along the bank of the Kurbek River, and then crossed over the hill to the Pesili River. Navarino is a beautiful anchorage ; a fine bay.

January 25, Saturday.—Sailed in the morning (or rather floated) out of Navarino Bay in a calm, and were near Modon in the evening. The "Flowers" came on board the *Dream*.

January 26, Sunday.—Wet day, with a heavy sea, thunder, and a waterspout and squalls, and then calms. Matapan, a dreary-looking coast, barren hills extending a long way inland, and now snow-covered mountains beyond. Were becalmed as we approached Cerigo.

January 27, Monday.—A beautiful day. Sailed between Cerigo and the mainland. This island is a dreary-looking place, considering it was sacred to Venus ; there are no trees except

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yacht *Dream*,
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low evergreen bushes, hardly a place for a nightingale to sing. We passed close to Cape St. Angelo, and saw a cottage under the mountains and just above the sea, where a hermit is said to reside. The steepness of the hill makes it a spot difficult of access by land, and, except in calm weather, it must be approached by sea ; but I saw no hermit, though a small patch of ground appeared to be cultivated round the hovel.

January 28, Tuesday.—Sailed up the Gulf of Nauplia, and anchored close to the town of Napoli. The view is very striking : the citadel on a precipitous rock 700 feet high, rising from the sea ; the plain extending to Argos, where there is another steep hill, with some ruins on the summit ; and an amphitheatre of mountains, many capped with snow, certainly make a beautiful view. The fault of the scene is that the hills are very barren, and there is not one tree deserving the name of a tree in sight.

January 29, Wednesday.—Sailed to the north-western side of the bay ; landed on a shingle beach ; waded in a marsh where the Lernean Hydra is said to have lived ; could not find him, and did not find many snipes.

January 30, Thursday.—Landed at the watering-place, and rambled a long way up the valleys, but found no game ; passed a curious

ravine, very deep and precipitous, where some shepherds were living in hovels.

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on board the
yacht *Dream*,
1845.

January 31, Friday.—Landed at Napoli, and walked about the town, where there are some strange picturesque houses ; went through the gate, where some horses were ready to carry us to the ruins of Tiryns and Mycenæ. We had a Greek guide, who rode in a white petticoat, and a rogue who called himself an interpreter, but his interpretations were unintelligible.

‘Tiryns, the birthplace of Hercules, is a high mound, with some remains of an immense wall (Cyclopean, as they are called) ; but it is very inferior to Mycenæ. This is very curious, the walls of the ancient citadel and the gateway built of enormous stones, and carving of animals, perhaps lions, very like a shield of modern heraldry, over the gate ; also a subterranean chamber built with great care of gigantic blocks of stones, called sometimes the Treasury of Atreus and sometimes the Tomb of Agamemnon. One stone over the entrance was about fifteen feet long, and of great width and thickness. It is difficult to fix upon any purpose for this building ; a tomb appears the most probable object for such a construction ; it is situated outside the citadel, and therefore can hardly have been for the security of treasures. We sat down and lunched at the en-

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mour's Diary
on board the
yacht *Dream*,
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trance, discussed its antiquity, and had some rifle practice at a mark. This must be near nine miles from Napoli ; the road not bad, but my horse was a miserable beast.

'February 1, Saturday.—Sailed by Spezia, which looks a thriving-looking place from the sea, and reached Hydra at sunset, too late to see it.

'February 2, Sunday.—Went into Hydra in the boat ; it is a curious town, standing on steep hills above a small bay, where there is not much room for vessels ; the island will hardly produce a vegetable, and certainly not feed a cow ; yet there live here 17,000 people, and they say it was more populous before the independence of Greece, because this spot had some of the privileges of freedom even under the Turkish Government. There were about twenty ships in the little bay, where, however, the water is too deep to anchor except close to the shore. These people live by the carrying trade of the Levant, but it would seem probable that the independence of Greece must lead to the decline of this town, since the same business can now be carried on from many more convenient harbours. Sailed about nine o'clock, passing close to Egina, and anchored in the harbour of the Peiræus before three in the afternoon. A much finer harbour than I expected, though the entrance is very narrow ;

here are several ships of war and large steamers. Landed and walked through the town, which is all modern, and apparently increasing; examined the remains of the old wall which connected Athens with the Peiræus; walked towards Athens: the want of trees, and, indeed, all verdure, though there is much cultivated land in the plain, gives a disagreeable impression of drought and sterility. The rocky hill, called, I believe, Lycobettus, rises much above the Acropolis, and at a distance looks so much the most imposing that I mistook it for the Acropolis.

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on board the
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'February 3, Monday.—Landed about eleven o'clock and found a hackney coach, with a driver dressed in a smart Albanian dress, with embroidered jacket and white petticoat, who drove us to Athens, five miles over a plain. The modern town is apparently of very recent date, and seems to contain nothing ancient except one or two Turkish mosques, which are very picturesque. Otho's palace is a staring white building with an insignificant portico of columns, and might be a barrack or a hospital. The space round it is unoccupied, and looks as if it was ground to be let for building. The Hôtel d'Orient, where we lunched, is about two hundred yards from the palace. I suppose eventually there is to be a Place, or square,

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with buildings on each side. Walked up a narrow dirty street to a little octagonal building called the Temple of the Winds ; its foundation is now sunk below the level of the ground, so that its effect is much impaired, but I cannot say that I admire it, or was much struck by the sculptured figures of the winds, which are represented in relief on its sides : Boreas, in boots, with his cloak blown about, seems to be himself considerably inconvenienced by the wind he is raising ; he does not look like the spirit of the storm, but like an old man trying to get about in bad weather. I cannot think this Temple of the Winds was built in the best age of Athenian art. Went up a rough path to an archway in a high wall, which is now the entrance to the Acropolis ; this wall, a fortification built by the Venetians or the Turks, changes entirely the character which the hill must have had in ancient times. The Propyleum, a façade of immense marble columns in Doric style, forms a grand approach to the Parthenon, and these ruins quite equalled my expectations. The ancients seem always to have crowded together their buildings, but if the Propyleum and Parthenon had been the only buildings on this hill, a finer or grander effect would, in my opinion, have been produced, than by the addition of a number of

small temples in different styles and proportions. Perhaps these smaller temples existed before and could not be removed, otherwise, with one such building as the Parthenon the other edifices, however beautiful in themselves and elaborately finished, would have been better away. There is an attempt to collect together a museum of antiquities in the Acropolis—relics of bronze, earthenware, etc., from all parts of Greece; but to those who have seen the collections at Naples and Rome there is little here to attract much attention. The view of the city from the Acropolis must have been splendid when the city was worth looking at. Returning from the Acropolis, we looked upon the Areopagus; beyond was the Agora, the market-place where the ancient Athenians seemed to have passed the greater part of their time, for they were a gossiping race. Of course they showed us the exact spot where St. Paul preached and Demosthenes spoke. We walked round the Acropolis to some magnificent columns, which belonged to the Temple of Jupiter; it must have been one of the largest temples in the world. The Franciscan convent where Lord Byron died has been pulled down. We found at the Hôtel d'Orient a note from Sir Edmund Lyons and tickets to see the Greek Parliament. Since the hour of

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rising, three o'clock, had nearly arrived, we hastened there, and entered the lodge or box of the diplomatic body. The house is an octagon room rather like the French Chamber, a raised place for the President, and a tribune for the orators just below him. It must have been a full attendance, for there were about eighty members, which is nearly the present number of representatives. Some were dressed in Greek dresses, white petticoats and loose coats of sheepskin, with red caps on their heads, others were in frock-coats and hats. It was a very excited debate, very disorderly, six people speaking at once and interrupting one another; when an orator ascended the tribune, for they often spoke from their seats, he never spoke for above ten minutes, impromptu and apparently without notes, for no one seemed to take notes, nor was there any visible means of writing, except in a gallery where some reporters were diligently collecting the speeches. We stayed an hour, but the debate seemed unlikely to come to an end, and yet they seemed unwilling to adjourn, so we left them. It was apparently a small minority resisting the general opinion, and resisting rather by clamour and angry interruptions than by argument. The Greek language sounded softer than I expected, and sometimes I should almost

have thought they were speaking Italian. We returned to the Peiræus to dinner at six.

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'February 4, Tuesday.—Captain Glascock of the *Tyne* came on board. Went to Athens and walked to the Temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, the Areopagus, Stoa of Adrian. Looked into the Chamber of Representatives, but they were not so lively as yesterday; dressed at the Hôtel d'Orient, and dined with Sir Edmund Lyons, where we met one of the members for Hydra, who spoke English perfectly; he gives a sad account of the political state of Greece, and there seems little chance of any amendment. Came back to the Peiræus in a hackney coach which, with great difficulty, arrived there.

'February 5, Wednesday.—Went to Athens, met Mr. Badouri, the member for Hydra, who told us that he had this day received a letter from that place, giving an account of our visit there and the consequences. It seems that Greek politicians at present are divided into two parties, called the English and the French parties; Mavrocordato, the late Minister, was of the English party, and the present Minister, Coletti, is of the French party. The official authorities now, therefore, belong to the French party, and those of Hydra considered the visit of the Englishmen a very suspicious circumstance; soon, therefore, after we had sailed away, they

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harangued the people, told them we had some evil designs, had been tampering with their loyalty, and even distributing money as bribes. They then began to decry all English connection, and this, or the language of the speaker, offended some man in the crowd, who fired at the orator; upon this a general row took place between the people and the military, and eight persons were wounded. All this has been duly reported to the Government at Athens, and the King acknowledged to Sir Edmund Lyons that he had heard of it, and, indeed, seemed to suspect there was some English intrigue in the affair. They cannot understand people going about in a yacht for pleasure; it must be some new mode by which perfidious Albion hopes to extend her influence and to disseminate her vices. It seems also that the questions we asked at Hydra have added to these suspicions: why could we want to know anything about the trade of Hydra, its prosperity, the number of its vessels, and the future prospects of the town? These English poke themselves in every corner, interfering and spying about the earth, sometimes under the pretext of religion, sometimes of trade, sometimes of pleasure; "*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*" is what the King seems to apply to the English.'

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

‘ Athens,

‘ February 5, 1845.

‘ (*Written on board the “ Dream ” in the harbour of Peiræus.*)

‘ DEAREST GEORGY,

‘ We arrived here the other day, and are now anchored in the Peiræus, having made a prosperous voyage round the Morea. When we left Zante we sailed to the southward, and passed close to Convent Island, a lonely rock twenty miles or more from any land, on which there is a convent where a few monks reside. I wished to land there and look at them, to see how people looked who lived in such entire banishment from society and all the sights of the earth, but the sea was so rough that we could not attempt landing in the boats, so we sailed on to Navarino. There we anchored in the fine bay where the battle was fought and the Turkish fleet destroyed, and we rambled over an old fortress built by the Venetians and still used as a barrack. We sailed round Matapan, passing inside Cerigo, and came to Nauplia, or Napoli di Romania, which is the most striking place I have yet seen in Greece, a citadel on a steep rock above the sea, and a view over the plain to Argos, behind which rise the mountains of the Morea

Lord Seymour,
at Athens, to
Lady Seymour,
1845.

covered with snow ; the great fault of the whole north coast of the Morea is its barrenness—not a tree to be seen, but stony hills rising on every side, where there is only food for goats. We shot snipes in the plains of Argos, in the swamp where the Lernean Hydra is said to have lurked.

‘ Athens has afforded two interesting days ; while we were looking at the Parthenon and meditating over the mouldering ruins of ancient temples, I heard that the Greek Parliament was engaged in a violent debate, so, as antiquities will keep, we ran away to the living sight, and great fun it was : a small octagonal room, something in its arrangement like the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, containing about eighty members, dressed, some in common frock-coats, but the greater part in Greek costume—that is, Albanian (white petticoats and blue sheepskins hanging over their backs) —all in a violent state of excitement, five or six speaking at once, interrupting each other, the President in vain ringing a bell to silence them—a most amusing Parliament. It is another political crisis, they say ; but as they had a revolution last year, and a constitution settled, and are now as distracted as before, their state is somewhat hopeless. The antiquities here are soon seen ; thanks to the

Venetians and Turks and other barbarians, there is little left to see.

Lord Seymour,
at Athens, to
Lady Seymour,
1845.

‘Athens is one of the most modern towns in Europe, for it has been almost entirely built within the last ten years ; when Byron lived here there was a Turkish town and a few trees, but now all that is gone, and nothing in America can look more new. The plain round the town is flat, bleak, and parched even at this season ; while Hymettus and the more distant mountains are equally without trees, and yet without the rugged boldness of the Scotch mountains.

‘We shall sail up the gulf to Corinth to-morrow, for though there are no ruins there worth seeing, yet I believe the scenery is beautiful. We have not quite settled our course afterwards, whether direct to Malta, or whether we shall go round the Negropont to Thermopylæ, which is said to be a fine gorge in the mountains, in addition to the school-boy association belonging to it now. I have dawdled so long in these countries that I shall not be able to see much of Spain on my return, as I must try to be in the House of Commons after the Easter recess. We have hardly had one wintry day since Corfu, but frequently so warm that I require an umbrella to keep off the sun.

Lord Seymour,
at Athens, to
Lady Seymour,
1845.

‘ I cannot hear from you till I reach Malta, but hope you are now getting better weather, and enjoying the gardens occasionally with the children.

‘ I wrote to tell Malmesbury of our shooting, as I promised.

‘ Yours very affectionately,

‘ SEYMOUR.’

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(continued).

‘ *February 6, Thursday.*—Intended to sail to Corinth, but a strong wind blowing into Peiræus made us doubt whether the schooner could get out of the harbour, so we took a walk with our rifles and fired at dogs which were feeding upon a dead horse in the plain.

‘ *February 7, Friday.*—Sailed early in the morning, intending to go to Corinth, but had a long beat round the Point of Salamis, and found we should be too late for Corinth this day, so we came through an intricate passage round this island, anchored in Vasiliko Bay, and took a walk with our guns; saw nothing but a small owl, said to be Minerva's owl, which I shot. This night was the strongest wind since I left Gibraltar.

‘ *February 8, Saturday.*—Sailed past the valley of Eleusis, the place to which the Athenians came for the mysteries of Ceres, re-entered the Peiræus at twelve o'clock, and went

to Athens. Called on Sir Edmund Lyons ; he told us more about the Hydra affair, and gave us an account of a debate which occurred in the Chamber yesterday. It seems that the dismissal of Mavrocordato from office arose from charges that were made against him by Coletti, who had acted with him in the assembly before the constitution had been arranged, that he had sent troops to places during the time of the elections, and that he had dismissed the Demark, or chief officer, of some place without sufficient grounds. Mavrocordato yesterday, having been ill before, came down to reply to these charges, and said that he had dismissed the Demark of Tripolitza, and sent troops there, and for this reason. He then proceeded to read a letter from Coletti, written from Tripolitza, telling him that it was impossible for the election to proceed without endangering people's lives, unless troops were sent, and that the conduct of the Demark had been such that he ought immediately to be dismissed. The Chamber was naturally in great excitement, and Coletti made no reply, except that he was not responsible for these acts, that his opinions should not have been followed ! If the effrontery of such a scoundrel is tolerated, the constitution of Greece is a farce. The account here given may be highly coloured,

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and is only one side of the question. It seems that the whole revenue of Greece is not above half a million of money ; the greater part of it is derived from tithes, which are collected with many ingenious contrivances for harassing the people and crippling their already feeble energies. Olives are one of the favourite sources of wealth ; this country is full of wild olives, but these are of no value until grafted, and Mr. Badouri told me that grafting an olive-tree and making it fruitful costs about five shillings each tree ; that when this was done its produce (hardly, however, for the first years, I should think) was worth four shillings a year on an average, for it is a very uncertain crop. It would seem that the object of Otho should be to improve the revenue of the country ; this might be done by encouraging agriculture, which is at present discouraged, and so much so that the peasants of Negropont cut down their trees to avoid the vexatious tithes which they were compelled to pay for them. Then there are large tracts of land belonging to the Government, ill-managed, and very unproductive in comparison with what they might produce. On these lands France and England, who guaranteed the loans, have, however, some claims, but these should not be allowed to prevent their improved cultiva-

tion. If Otho could govern this country well, and conciliate the Greek population of Europe, he might look to replace the Sultan at Constantinople, and re-establish the Greek Empire, for the Mahometan power is fast falling to pieces, and many powers would sooner see a Greek than a Russian power ruling at Constantinople. In the evening Maidstone came from Athens, and dined on board the *Dream*; we had an eel from Lake Copais which Sir Edmund Lyons sent us, saying that Epaminondas and Lord Alvanley both greatly approved of them; we ate the eel, and thought the authorities justified in their opinion.

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'February 9, Sunday.—Went to Athens; there was some music—a military band playing on the ground on the north-western side of the town, where the people collected; three or four carriages, several men on horses, two ladies—one, wife of the French Ambassador; the other, Countess Theotoki, Lady Ellenborough. It seems that Theotoki was turned out of the army for dishonourable conduct. We walked back to the Peiræus, and the *Flower* party dined on board the *Dream*—a farewell dinner.'

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Peiræus,

‘February 9, 1845.

‘I wrote to you from Zante, since which we have sailed round the Morea. We passed close to Strofadia, an island about twenty miles to the south of Zante, on which there is a monastery. I wanted to land there and see this place, for it appeared the most lonely seclusion to which men could be condemned; a sterile rock as melancholy in summer as in winter. We had, however, a strong wind, and so rough a sea that it was not possible to land. I could see the monastery and the foam of the waves breaking near it, but was obliged to pass on and leave the monks to their slumbers. We went into Navarino, a beautiful harbour with an old Venetian castle still guarding its entrance. We sailed round Sapienza and Matapan, and passed between Cerigo and the mainland, and eventually anchored at Napoli di Romania. The view is beautiful: a steep cliff on which the citadel is built, the plain of Argos extending before it, rich ground very little above the level of the sea, and the best cultivated land I have ever seen in Greece. Part of this plain is still a marsh ill-drained, and we shot snipes where the Lernean Hydra is fabled to have lived.

According to tradition a pool in this marsh was said to be unfathomable, but some navy captains sounded and destroyed the illusion by finding only twelve feet of water! We rode to the ruins of Mycenæ, where there is a vaulted building constructed of enormous stones, called the Tomb of Agamemnon. The Argives destroyed Mycenæ, and determined with the usual jealousy of neighbours that no contiguous city should compete with Argos, yet Argos is now totally gone, while the Cyclopean walls still remain, enough to mark the Acropolis of Mycenæ. The southern and eastern coasts of the Morea are most desolate, barren stony hills with scarcely food for a goat. I am becoming very sceptical about the population of ancient Greece, for so large a part of this small country is so unproductive that it is difficult to understand how these warlike nations could have lived. We sailed from Napoli to Hydra, a large town on a barren island, where, during Turkish oppression, some Greeks and Albanians took refuge, and lived in some prosperity by engaging in the carrying trade of the Levant. I wished to see this place, so we landed one morning and walked about it, and this has produced strange consequences, as I have since heard, for the other day I dined with Sir E. Lyons, the English Minister here, and met a

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at the Peiræus,
to his father,
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at the Peiræus,
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Mr. Badouri, who is representative in the Greek Parliament for the town of Hydra. He told us that he had received a letter from Hydra telling him that an English yacht had come off one night and burned a blue light (which we had done as a signal to the schooner which usually sails in company with us), and that next morning two Englishmen had landed. Now hear the effects. You must know that the two parties in Greece call themselves the French and English parties, and are very violent. Now, the authorities at Hydra belong to the French party, and as soon as we were gone they declared that this was an English plot, that we wished to carry on some political intrigue, and had distributed money in the town. They harangued the people in the market-place against the English ; this led to a disturbance, and eight people were wounded by the soldiers. All this plot and disturbance has been duly reported to the Government at Athens, and Sir E. Lyons tells me that the King, who has heard of it, is by no means convinced that we had not some secret design. It seems that the questions we asked at Hydra are an additional ground of suspicion.

‘I asked about the present state of trade, whether the commerce was not declining and the population diminishing, etc. The politics of this country are in a curious state. I have

not space, or a description of the Chamber would make you laugh ; but this must wait my return. We intend, however, to burn another blue light as we pass Hydra on our way to Malta, for we are now turning homewards, and I have not found room to tell you a word about Athens, so that must also keep. . . .’

Lord Seymour,
at the Peiræus,
to his father.

‘*February 10, Monday.*—Called on board the *Tyne* on Captain Glascock. Went on board the *Flower* ; sailed out of the harbour ; disputed whether the space between the lamp-posts at the entrance of the Peiræus was fifty yards or more. We returned in the boat. Went to Athens ; bought a map of Greece ; dined with Sir Edmund Lyons ; met General Church, who is a naturalized Greek and member of the Senate. He gives a melancholy account of Greek politics, but says that the present Government of Coletti cannot stand ; that, perhaps, Metaxa may next try to form a Government, but that must also soon fall. Parties, however, cannot much be depended upon in England, still less in Greece.

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on the yacht
Dream (con-
tinued).

‘*February 11, Tuesday.*—Sailed from the Peiræus at eight o'clock, passed outside Hydra, and rounded Cape St. Angelo at half after ten that night—“*Maleæque sequacibus undis.*”

‘*February 12, Wednesday.*—Passed inside

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Venetico Cabrera and Sapienza ; looked at "Coron's" bay, where the "Corsair" got into his scrape. Sailed into Navarino about two o'clock. Went on board the *Zephyretta*, which Hope had deserted, and sent round the Morea to meet him again at Athens. Anchored in the north of the bay, and landed for an hour in the marsh ; it was too wet for snipe.

'February 13, *Thursday*. — Passed inside Prodano, and anchored inside the mole at Zante at eight o'clock in the evening.

'February 14, *Friday*. — Sailed round Cape Clarenza ; landed at the village, when a sudden shower came on, and I ran into the first open door I could see. It was a miserable cottage, where there was a Greek lying asleep on a bed ; he was greatly alarmed at seeing me running in with a gun. We walked along the coast, and after a mile came to a marsh where we killed snipe.

'February 15, *Saturday*. — Landed some miles to the south-west of Konapoli rock, and rambled into the country near the convent of Menalada ; got over a river by means of a fallen tree that lay across it . . . great difficulty to get back to the coast on account of marshes which intercepted our course.

'February 16, *Sunday*. — At anchor off Konapoli rock ; landed intending to explore

the north-eastern side of the rock, but a heavy squall of rain obliged us to return on board.

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on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

'February 17, Monday.—A shift of wind obliged us to leave our anchorage, and the coast here was not approachable on account of the surf; but we landed again near Clarenza, and sailed in the evening to Zante.

'February 18, Tuesday.—Landed and walked about the town with Mr. Valichio, the sportsman of Zante. He showed us a fine old church. Dined with Colonel Parsons, the Resident; met Captain and Mrs. Ford, Count Macarti, the Secretary, who has been elected one of the representatives in the Corfu Parliament.

'February 19, Wednesday.—Sailed with a contrary wind to Argostoli in Cephalonia; reached it about eleven o'clock at night. A fine view of the harbour by moonlight.

'February 20, Thursday.—This is a fine large land-locked harbour; there is a good quay, and it appears rather a thriving place. Landed and walked to a point of land about a mile from the town, where there is a mill which is turned by a stream of sea-water, which passes through a small channel, and, at a distance of twenty yards from the sea, disappears among rocks passing underground. We sailed in the afternoon for Malta.

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mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

'*February 21, Friday.*—At sea ; a good north wind helped us amazingly last night.

'*February 22, Saturday.*—At sea ; saw Etna covered with snow at a great distance.

'*February 23, Sunday.*—At sea.

'*February 24, Monday.*—Woke in the morning to find myself in Malta harbour ; walked about the town.'

Lord Seymour to his Father.

'Malta,

'*February 24, 1845.*

'On my arrival here I found your two letters dated January 9 and 29. I shall readily concur with you in giving an acre of ground on Zeals Green for a church and school you mention.

'From Athens we returned to Zante and Cephalonia. Each time that I have passed Matapan the weather was dark and stormy, with thunder and squalls of rain, adding to the natural gloom of that bleak and desolate coast, so that I can understand why the ancients used to say that whoever sailed round that cape should first take leave of his friends and kindred. We had, however, no storm, though the sky looked very threatening, which made us glad to run again into the harbour of Navarino.

'We went for one day into the port of

Argostoli, to the south-west of Cephalonia—a fine harbour, and so completely land-locked and sheltered that the French fleet once ran in there, and, lowering their topmasts, escaped our fleet, which was sailing after them, but passed by, not thinking they could be concealed there. I went to see a natural curiosity much talked of; it is a point of land in the Bay of Argostoli, where the sea runs inland through a cleft in the rocks, and with sufficient force to turn a mill. Immediately afterwards, not twenty yards from where it leaves the sea, this stream runs under some rocks and disappears, nor has it ever been discovered where it goes. I have heard no explanations of this phenomenon. In Zante and Cephalonia there is apparently more industry than in Corfu; the last, however, is much the finest island—indeed, it is superior in beauty and fertility to any part of Greece that I have seen, except the plain of Argos.

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to his
father, 1845.

‘Arcadia, along the coast of which we sailed for many miles, owes much to the imagination of the poets; it is more fit for goats than sheep, and I do not believe a cow could be fed, or at least fatted, in the country. I am sorry not to have seen the Vale of Tempe, or the rich plains of Bœotia, but weather was not propitious for coasting further north than

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to his
father, 1845.

Athens. I ate the eels of the Lake Copais famed in Aristophanes, praised by Epaminondas, and devoured with great enthusiasm by Lord Alvanley ; they are excellent eels, but I believe the streams of Hampshire produce just as good.

‘Athens is very like Edinburgh in respect of wind ; we were obliged to hold our hats on our heads while we walked about the Acropolis, and I got more dust in my eyes than might have served to make up the body of an ancient philosopher. With the exception of a few famed ruins, Athens is a completely modern town, with a great square palace at one end of it. In the time of Byron it was at least a Turkish town, with gardens, trees, and something of the East in its appearance, but this has been all destroyed, and nothing can look newer or more uninteresting than its present appearance. The politics of the place were very amusing to a stranger, but I fear a hopeless state of things for the country during many years to come. Malta equals all my expectations, which were very high ; the view from the deck of the cutter in the midst of the harbour is one of the finest and most imposing sights I ever beheld, and as we came in here last night while I was fast asleep, it was with great pleasure that I hurried up this morning to look around.

‘I have since been reading the Queen’s Speech and the debates, and was glad to find nothing rendering my immediate return urgent ; I look eagerly for Peel’s speech, stating his projects regarding remission of taxes.’

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to his
father, 1845.

‘*February 25, Tuesday.*—Went to see the new docks now in progress. Lord Mount-Charles came on board the *Dream*.’ Diary.

Lord Seymour to Brinsley Sheridan.

‘Malta,

‘*February 25, 1845.*

‘We had a most enjoyable cruise along the coast of Albania and Greece ; Jem Macdonald accompanied us, but had his little yacht in attendance, bringing his servant and dogs ; we had some excellent shooting, killing eighty or ninety couple of cocks frequently, and at one place four deer, which got up close enough to be killed with small shot. Jem, however, left us at Zante, from whence we went to Navarino, Argos, and Athens. Nauplia and the country about it is well worth seeing ; we made an equestrian expedition to the Tomb of Agamemnon, as it is called, or the Cyclopean ruins of Mycenæ, where we ate our luncheon and commented on the mutability of empires, enlivening also the old echoes with a little rifle practice, and pitying the sons of Atreus for

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to
Mr. Sheridan,
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not having possessed a "Purdey." Our cavalcade was a sight to behold—a Greek guide galloping in front with his white petticoat flying, Maidstone following, dressed something between a lifeguardsman and a smuggler, for he wore a rough jacket and a *wideawake*, with pistols in his belt, while his femoral habiliments were buckskins and long black boots ; then we had an interpreter to explain to us what the Greek guide said, but the interpreter nobody could understand ; he was, I believe, a pilot or boatman from Hydra, and mixed a few English words with the Slavonic dialect of his native place. This did not much signify, for the guide and interpreter both got drunk on country wine, which they stopped to try at every village through which we passed. On our way to Athens we stopped to see the town of Hydra, and caused a great excitement—almost a revolution—burning a blue light : the official authorities and the people disputed, and eight men were severely wounded ; it was a strange business, ludicrous, but too long to tell now ; we did not know the excitement we had occasioned until we heard of it at our Ambassador's at Athens.

‘I witnessed an animated debate in the Greek Parliament, which was very amusing—six or seven orators speaking together, and dressed in such variety of costume : some in

loose Taglione coats, others in the common sheepskin cloak of the peasantry, and others, again, in the extreme dandyism of an Albanian dress.

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to
Mr. Sheridan,
1845.

‘I saw riding at Athens Countess Theotoki, Lady Ellenborough that was, still looking handsome, but grown to look very like her brother Digby. Her present husband was turned out of the Greek Government for some disgraceful conduct, so that they have little honour on either side.

‘I cannot say Athens came up to my expectations. The town has been almost rebuilt since 1834. The King’s palace is as ugly as it is possible for a large white structure to be, and even the Acropolis, disfigured by fortifying walls, looks better in drawings than in reality. The Pantheon is as admirable as I expected, but I cannot understand why the old Greeks crowded the hill with a number of small temples, which detract much from the appearance of that magnificent ruin.

‘What I have seen of Greece makes me wish to see more, but winter is not the time, for the weather is very rough upon the coasts, so that one cannot land where one would wish. When, for instance, we crossed the Gulf of Patras from the anchorage off Missolonghi to Patras, the wind and sea were too much for Jem’s little

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to
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yacht to attempt following us ; and in the Gulf of Corinth, when we were sailing round Salamis, we met a gale that made it too disagreeable to attempt landing to see the ruins of Eleusis. A summer in the Archipelago is what I now want ; to float from island to island, with a cabin well filled with books (not to mention pale ale, of which one ought to have a tank full), and an awning on deck—to explore all the places which can only be approached in fine weather, making an excursion to Balbec, for instance, or shooting quails on the plains of Troy — would be a pleasant pastime. These things have been too much neglected.

‘ But now to other matters. What would a good sample of white wheat weigh per quarter ? The Sicilian wheat is said to weigh 470 lb. English per quarter, and I do not know what English wheat commonly weighs, nor, indeed, that weight was considered the sure test of excellence. I wish you would ascertain this—not that I am preparing a work on the agriculture of Southern Europe, with a picture of a Greek plough drawn by two starved calves in the frontispiece (though I think the work would sell amazingly), but rather for my own information. There is here a Mr. Barber, a jack-of-all-trades, from banking downwards to blacking brushes, who was employed to send you some

vases, and would rather like to be paid—at least, so he says. It is a strange fancy, and I shall not indulge it; for, as he has a correspondent in London, the business can be as easily done there, if it is to be done.

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to
Mr. Sheridan,
1845.

‘We go from here to Sicily. Write me a line, if you can leave the lambs for a few moments, directed “R. Y. S. *Dream*, care of Messrs. Archibald and Johnson, Gibraltar.” I have very good accounts from Paris. Remember me to Marcia,* and a pinch to little Brin. From

* Mrs. Sheridan, his sister-in-law.

‘Yours very truly,

‘SEYMOUR.

‘P.S.—Bentinck left me alone with the inkstand, which has made me scribble all this; but you can read it some Sunday.’

‘*February 26, Wednesday.* — Dined with Lord Hamilton, Chichester (Lord Donegal’s brother), at the club. Met the Governor of Malta, Sir Patrick Stuart, Lord Lorton, George Grey, and about twenty persons at dinner.’

Diary.

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

‘Malta,

‘*February 26, 1845.*

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

‘I wrote you a hurried note on Monday last. Upon more attentive calculation of our

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to
Lady Seymour,
1845.

future progress, I find that I cannot reach England before the middle of April, so that you can stay in Paris until then, if you should wish it. Write me a line directed to the care of Messrs. Archibald and Johnson, Gibraltar.

‘We separated from our companions in the schooner at Athens; they went on to Constantinople, and we returned to Zante on our way here. Bentinck would have gone to Constantinople, if I had wished it; but it would have added another month to our time, and also subjected us to nine days’ quarantine whenever we returned from Turkey.

‘I should have wished to see something of Asia Minor, if I had once rendered myself liable to the bore of quarantine, so we thought it best not to attempt going further.

‘I am glad you have seen a French hunt, but rather afraid of your riding against a tree in the excitement of the chase. We have had more wintry weather since Athens—indeed, during the last month, much wind and rain—but have been very fortunate in our voyage; for many vessels which we meet at various places have complained of bad weather that we have never felt. A strange occurrence happened at Zante the other day. A vessel was in difficulties off the western coast of the island, and some of the crew tried to get ashore.

Three men succeeded in getting into a cave in the cliffs, and the boat returned to the ship to bring away more ; but the wind shifted, and the vessel was blown away to Cephalonia, when these three men found that from this cave they could not get up the cliff, and, though the people of the island had seen the men land, yet the sea was much too rough to send any boat to their assistance. All they could do, therefore, was to let down some provisions by a rope to the mouth of the cave, and the men were kept there a week ; nor could they even then have got away, unless the people had contrived to pull them up the cliff by ropes. This story is for the children. The Resident at Zante told me it was quite true, but he suspected there was some trick in it, some mercantile-insurance fraud, for the vessel was afterwards lost, though the crew escaped. All that I have seen of the Mediterranean convinces me that it is not fit for any woman to sail in during winter ; for I have made no passage from the time I left Gibraltar that has not been too rough to be agreeable—all the long passages, at least, for the short passages from place to place about Greece and the islands have been often very pleasant. But I believe in summer one might see a great deal without any discomfort.

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to
Lady Seymour
1845.

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to
Lady Seymour,
1845.

‘ You tell me to bring you something, but I really can find nothing worth having. Greece was quite destitute, and this place has nothing but that filigree silver and vulgar mosaic trash. . . . For this reason I should have liked to have reached Constantinople, as there I could have picked up some strange Eastern rarity, or some talisman belonging to the faith of Islam, which would have contrasted well with the toys of English Romanism. The only chance now is if I should go to Tunis, and this we have not yet determined. We go from here to Syracuse, and thence to Messina and Palermo, beyond which much will depend upon the wind. . . .

‘ This town is, I think, the finest for its size that I have ever seen. Every house is built of cut stone, very lofty, with three or four stone balconies; and there are no poor-looking houses, no dirty suburbs; every barrack and hospital is a palace; and I was admiring yesterday a magnificent structure, when they told me it was a bakehouse—for sea-biscuits, I believe. The people seem to be an ugly and devout generation. I, at least, walked into two or three churches yesterday, and found them full of black mantillas listening to preachings. The men don’t seem to go to church; they are chiefly employed in cheating the English, while their wives pray to God that

they may succeed. The Queen Dowager, you know, gave money for a Protestant church, which is finished, or nearly so. The Catholic priests anathematized all who should work at it; but higher wages were then offered, and carried away the consciences of the masons.

Lord Seymour,
at Malta, to
Lady Seymour,
1845.

‘I find there is another opportunity of sending to Marseilles, so I shall stop.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

‘*February 27, Thursday.*—Dined at the palace with Sir Patrick and Lady Stuart, G. Grey and his wife, Mrs. Ellice, Lord Charles Hervey, and Lady C. Hervey, a daughter of Lord Harrowby, Captain Graves (of the *Beacon*). In the morning I rode with G. Grey to Citta Vecchia (or Notabile), the ancient capital of the island; saw the catacombs, which are curious. A narrow passage, excavated in the rock, leads to what was apparently a place of sacrifice; there are two circular altars. Beyond are burial-places cut out of the solid rock, adapted to receive bodies, and some evidently for children. The date of these catacombs is totally unknown; they are called Phœnician for want of any better name. Rode on to a village, where a new church is building upon the model of the Pantheon at Rome, and

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream (continued).

Lord Sey-
mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

as large ; it was commenced with money left for the purpose, but that being exhausted, it is now continued chiefly by the voluntary labour of the people, who work at it on their holy-days. Rode to the village of St. Antonio, where is the Governor's villa, a delightful residence for summer ; ate mandarin oranges fresh gathered in the garden.

'February 28, Friday.—Went to the palace, and then with the Governor, Mr. Rashleigh Grey and his wife, to see the Church of St. John, where the Grand Masters are buried. The floor and inscriptions are now in progress of reparation with marble brought from the ruins of Carthage. The architecture of this church is not handsome, but its size, and the marbles and painting, render the interior striking. There is a painting of the decapitation of the Baptist by Carravaggio (I believe), but it is covered with dirt, and concealed by a crucifix and candles placed before it. We then rode and went in carriages to Kondi, which is some six miles off, where there are some curious remains of great antiquity. Large slabs of stone placed close to each other edgewise, forming a number of small oval rooms, some appearance of vaulted stone roofs, doorways, made by cutting square holes in a solid slab of stone, altars, or tables of stone ; in one place serpents,

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

or at least serpentine lines rudely carved, otherwise there is no ornament, except that the surface of some of the slabs has been indented with small holes close to each other. In one chamber there is an open space between the inner and the outward circle, and into this space there is an entrance through a small aperture at the back; this is said to have been for some purpose of deception by the priests, for the delivery of oracles, etc. Nothing, however, is known respecting these ruins; they are sometimes called Druidical, and sometimes Phœnician. Lady Stuart had brought some luncheon from the palace, and we sat upon the monuments of antiquity. On the way back we passed by Macaba, where there is a deep perpendicular hollow amidst steep rocks, to which there is no descent except by an excavated stair; at the bottom is a garden. The tradition is that it was a very wicked village which here sank into the earth! We dined with Lord Lorton at the mess of the 88th in a fine palace near the mouth of the quarantine harbour; went to the Governor's palace in the evening.

March 1, Saturday.—Captain Graves (of the *Beacon*) came to breakfast; Grey and his wife and Mrs. Rashleigh came to see the cutter, and naturally knocked their heads against the boom. Malta is for its size the handsomest

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

town I have ever seen ; all the houses are high, the streets generally clean, and I admire the stone balconies which are attached to every house. The Governor's palace is very fine for its size, and would be magnificent if more suitably furnished, but only few rooms are furnished. The old tapestry there is beautiful, with a freshness of colour hardly credible ; the armoury is a splendid room. Here I saw one of the cannons made of coiled rope covered with leather, having a brass tube in the interior. Clarendon (I think) talks of cannons made of leather, but I never remember seeing one before. I went to the signal-station at the top of the palace, whence there is a fine view of the town and harbour ; read a newspaper from Athens. It seems that at a ball there the Queen, having danced with the President of the Senate, sent for the President of the Chamber to dance with her, and he was not forthcoming. Next day he took an opportunity of addressing the Chamber, and telling them he had retired for unavoidable reasons, and was very sorry that he had been absent when wanted ; the Chamber then appointed a deputation to the King and Queen to apologize in a long address for this untoward event ! Precious mode of occupying the time of a deliberative assembly ! Dined at the palace ; sailed at twelve o'clock at

Lord Sey-
mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

night, or rather floated out of the harbour in a calm.

' *March 2, Sunday.*—At sea.

' *March 3, Monday.*—Coasting along the south of Sicily.

' *March 5, Wednesday.*—Maretimo is a high chocolate rock with a small village on it.

' *March 6, Thursday.*—At sea.

' *March 7, Friday.*—At night anchored in Cagliari Bay.

' *March 8, Saturday.*—At sea.

' *March 9, Sunday.*—At sea.

' *March 10, Monday.*—At sea.

' *March 11, Tuesday.*—At sea.

' *March 12, Wednesday.*—At sea.

' *March 13, Thursday.*—Anchored in Alcudia Bay. We had a beautiful sail along the coast of Majorca—a magnificent island, fertile, well wooded, hills rising abruptly from the plain, a rugged outline of mountains in the background. I never saw a greater variety of country combined in a small space. This is a fine bay, and a good anchorage off the tower in all except south-easterly winds. The town is on the north between this and Pollenza Bay; it appears to be very much deserted; we walked round upon the old walls, which have been a work of great labour, for the ditch is made by excavations in solid rock.

Lord Sey-
mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

‘*March 14, Friday.*—The country round the town is cultivated like a garden ; the beans are in flower, and the spring vegetation is rapidly coming on.

‘*March 15, Saturday.*—Sailed, and having rounded Cape Farouche, a famous place for gusts of wind

‘*March 16, Sunday.*—Passed inside Cabrera Island, where the wild goats are reported to live.

‘*March 18, Tuesday.*—Anchored under the town of Iviça, a pretty view ; the town on a rock apparently very strong on one side, but the fortifications imperfect on the other. Saw the mine by which the Christians entered and took the place from the Moors. The most remarkable thing in Iviça is the mode of obtaining salt ; large tanks or reservoirs have been dug in very ancient times, in which the rain-water which is collected becomes strongly impregnated with salt ; yet they say the soil near the tanks contains no salt ; of course, salt is a Government monopoly.

‘*March 19, Wednesday.*—Sailed, passed between Iviça and Formentera Island.

‘*March 20, Thursday.*—Off Cape Palos.

‘*March 21, Friday.*—Off Cape de Gat.

‘*March 22, Saturday.*—At sea in the midst of a fleet of seventy merchantmen.

‘*March 23, Sunday.*—Arrived at Gibraltar ; walked to see the wreck of an American vessel on the neutral ground. Dined at Stewart Paget’s.’

Lord Seymour’s Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Gibraltar,

‘*March 24, 1845.*

‘We arrived here yesterday, and I found two letters from you.

‘Since we left Malta we have been thwarted by the weather, which would not allow us to go where we wished. We sailed, however, along the southern coast of Sicily, passing close to the shore. I wanted, however, to have seen the ruins near Girgenti, but there is no harbour upon that coast, and the weather was too stormy to allow us to land conveniently. We passed inside the island of Maretimo, a desolate-looking rock, where there is a prison, I believe, and where Neapolitan revolutionists have been often confined. Here also we had contrary winds, and yet the sea made it impossible to land, so that I could not examine the treatment to which Sicilian patriots are subjected.

‘We sailed to Cagliari in the South of Sardinia, and then a strong east wind tempted us to direct our course for Algeria ; but when this faithless breeze had tempted us a hundred miles from land, it left us exposed to a south-

Lord Seymour,
at Gibraltar,
to his father,
1845.

westerly gale, so we ran to the northward, and after being blown about and occasionally becalmed we reached Majorca, and anchored in Alcudia Bay, at the north-eastern extremity of the island.

‘Majorca is a beautiful island ; fertile and well-cultivated plains varied with wooded hills, and above these rocky mountains, with some snow on their summits, make altogether a scene such as one can seldom see combined in one view, except, indeed, in the fanciful scenery of the opera. I was so strongly reminded of the sort of landscape before which a ballet is usually danced, that I expected to see shepherdesses in pink muslin and wreaths of roses and rouged faces dancing under the almond-trees ; disappointed in this expectation, I walked into the town of Alcudia, a small and now almost deserted town, which seems to have been fortified in the days of Barbary corsairs and Sallee rovers ; a ditch, cut in great part through solid rock, and a high wall too slight to resist modern cannon, recalls those Middle Ages which must have been so romantic and picturesque, and are so dull in that excellent history of Hallam’s. I walked upon the wall, now covered with grass and weeds, with no sentinel except a stray goat or two browsing on parapets and peeping through the embrasures.

‘We sailed from Alcudia and passed between Cabrera and Majorca, when another south-westerly gale made us go and anchor close to the town of Iviça; this is also a fine island, though, I think, inferior to Majorca in beauty. The town is on a rock overlooking a small bay, fortified in ancient time by the Moors; there is still visible the entrance of the mine by which the Spaniards dug their way into the town and came up in the middle of the place. A little chapel has been built over the spot where they forced their entrance into the Moorish city. When I asked who had improved the fortifications and made the town what it now is, I was told it had been done by St. Vincent, who did a great deal for the island when he was alive, and is now their patron saint. I know not when this saint lived, and my informant could only say it was a long time ago, for saints are as rare now as angels’ visits used to be; indeed, I am afraid the breed is extinct, for these holy men neglected to continue their race, or, at least, to transmit their sanctity. Near the town of Iviça are some large ponds or reservoirs, where the rain is collected and becomes so salt that the evaporation of this water produces an abundant supply of this article, yet they tell me that the soil within a few feet of these reservoirs has no longer the

Lord Seymour,
at Gibraltar,
to his father,
1845.

Lord Seymour,
at Gibraltar,
to his father,
1845.

same virtue, and that the ponds date from the time of the Moors. A considerable revenue is derived from this salt by the Spanish Government; the common belief is that the salt of Iviça is obtained from sea water, and this is stated in the book on Spanish statistics issued last year by our Board of Trade; but this seems to be an error; and these salt works are different from those of Hallcim, or any I ever heard of.

‘When the southerly gale had passed, a light easterly wind carried us down to Cap de Gat, and there we found a great fleet; I counted about seventy merchant vessels, which had been detained there by the gale and were now running for the Straits—English, Dutch, French, American, Greek, Spanish—and it was a beautiful sight; sailing under the snowy mountains of Spain with this lively attendance, we beat them all except one fine American barque, which was even with us all the way to the Straits. We now hear that other vessels have complained much more than we of the gales, and, indeed, several have been wrecked; I can see one from here on the other side of the bay. We go from here to Lisbon, and shall be in England by the month of April.’

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream (continued).

‘*March 24, Monday.*—Walked to see the horses preparing for the races. Dined with Colonel Maule, mess of the 79th.

‘*March 25, Tuesday.*—Stewart Paget, Maule, and Drummond breakfasted on board the *Dream*. In the afternoon we sailed over and anchored in Sandy Bay.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

‘*March 26, Wednesday.*—Sailed along the African coast, which is a beautiful country; passed close to a ruined castle in a picturesque valley.

‘*March 27, Thursday.*—At sea.

‘*March 28, Friday.*—Becalmed.

‘*March 29, Saturday.*—Off Cape St. Vincent; went round Cape Sagres. . . .

‘*March 30, Sunday.*—Becalmed.

‘*March 31, Monday.*—Becalmed.

‘*April 1, Tuesday.*—At sea; very light wind.

‘*April 2, Wednesday.*—Sailed up the Tagus; beautiful night. The view of Lisbon surpassed my expectations.

‘*April 3, Thursday.*—Walked to see the aqueduct which brings water for the fountains of Lisbon from the hills, sixteen miles off; some of the highest arches I ever saw (they say one arch is 270 feet high); saw the reservoir where the water is collected; it is a large vaulted room, where the water trickles over some artificial rocks. There are still ruins of the earthquake of 1755. There was a slight one in 1815, which the innkeeper told me cured a man

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

in his house of rheumatic gout by frightening him into the perfect use of his limbs!

'April 4, Friday.—Walked about the town.

'April 5, Saturday.—At twelve o'clock started in an omnibus drawn by six horses for Cintra ; a very rough, bad road, though they call it the best in Portugal. The country is ugly from want of trees, being chiefly corn-land with fences of loose stones. We reached Cintra in about four hours. Walked to the palace, which is in the midst of the small town of Cintra ; a poor-looking palace ; the most remarkable room is the kitchen, which has two conical openings in the roof, like some forge or great glass-house chimney. One room has the ceiling covered with swans painted ; another has a ceiling covered with magpies, and every magpie has a label in his mouth with the words "Pol ben" written upon it ; this, they say, had a curious origin. Some Queen, passing through the room, found her husband kissing a maid of honour, and he explained his conduct by saying "Pol ben" (I am not sure of the words), which means there is no harm in it ; the ceiling was therefore painted to record and perpetuate the fact of the King's innocence, which even the chattering voice of scandal could not censure. In another room King Alphonso was imprisoned by his brother, who took away his wife and his king-

dom and shut him up in this small apartment ; the floor is tessellated and worn bare in one place where the captive monarch used to walk up and down in the bitterness of his sufferings. There is also a bath-room with a thousand holes in the walls, from which the water spouts on every side ; it must be agreeable in summer. The palace has a view of the sea at a distance, otherwise I do not admire the view, for the country has little beauty.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

'April 6, Sunday.—Walked up to the Pera convent, which is on the summit of a precipitous rocky hill ; from it there is a magnificent and extensive view of the Tagus, the sea, Mafra, and a great tract of country. A convent was first built here by King Emanuel, who had sent Vasco da Gama to India, and used to ascend this hill continually to watch for his return. At last one day he saw the white sails of the vessel, and in his gratitude promised to build a convent on the spot whence he had seen the long-desired sight. Now monks are abolished, and this convent is converted into a pleasure-house for the King and Queen, who come here from Cintra to lunch. The building is now in progress under some royal architect who is evidently fond of Moorish architecture. The site does not suit the style of architecture, and it would have been a more interesting spot if the

Lord Seymour's
Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

little convent had been retained as originally built. We walked on three or four miles over wild, rough country, where there is heather and loose rocks, until we came to the cork convent (as it is called), a low range of buildings, partly excavated and partly built among rocks ; every room formerly was lined with cork, hence its name. It is a solitary spot, with a fine view of an extensive plain and the Atlantic beyond. The dormitories are small cupboards, with the doors so low that one can only enter on hands and knees. St. Honorius is said to have lived here, but when he lived I do not know. Above the convent is a bowling-ground, where they say these pious men amused their leisure. We walked back towards Cintra by another road, and came to the ruins of a house, of which the walls still remain, but the roof and floors are all gone ; this was Beckford's Villa (" Here thou, too, Vathek, England's wealthier son," as Byron says in very poor poetry). Here he lived, and certainly selected the best site of all Cintra ; from one side there is a view of the distant sea, on the other the rocky hills and Pera convent ; below is a fine orange-garden (I ate some of the oranges) and a waterfall, which looked well on account of the late rains. This place now belongs to some person who is residing at Goa in India, and that is the reason it remains in

this desolate, unproductive state. Upon the whole Cintra disappointed me ; I had expected the contrast of very wild romantic hills and rich valleys. Now, the country overlooked from Cintra is corn-land, with few trees, very inferior to any fine English landscape ; and the hills of Cintra consist of large loose stones, not of the fine rocky crags which I have seen in other places. The chief merit of the place is that it affords fine fresh air from the sea to persons panting from the heat of Lisbon.

Lord Seymour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

April 7, Monday.—Returned to Lisbon ; dined at Lord Howard de Walden's ; Lady Howard was in the country ; met the Minister of Finance, who has been much in England, and speaks English well.

April 8, Tuesday.—Went in the cutter, and anchored opposite the palace of Belem, where there is a grand christening ; walked in front of the palace ; saw the troops pass and the little Princes on a terrace—children of seven and eight—holding their hats and feathers on their heads, for the wind was high ; officers and men in uniform kissed their hands, and what with giving their hands to be kissed and preserving their hats they had enough to do. Saw eight state carriages, many of them drawn by mules, which looked ill ; the carriages were splendidly carved and gilded. It rained, and we took

Lord Sey-
mour's Diary
on the yacht
Dream, 1845.

shelter in the royal stables ; very fine stables, close to the Tagus. We walked to the tower of Belem, which guards the river ; it is a fine old tower. A deal of firing cannon, rockets, etc., to celebrate the christening, vessels decorated, and all Lisbon crowding to see it. The Queen did not seem to be quite so fat as I expected ; but I only saw her in a glass coach. The people did not cheer or mark approval or disapproval.'

CHAPTER XI.

Letters to Lord Seymour from his Father—The Puseyites—
Dr. Wolff—*Les mœurs de quelques animaux*—‘Vestiges of
Creation’—Sir David Brewster and Babbage.

THIS chapter contains a few short but characteristic letters,
written to Lord Seymour, while on his travels, by his father,
the Duke of Somerset.

‘Wimbledon Park,

‘November 14, 1844.

‘MY DEAR SEYMOUR,

‘Ever since you left us we have been
here. We have had the company of some
literary men, Sir David Brewster, Tytler, South,
and Babbage; some statesmen, Lord Glenelg,
Lord Cottenham; and some warriors, Sir
James Kemp and Lord Arthur Lennox. I do
not mention the ladies, but they have not been
wanting. You are, I suppose, out of the reach
of English newspapers, and therefore I shall
tell you something of what is going on. The
Queen has gone through the ceremony of
opening the Royal Exchange. They say it is

To Lord Seymour, on his cruise, from his father, 1844.

very magnificent. She is now gone to Burleigh, where there are great doings. . . .

‘Your manuscript book has interested me much. I have never seen before such cool and determined industry and perseverance employed upon such a subject. I write notes in a separate book as I proceed.

‘The Puseyites are making a prodigious noise; the Roman Catholics are making converts. Dr. Wolff is at Bokhara inviting the philanthropists of Europe to plant the cross in the streets of that city. . . .

‘I shall be anxious to receive the letter which you promised from Gibraltar. . . .

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SOMERSET.’

‘Wimbledon Park,

‘December 22, 1844.

‘MY DEAR SEYMOUR,

‘. . . I have something of the taste of the *Marchese*; I like natural history. Condorcet speaks with contempt of Buffon as having only described “les mœurs de quelques animaux.” If Condorcet had known better *les mœurs de quelques animaux*, he would not have been one of the principal agents of the French Revolution.

‘Your description of Roman priests amuses

me extremely. Their dresses are delightful; I expect to see them soon in England, with all the brilliancy of purple and scarlet. . . .

To Lord Seymour, on his cruise, from his father, 1844 and 1845.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SOMERSET.’

‘Wimbledon Park,

‘January 9, 1845.

‘MY DEAR SEYMOUR,

‘You have got much credit by promoting the Act of Parliament for placing the railways under the management and guidance of the Board of Trade. The activity with which they are planned and proposed at present is quite distracting. . . .

‘Your account of the Albanians is curious, and the persevering indolence of the people of Corfu is really surprising. . . .

‘We have had a good deal of company here, particularly about Christmas and New Year’s Day. . . .

‘We have a young officer from the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards, now in Hyde Park Barracks. Amongst them is Mr. Brownlow Charles Bertie, a young man of surprising musical talents. He is in other respects interesting, being curious and fond of adventure, especially in foreign travel. He means to go to Japan. . . .

To Lord Seymour, on his cruise, from his father, 1845.

‘ I am glad you have not met with dangers at sea. I am really somewhat afraid of them.’

‘ Wimbledon Park,
‘ *January 20, 1845.*

‘ MY DEAR SEYMOUR,

‘ . . . There has lately come out a book which has made a prodigious noise in this country. It is called “*Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation.*” Nobody knows who wrote it. I am astonished that an Englishman should choose so ambitious a title. I remember seeing a book called “*Philosophie de l’Univers.*” A Frenchman might well do that, and perhaps, after all, his universe was bounded by the Pyrenees on one side and by the British Channel on the other.

‘ You mention studying navigation to employ your time. I think it is very important, and that our statesmen ought to know it ; they make dreadful blunders from not knowing it. They do not know what is a trade-wind and what is a monsoon ; what is the effect of a calm, and when and where it is likely to occur. . . . For statesmen and moralists have commonly an utter contempt for everything appertaining to physical science. The consequence is that fleets and armies are ordered to proceed at improper seasons, and partly sunk in the sea or completely ruined in the snow.

‘The Duke of Hamilton knows the Marchese di Rocca Romana, and was amused with the Monaca.

To Lord Seymour, on his cruise, from his father, 1845.

‘I remain,

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘SOMERSET.’

‘Wimbledon Park,

‘February 18, 1845.

‘MY DEAR SEYMOUR,

‘I have been following your course on the map. . . .

‘Sir David Brewster has undertaken to put forth a publication explaining the construction and uses of Mr. Babbage’s calculating engine. I doubt if he is equal to such a task, but he has done something very considerable in another way. By experiments on the polarization of light, he has come to a very curious conclusion. The French, without his aid, have arrived at the same conclusion by calculations in the higher geometry. This coincidence is of course very satisfactory to both.

‘I shall be much interested in what you will have to say from Athens.’

CHAPTER XII.

1848.

A Visit to Alton Towers—Magnificence of the House, and its Curiosities—A Grand-Duke's Reception—Lord Shrewsbury's Monastery—Trentham—Edinburgh—Ireland—Lord Londonderry's House—Macaulay's History—The *Times* on Lord Melbourne—The End of the World predicted—Dinner at Holland House—The Chartists.

THE next letters of Lord Seymour's that have been preserved, and that are worth reproducing, are a few written during the latter part of 1848.

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

' Alton Towers,
' July 4, 1848.

' DEAREST GEORGY,

' This is really a most wonderful place. When we drove up to the doors, we were received by a number of servants, in the midst of whom was a blind harper dressed in an appropriate costume. We then passed through a long gallery full of ancient armour, mailed figures on horses, etc.; next was a gallery full of pictures, antiquities, curiosities; then we

came to a circular hall, supported by one fine column in the centre. Then we passed through a long conservatory, where plants and marble statues were intermixed, and glass vases for lamps hung above. As we came near the drawing-room, there was a row of parrots, who were hung in cages on each side. The whole house appears to be a succession of galleries, halls, boudoirs beautifully furnished, and the view from the windows is very fine. On one side there is a steep valley converted into an ornamental garden, with terraces, orangeries, fountains, one very high fountain spouting from the top of a pagoda, and showering down the spray on bright green roofs.

Lord Seymour,
at Alton
Towers, to
Lady Seymour,
1848.

‘Shortly after our arrival the Grand-Duke arrived, and I went to the door with the rest of the company to receive him. A gong sounded, a military band played martial music, the blind harper made all the noise he could, and it resembled the scene in the “Freischütz” when Zamiel appears. Yesterday the whole party, about thirty in number, were taken first to a romantic spot where Lord Shrewsbury is building a Catholic school and monastery on the edge of a rocky hill above a steep valley. Then we went to a small town called Cheadle, where he has just finished building a church—a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. . . .

Lord Seymour,
at Alton
Towers, to
Lady Seymour,
1848.

Inside the church is coloured throughout with painting, which becomes more brilliant as you approach the altar, where there are figures of angels, saints, etc. The most perfect part of the church is the spire, which is one of the lightest and best proportioned that I ever saw.

‘After admiring all this, we drove on about twelve miles to Trentham, the Duke of Sunderland’s, where a luncheon had been prepared for us by the housekeeper, and all the maids dressed in white waited upon us. Coming from Alton Towers, Trentham looked like a villa. There is a beautiful conservatory, a formal garden, with a handsome fountain in the centre, from which a broad walk leads to an artificial lake, and above this there is a fine wooded hill.

‘Trentham is remarkable for the bright, cheerful, yet unpretending, style in which it is furnished. There is no fine suite of rooms, and, indeed, the rooms are smaller than I expected; but it is perfect as a comfortable living house, and the gardens are very extensive and beautifully kept.

‘The party here consists of Lord and Lady Westminster, Lord Headfort and his daughters, Lord Morley, Harry Vane; but I have not time to write more. The Grand-Duke leaves this to-day for Chatsworth.’

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Lauriston, Blackhall, Edinburgh,

‘August 29, 1848.

‘I came here on Friday with the Lord Advocate. We left Alton Towers after breakfast, about half after nine, and arrived here three miles on the other side of Edinburgh before eleven at night.

‘We passed three pleasant days at Alton Towers, although the weather was unfavourable to those beautiful gardens. Lord Shrewsbury is building a very good residence on the site of the old castle above the village, which you may remember. . . .

‘We went to see a house where the late converts from Oxford have established themselves; if they have not acquired all the habits of the mediæval monks, they have at least attained the notion of making themselves very comfortable, and have chosen a delightful spot which Lord Shrewsbury gives them *rent-free*. :

‘The railway is not quite finished from York to Edinburgh. At Newcastle, and again at Berwick, we were obliged to leave the railway and pass over the bridges in carriages, which causes considerable delay.

‘I walked yesterday and called upon Jeffrey, who lives about a mile from here. From his

Lord Seymour,
in Edinburgh,
to his father,
1848.

grounds there is a beautiful view of Edinburgh and the neighbourhood.

‘The Lord Advocate’s house is a delightful place looking upon the sea. I am at the end of the paper, or I should write more about it.’

* Lord Dufferin’s house in the north of Ireland.

‘Clandeboyne, Ireland,*

‘October 13, 1848.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,

‘I have been here for some days, having crossed from Greenock to Belfast. Lady Seymour and the children are very well, and enjoy this place, which is near the sea, and about nine miles from Belfast.

‘We went to Glenarm, on the coast of Antrim, a few days ago. Mr. Macdonald has done wonders there in the improvement of a wild country, planting and cultivating with great success. The road to Glenarm from Belfast runs along the shore, often underneath precipitous rocks; the views are very striking, the coast of Scotland and the points of land projecting on all sides.

‘On our return we went from Glenarm to Ballymena, whence there is a railroad to Belfast. In that district much of the linen is manufactured. The Irish railway was better managed than I expected, for I have no confidence in any business which is conducted by the people of this country. I shall come to

London towards the end of this month or the beginning of November.'

Lord Seymour,
in Ireland, to
his father,
1848.

'Clandeboyne, Hollywood,

'November 4, 1848.

'MY DEAR FATHER,

'I shall return to town early next week, and hope to find you and the Duchess well. Lady Seymour will stay here for the present with the children, who are well, and enjoy riding about the neighbourhood and rambling on the seashore.

'We went over the other day to Lord Londonderry's, Mount Stewart. He has built a large house there, with no architectural effect, but large enough to entertain the whole county: a dining-room sixty feet long, a hall with four fireplaces in it, and other rooms in the same proportions. Lady Londonderry is also building a tower on the coast of Antrim, on a steep cliff close to the sea. Having just rebuilt Wynyard, which you may remember was burnt in 1841, they must have spent an enormous sum in these various works, and will never find time to live in all their houses. . . .'

*Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour at Lord
Dufferin's.*

'London,

'November 10.

'I have seen hardly anyone except some of the officials who are obliged to be in town.

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, at Lord
Dufferin's,
1848.

‘ M. de Beaumont, the new French Ambassador, spoke in English at the Lord Mayor’s dinner yesterday, and, as you will see, was very complimentary to England; probably he expects to have to run here for safety before long, when Louis Bonaparte reigns in Paris.

‘ . . . Macaulay’s “ History of England from the Revolution ” is to be out early in December, and we certainly want some book that may amuse us, for I never saw the Travellers’ Club so deficient in anything readable.’

‘ Frampton,
‘ December 13.

‘ . . . I have not much novelty to write about, for we have no one here, and I have been chiefly occupied in reading Macaulay’s “ History.” It would amuse the children, the third chapter especially, which gives an account of the state of the country and the way of living 180 years ago.’

‘ Mamhead, Exeter,
‘ November 29, 1848.

‘ DEAREST GEORGY,

‘ I shall stay here four or five days. A meeting near Plymouth. The article in the *Times* on Melbourne was a very ill-natured article, and not just; for it made no mention of one great characteristic of his mind, which was

the absence of prejudice and the great readiness with which he listened to very opposite views, and appreciated the merits of his opponents. This made him so useful to the Queen, and there was hardly another public man who could have spoken so fairly upon difficult and disputed questions as he did. The article was written by someone who wished to depreciate him.'

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, at Lord
Dufferin's,
1848.

'Frampton,

'Wednesday, December 6, 1848.

'... Sir G. Grey wants me to help him in some inquiry about the prisons, and I have shirked it as yet; but now that they have lost Charles Buller, and are much occupied with that difficulty, I feel that I cannot refuse if he continues to wish it. . . . Mr. Maxwell here last Sunday took it into his head that the end of the world was at hand, and preached so that Marcia says the parish was frightened into fits and put on their best clothes on the Monday for the great occasion. It did not come off, so the clothes did. . . .'

'London,

'December —, 1848.

'On Saturday I dined at Holland House, met Rogers and his sister, Landseer and Lady

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, at Lord
Dufferin's,
1848.

Mary Fox. Lady Mary is going to Folkestone to-day. Lord and Lady Holland come up to South Street that she may be near the Cabinet and hear all the news.

‘I saw Lady Ches. yesterday for a minute, and little Evelyn looking very pretty. Old Thornhill of Newmarket Farm was married last Thursday, and sent some cake to Lady Ches. It seems to me in these days the order of things is reversed. The young men die and the old men marry. . . .

‘I have read the first volume of “Jack Sheppard”; it is a very bad imitation of the “Oliver Twist” style. I could bring it to Clarendon if that will be time enough for you. I have not yet seen it on the stage, but shall go some night to the Adelphi, as I find they are also representing a tournament.

‘The Chartists will be tried immediately; there seems to be little fear now of any violent outbreak on their part, but there is some alarm that the idiots may take to firing stacks and factories during the winter nights. There is a letter of O’Connell’s in to-day’s *Post*, very amusing; he suddenly appears the most loyal and tranquil of all the Queen’s subjects, and is preparing to defend the throne against seditious Tories and turbulent Chartists. . . .

‘ I am rather afraid of your riding the gray in the lanes ; if you were to meet a cart trotting or an accidental chaise coming towards you, it might be dangerous, she is so very foolishly timid. . . . ’

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour, at Lord Dufferin's, 1848.

CHAPTER XIII.

1851—1852.

A Visit to Windsor Castle—At Kew with the Queen and the Prince Consort—Official Work—The Great Exhibition—Sir R. Peel breaks down in a Speech—Lord Seymour re-elected at Totnes—Defeat of the Government—Political Excitement.

IN April, 1849, Lord Seymour was appointed Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, under Lord John Russell, and Chief Commissioner of Works and Privy Councillor in 1851. None of his letters for 1849 and 1850 have been preserved. Those contained in this chapter belong to the two following years.

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

‘ Windsor Castle,

‘ *Monday, January 29, 1851.*

‘ DEAREST GEORGY,

‘ . . . Here there are few people ; in fact, only Lord John Russell and the Household. The Queen ordered me to sit at her right, which, since it placed Lord John at the other side of the table, was rather more dignity than I desired. In the evening we played at cards

—the yellow dwarf they call the game ; Lady Canning won all my fish, and I said she cheated.

Lord Seymour,
at Windsor, to
Lady Seymour,
1851.

‘ To-morrow I devote to business, and left my guns in town that I might not be tempted to shoot. I will continue my scrawl to-morrow.

‘ *Tuesday, half after one.*—I have been walking with the Prince to see the farm, poultry-house, etc., and since then looking at some other works which are going on here. I am now off to town, whence I shall send this. I hope to come to Bradley on Friday evening.’

‘ House of Commons,

‘ *February 11, 1851.*

‘ I write a line now, as I may not have time to-morrow. On Saturday evening I hope to come for a day, but my time is taken up with all sorts of things. To-day, for instance, I set out to Kew at half after nine, where the Queen and Prince Albert wished to see me about some alterations which I had proposed. The ground was slippery with frost, and I went slowly in a brougham. When I got to the gardens I met Gordon (I think that is his name), and he told me the Queen and Prince were at the other end of the pleasure-ground. Of course, while we ran one way they went

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1851.

the other, and after racing round the gravel walks we met the Queen, Prince A., little Prince of Wales and Princess Royal; then I explained my plan, after which we went into an old cottage, a fancy tea-house. Here the Queen and Prince Albert were looking about, and went up the stairs, when the people told me one room upstairs was unsafe, so I ran up and told her Majesty she must not go further, lest she should tumble through the floor. After walking about the grounds and settling my plan, which was approved, they got into their carriage and I hurried back to my office at half after twelve. There I found heaps of letters and people waiting to see me. I had to read through an Act of Parliament which I am about to bring in, and which I cannot understand, nor yet the lawyer who prepared it, nor will the House of Commons, who must decide upon it. In the midst of this I was told that I must hasten to the House of Commons to stop a Bill which the City of London was bringing in, so I ran down here at four; then the members who had charge of the Bill said I must not stop it, and they would persevere, and it was most unjust; however, I had a note for the Attorney-General, and I would not give way, so they did. In the midst of this one or two members wanted to ask me some questions

about that Interment Bill for the Metropolis, which has given me much trouble ; however, I persuaded them to defer their questions, and went out to fetch some papers I had to present. There I met a deputation waiting to see me from the town of Hastings. I had not time to speak to them, because another Bill was coming on in the House to which I must attend, and having run about in this frantic way, I at last sat down to hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer explain his Budget. This will, if it is carried, enable us to open some windows at Bradley, but there will be great opposition, and it is not easy to see how it will end.'

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1851.

'London,

'April 14, 1851.

'DEAREST GEORGY,

'I was in the "glass house" yesterday : great confusion, but many curious things ; a bed and furniture for a room from Austria, wonderfully carved, without gilding, and a floor of inlaid woods. Some fine sculpture ; the best is an Amazon on a horse, which has been seized in the throat by a lion, and she is raising her spear to strike the beast, one of the most spirited works I ever saw. The mode in which the different nations are fitting up their booths is amusing. Sir R. Peel broke down in a speech on Friday night more completely than

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1851.

anyone ever did; he was making a foolish speech also, so that perhaps it was as well that he failed in the utterance of his folly.'

'Spring Gardens,
'September 7, 1851.

'DEAREST GEORGY,

'... I went to Mamhead, and drove over to Stover, which, considering that no one ever looks at it, is wonderfully kept up; the garden in high order and full of fruit, and the grounds improved by draining and by the rhododendrons and trees which I have had planted. Last Tuesday I went to Totnes, where I have given the town a reading-room, and they wished to celebrate this event by a dinner, which I had agreed to attend. Consequently the reading-room was decorated for the occasion with flags and laurels, and I sat under a kind of bower, with a banner over my head, and made some speeches, and the affair passed off very well. Next day was the Totnes races, and the first that I have ever attended; there was a steeplechase, in which they began by going over the river, then ascended a steep Devonshire hill and scrambled over banks and hedges. In the evening I came away and slept at Bath, thereby getting to London in good time next day.

‘On Friday I met Mr. Layard, the discoverer of antiquities at Nineveh, at Park Lane, with the usual assortment of Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers.

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1851.

‘I called on Mrs. Phipps yesterday, and she had been to the Exhibition, and was delighted with all she saw and her own progress towards recovery. . . .

‘Your sister Caroline says that she is going into Cheshire to-morrow to Lord Stanley’s, thence to Netherby, and so on to Scotland. . . .

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

On July 1, 1852, Parliament was dissolved, and Lord Seymour again presented himself to his constituents for Totnes for re-election.

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

‘Bridgetown, Totnes,

‘July 2, 1852.

‘I do not expect to be able to leave this to-morrow in time for the mail. My success appears to me to be certain, but I mean to devote one more morning to seeing the electors. I arrived here about six o’clock on Wednesday evening, and at eight I was ushered into a great meeting to speak. This morning I was up

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1852.

again at seven, and, after really running about till half after six in the evening, I came to dinner, and had to return to Totnes at eight to speak again. However, it is going on very well; I have no copy of my address, or I would send it to you. I wrote it while I was dressing myself this morning. . . .’

Lord Seymour to his Father.

‘Bridgetown, Totnes,

‘Thursday afternoon, July 8, 1852.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,

‘I am again elected, and have at least 200 majority.

‘Baldwin is defeated, and Mr. Mills, a Liberal, has won by a small number. The exact poll is not announced, but the result is as I have stated.

‘I shall be in town to-morrow, and hope to see you on Sunday.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SEYMOUR.’

‘Spring Gardens,

‘November 22, 1852.

‘I send you the two first volumes of Bunsen’s book; there are four, but probably these two will be more than you will wish to read. The philosophical aphorisms in the second volume

show that great scholarship is not always associated with common-sense. He will startle the minds of the sober English laity, and offend the Church.'

Lord Seymour
to his father,
1852.

'London,

'December 4, 1852.

'I went on Saturday evening to hear a lecture on the electric light, and was told it was nothing more than what I had often seen before by Faraday and others, that its adaptation to the purpose of lighting houses or streets was not yet secure, and that its cost was far greater than gas.'

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

'London,

'December 16, 1852.

'D. G.

'... I rather expect the Government* will gain by a few votes, which will save them from going out, which otherwise Lord Derby certainly indicated to the Lords was his intention. . . .

* The estimated strength of parties under Lord Derby at this time was, Conservatives, 299; Liberals, 315; Peelites, 40.

'Friday, December 17, 1852.

'You will see in the paper that the Government were beaten by nineteen last night,† or, rather, this morning at four o'clock.

† D'Israeli's Budget was defeated by a majority of nineteen.

'The House was in some excitement, which

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1852.

made it lively. It is believed that Lord Derby will resign ; indeed, his own speech the other day in the Lords, and Disraeli's declaration in the Commons, " That they would never consent to be a Government upon sufferance," point to this conclusion. What Government will be formed is a more difficult thing to conjecture. In the meantime, the House is to meet again on Monday, when we shall have a statement of resignation or reconstruction. . . . Palmerston did not vote on account of his gout ; they say that Jocelyn has torn off half his hair in desperation at his folly in choosing the losing party. . . .

' December 18, 1852.

' . . . I send a note for you, which I took out of its cover. It seems that the Government are out ; they had been misled, and expected a small majority.

' Lord Derby was in the House listening to the debate, and asked Tufnell what he calculated would be the result. Tufnell told him that the Government would be in a minority of about twenty, which surprised him. It is the rumour that Lord Aberdeen will be Premier, and Lord John Minister for Foreign Affairs ; but this is, of course, only a Cabinet as made in the clubs. . . . There is much bitterness in the

clubs, and it cannot be expected that they should be complacent with a change which was unexpected to them.'

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1852.

'Monday, December 20, 1852.

'The *Times* is correct as to past matters. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Aberdeen were sent for, but Lord Lansdowne was laid up with the gout, and Lord Aberdeen under these circumstances thought it not right to go alone.

'However, he was sent for again, and went yesterday; I suppose he has by this time returned. . . .

'Lord Derby has just made his speech of resignation; he was angry with Aberdeen, and said things of different parties in the House which will offend. . . .'

'December 21.

'As yet I know nothing more as to ministries. The Peelites will be angry with Lord Derby's last speech, and that will tend to unite them more firmly with the Liberal party.'

'December 22.

'As yet we are still uninformed in regard to the construction of a Government. It seems, as far as I can conjecture, that Lord John cannot make up his mind, or, rather, has made

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1852.

and then unmade it, and thus matters are perplexed. . . .

‘Sir J. Graham wrote to me, asking to see me last night. I was not at home, but he called this morning, and said he wished to know whether I had authorized Lord John Russell to say that in no case would I join any Government which might be formed under Lord Aberdeen. I told him that I had never said so, and that, moreover, I had never spoken one word to Lord John Russell in regard to the formation of a Government. I added that before joining a Government I should, of course, require to know the persons of whom it was to be composed, and the principles, or at least the chief measures, which it was intended to announce as its immediate policy.

‘Why Lord John Russell made this statement without having spoken to me on the subject I do not understand; but with such misrepresentations it is not surprising that the construction of a Government goes on slowly. . . .

‘It is said the Carlton Club is in a very turbulent state, for the Peelites are still members, and the Derbyites are repeatedly saying things to provoke or affront them. . . .’

CHAPTER XIV.

1854-1858.

Lord Seymour's education of his second Son—Preparations for the Crimean War—Lord John Russell's Reform Bill—Despatch of Troops and Ships to the Crimea—Increased Income-Tax—A vanished Place of Entertainment—A Spirit-rapper at the French Court—Lord Seymour and his Microscope—Birmingham Gun-makers—A Dinner at Buckingham Palace—The Prince Consort's Wit—A Conversation with D'Israeli—Lord Seymour's Borough Disfranchised—A Tour in Norway—The Orkneys—Lord Seymour succeeds his father as Duke of Somerset.

No letters of Lord Seymour's have been preserved for the year 1853. For 1854 and 1855 there are a certain number, and one or two for the three following years. These are given in the present chapter.

There is one characteristic of Lord Seymour's of which this is a proper place to speak : his fondness for his children, and, in especial, his devotion to his second son, Edward, whose loss, as was mentioned in the introductory chapter, had so great an effect upon his father's life. One of the Duke's daughters writes of her brother thus :

‘My brother Edward never went to school or college, but was entirely educated by my father.’

‘He used to learn French and German from my governess, and spoke fluently in German with me in the schoolroom, where he usually prepared his Greek and Latin also. He did his lessons with my father generally for two

hours every morning, whether in London or in the country, until 1857. when he went abroad with his friend Mr. Sandford, the present Bishop of Gibraltar. However busy my father may have been I never remember his missing Edward's lessons even for a day while he was at home.

'I can remember one day in particular, when I was quite a child, and Edward was about twelve or thirteen, standing at the door of the dining-room at 18, Spring Gardens, after our early schoolroom breakfast, and watching with respectful awe how cheerfully eager he looked, with a pen stuck behind his ear and a heap of books in his arms piled up and balanced under his chin, as he turned into my father's study, dragging the door after him with his foot, and disappearing from my sight, and my standing for a minute or two listening to the sound of voices from within before I went up dejectedly to my governess, wondering in my mind how it was my brother loved and delighted in his lessons, while I so detested mine.'

Lord Seymour to Lady Seymour.

'Spring Gardens,

'February 13, 1854.

'I dined yesterday at the Grahams'. Sir James seemed tired with work. Lady Graham says that on Wednesday she is going to Netherby. . . . I saw Lady Ailesbury at Lady W. Powlett's, where I called yesterday on returning from Park Lane. She was, of course, distracted with political perplexities. Who was to command the troops and to be sent to Turkey — Lord Seaton or Lord Raglan? Who was to command the fleet in the Baltic — Sir Charles Napier or Lord Dundonald?

Then I asked her if she had made up her mind that there is to be a war. On the contrary, she thought there would be no war, and Lord Aberdeen would be right. . . .

Lord Seymour
to Lady Seymour,
1854.

‘I passed an hour in the evening trying the microscope with a large company of mites and a spider; this last was so troublesome that I put it in the fire. If I have time I will write a line after hearing Lord John’s Reform. . . .’

‘February 14, 1854.

‘. . . . By the proposed Reform Bill the ancient and illustrious borough of Totnes is to be extinguished. I expected this, and, indeed, it is no worse than what would have befallen it under the proposed measure of 1852. . . . I hear that Lord Aberdeen still hopes to maintain peace. F. Baring came yesterday from Paris; he also thinks somehow war is to be avoided. To-night Clanricarde intends to attack the Government again. . . .’

‘February 15, 1854.

‘DEAREST G.,

‘Last night Clanricarde made a clever speech, attacking the Government for indecision and unwise forbearance in declaring their intentions to Russia.

‘Clarendon’s* reply was good on some points, but hardly equal to the requirements of the

* Then Foreign
Secretary.

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

occasion ; he used an unfortunate phrase, saying that we were not at war, but that we were drifting towards war. The word "drifting" seems to signify that we are in a state of helpless incapacity, with no wind to assist, and no pilot able to direct our course. Lord Derby of course amused the House at the expense of the Government, and Lord Aberdeen was pitiful in his reply ; he deplored and whined over the calamities of war, and still dwelt upon his hopes and prayers for peace. This is out of place while the Guards are marching out of London amidst the cheers of the populace to the tune of "The Girl I left behind me." It surely ought to be to the "Old woman I left behind me, my good old Aberdeen."

'I saw Malmesbury in the House, who asked me to come to Herons Court for some fishing. I shall not, however, go, as I should not enjoy the calm piscatorial pursuits while these warlike movements are exciting the Parliament.

'You will see in the *Times* a letter from the French to the Russian Emperor, still offering terms of peace ; the letter may serve his purposes in France, but he should not have compromised our Queen unless with the consent of the English Government. The news this afternoon from Paris seems to be still more warlike, though it is reported that Vienna has written

urging further delay in the hopes of a settlement.

Lord Seymour
to Lady Seymour,
1854.

‘I hope to come to Bradley on Saturday.’

‘February 28, 1854.

‘Yesterday evening in the House we had the Ordnance estimates, and I said some few words about muskets, the question in dispute, and as after this the Government gave way, Bentinck says I ought to receive a present of a gun from the Birmingham manufacturers!

‘On Friday we are to have some additional war estimates, and on Monday the Budget,* with probably some additional taxes.

* Mr. Gladstone's budget in which he proposed to double the income tax for six months to meet the war expenditure.

‘The feeling against bringing on the Reform Bill has increased, and I hear that Lord Harry Vane is to second a motion for deferring it for the present. The papers say there was a meeting at his house on the subject.

‘Lord John will not give way, and it is thought the Government will be beaten if they persevere.’

‘March 1, 1854.

‘There is a general notion that we shall see some change in the Government. To-morrow or Friday Lord John is to state what he contemplates doing with his Reform Bill. The

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

* Sir James
Graham, First
Lord of the
Admiralty.

Government are said to be divided as to the propriety of proceeding with it. Graham,* it is said, urges the going on with it, and it is observed that the two names on the back of the Bill are only Lord John's and Graham's; whereas in 1832 all the members of the Cabinet in the House of Commons were printed on the back of the Bill in evidence of their approval. It is most unusual to see such a Bill without the name of a Secretary of State on the back of it. They report also that Aberdeen wishes earnestly to retire from the Government. The Liberal members, even some who are called strong Radicals, are opposed to going on at present with the Bill, at the risk of a dissolution. . . . It seems to be a struggle between Palmerston and Lord John, wherein for the present Pam is the favourite. So much for politics.

'I am rather afraid that my indiscreet zeal in speaking about muskets will lead to this punishment, that I shall be put on the Committee. Mr. Glyn (a member of the House) told me that he had prevented a deputation of London gun-makers calling to thank me. I was much obliged to him, for they would have overwhelmed my little room.'

‘DEAREST G.,

‘March 2, 1854.

‘The report to-day is that after a Cabinet wrangle Lord John has consented to put off the Reform Bill for the Session. I have no certainty of the truth of this. . . .’

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

‘Spring Gardens,

‘March 3, 1854.

‘I have been unusually garrulous in the House; some different matters came on which I was obliged to talk upon. To-night Lord John is to declare the course of the Government as to the Reform Bill. It is said he proposes to put off the Bill for a few weeks; this means either that he hopes to get up an agitation in the country, or else that he means to drop it eventually. I walked home from the House with Palmerston, who did not conceal that it was to be put off for a time, in order to let Lord John *down easy*. This may be his view, and unless he had made up his mind, he could not have spoken so openly to me upon the subject; but, on the other hand, Lord John told some of the Radicals that his future course as to the Bill would depend upon the agitation they might get up during the interval. The suspected intention will probably be openly imputed to him in the House to-night, and there may be a lively discussion.

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

‘ Last night in the debate S. Herbert had said that in regard to certain official charges, *this was not the moment on the brink of a war*, etc. In answering some of his speech, I said I was glad to hear a member of the Cabinet use this argument, that I agreed with him that this was not the fitting time to remould large establishments ; but such an argument had latterly been treated with scorn and contempt by the leader of the House. Ellice, who was sitting by me, said that was hitting Lord John a hard rap ; but I expect he will get many more raps to-night. I shall not be able to come to Bradley for some days, as I must be on a Committee about muskets ; it was far from my intention when I talked about muskets to bring upon myself this troublesome duty. . . . ’

‘ March 4, 1854.

* His daughter,
Lady Ulrica
Thynne.

† Now Lady
Llanwer.

‘ Tell Rica* that I called to-day on Lady Hall† at luncheon time, and found her, and Sir B., and a Mrs. Williams, whom Rica probably remembers at Llanover. You may have seen that one regiment (a Welsh regiment) marched to its place of embarkation with a goat in front of the band. Lady Hall gave them this goat, and at first it was very restive, and used to rise on its hind-legs and knock down anyone who opposed it. One day it followed the regiment

to church, and then knocked down the clerk who tried to turn it out of church. . . .

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

‘The Reform Bill is put off till April 27, after Easter. Lord Aberdeen seemed to talk as if it would then come on ; other people mostly believe it is now gone for the Session, if not for ever. I walked home with Graham ; he said he had been at work since eight o’clock, and was tired to death. I shall dine there to-morrow. . . .’

‘Monday, March 6, 1854.

‘I dined at the Admiralty last night, and met Sir B. Walker. . . . The talk was, of course, all navy talk, and the prospects of the war. We send Sir C. Napier with eighteen ships to the Baltic ; it seems doubtful whether any French ships will be ready to assist us. The Russians have twenty-eight ships at Cronstadt, and therefore it is expected and hoped that they will come out to fight. I asked whether, with this smaller number of ships and with many unpractised crews, we were quite sure of a victory. Sir James (Graham) and Sir B. Walker consider that as ours are all ships with steam power, screw propellers, we ought certainly to win. They say that a man-of-war with a screw is as good as two, if not even a match for three, mere sailing ships. So much

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

for the Russians. We send about 1,000 horses for the artillery to Turkey, and a larger force than we sent to Waterloo, where it seems we had only 18,000 English infantry. . . .

‘There seems to be some doubt whether Lord John will not leave the Government if they will not agree to go on with the Reform Bill after Easter. Lord Aberdeen gave a more positive assurance that it would go on than Lord John did in the Commons. Their folly is astonishing, as the House has made up its mind not to go on with the Bill.’

‘Tuesday, March 7, 1854.

‘. . . We are all to pay an additional income-tax for the war, which was accepted with a good grace by the House; we took our physic without making any wry faces over it. . . .’

‘Wednesday, March 8, 1854.

‘I took the opportunity this morning of doing my annual levee. It was very crowded; the Queen inquired after you. There is a report of a battle at Kalafat and defeat of the Turks; but the Government have no such report, and it is not believed, but thought to be merely a *Tell-lie-graphic* account.

‘I saw Malmesbury at the levee; he was going back to Herons Court this evening.

‘Last night I passed with Sir J. South at Kensington looking at animalcules with his microscope for practice, as I am not skilful in finding the curious creatures, which seems to be an art much like finding deer on the hillside with a telescope. . . .’

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

‘The dinner at the Reform Club seems to have passed off as well as so foolish an affair could do. Party politics ought never to be mixed up with army and navy appointments, and it is rather a boastful ceremony this dinner of triumph by anticipation. . . .’

‘*March 11, 1854.*

‘. . . Miss Burdett Coutts offered to maintain all the soldiers’ wives while their husbands are fighting in the East.’

‘House of Commons,

‘*Thursday, March 16, 1854.*

‘D. G.,

‘I went this morning to see the Panopticon, a curious new building, half scientific and half shop-like, in Leicester Square. All sorts of people were collected in it, from the Duchess of Sutherland to the scientific shop-keepers. A fine large room with a dome and galleries, in a sort of Moorish or Eastern style, with lecture-rooms adjoining, where were galvanic and photographic and chemical apparatuses. I then

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

came to my Committee, where we had a witness, the American Colonel Colt, who makes revolving pistols. He was a good specimen of an American. In talking of his factory he said, "And so I reckon I have made enough to paddle my own canoe"; and when I asked him something about the Ordnance Factory here, he said, "Well, now, I am not going to tell you what I think of your establishments; if I was to begin with your country, I should say I detest your climate, and think the island could only have been peopled by some unlucky pilots who lost their way in a fog." He amused us even more by his manner than by what he said, and meant to be civil, for he apologized for any expression he might use. . . .

' March 19, 1854.

' D. G.,

' . . . They told me a story of the French Court, and a wonderful rapper who came there with his medium. The Emperor, after viewing several performances, asked if the spirits could turn darkness into light, and upon the spirit's asseveration that he could, the candles were extinguished, when a little blue flame appeared in the midst of the table, and grew brighter and brighter, till everybody was alarmed, and they begged the blue light to be

so kind as to disappear. There is a story ! It is to be hoped that the blue light will be sent on a mission to St. Petersburg to frighten the Emperor to his senses.

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

‘I stopped in the middle of this letter to hear Johnny on University of Oxford Reform ; it is a Bill that will dissatisfy many and please none.

‘Last night, as the House was up early, I went down to Sir J. South, and stayed looking at animalcules till after twelve o’clock, when I walked back to the town with a bottle in my pocket full of wonderful creatures. . . .’

‘Saturday, March 18, 1854.

‘I have been all the morning in Col. Colt’s pistol-factory looking at the machinery which he employs in manufacturing revolving pistols. It was very interesting. . . . He has offered to make all the muskets of the Government, and it now appears that all the notions of the Board of Ordnance were derived from what they had seen in his establishment.

‘I found a number of curious animalcules in a bottle which I brought away from Sir J. South’s. I wish you had been in Spring Gardens last night to have seen them. I shall gradually fill the dining-room with glass jars, funnel-shaped and sprinkled with weeds, reser-

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

voirs for the residence of these innumerable specimens of animal life.

‘The gun-makers of Birmingham wished me to conduct their case before the Committee, as they said they preferred my system of examining to that of their own members; I told them that, as they had two members present in the Committee, I could not pretend to undertake the management of an interest so well represented. The London gun-makers also sent to me, and I told them I was quite willing to put any questions which would elicit the truth, but I could not promise in any way that I should agree with their views on the question. This state of matters makes it difficult for me to run away for a day or two, as I should have wished. There is no political news, I believe. . . .’

To Lady Seymour.

‘Sunday evening, March 19, 1854.

‘I write now lest I should not have time to-morrow. I dined last night at the Palace; there was the Duchess of Kent, Lord Aberdeen, Baron Cetto (I think is the name of a little man we have always known), Lord and Lady Claude Hamilton, Lord Alfred Hervey and his wife, etc. The little Princesses, Helena and Louise, went in to dinner

and stood by the side of their parents, "because it was Louise's birthday." They are very like the Queen, but I suppose will be taller eventually. The Queen inquired much after you and the children. . . . They were exceedingly gracious. When the Queen and ladies left the dining-room, I found myself next to Prince Albert, with Aberdeen on his other side. The Prince talked and laughed, and I thought improved very well upon a joke which I made. To understand it you must know they have lately erected a statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion (which was so much admired in Hyde Park) in the space opposite Westminster Hall and the entrance to the House of Commons. Lord Aberdeen said to the Prince that he heard the statue was objected to on that site, and that it was about to be removed. The Prince said to me he could not conceive why it should be objected to, so I said, "It may be that Mr. Cobden and the members of the Peace Society consider the statue too martial in its character, and fancy that a warrior with a drawn sword at the door of the House of Commons excites too much military feeling." "Ah," said the Prince, "I suppose Richard Cœur-de-Lion is not agreeable to Richard Cœur-de-Coton." Aberdeen did not like either of our jokes. After dinner

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1854.

in the gallery the little Prince of Wales came to me to inquire after Edward ; the Queen also said the Princes were very desirous to have him again to play with them. . . .’

‘ *April 3, 1854.*

‘ . . . I passed yesterday morning in the Crystal Palace with Ellice and Rutherford. It was very interesting, but will be even more fatiguing than the old one in the Park. On Saturday I went to Kew and went over the museum there and some of the houses with Sir W. Hooker, who was glad to see me, for — had never been near him. I brought some water from the cistern in the large Victoria House ; it is full of animalcules, but as yet I have not seen anything very new. However, I have not had time to examine it, as on Saturday night I went to look at the comet, and spent my time chiefly with the stars. . . .’

‘ 18, Spring Gardens,
‘ *February 15.*

‘ DEAREST GEORGY,

‘ I went to the House at four o’clock . . . little doing in the House. . . . I walked up to the Travellers’ at seven o’clock and D’Israeli walked with me. He admitted the

meeting of the House was a flat affair. He has been visiting in Yorkshire. I told him I did not think he could instil much life into political parties at present; and he said that he had made several efforts to get out of his position, but found himself tied to his party and could not leave them, otherwise he would like again to scribble.'

Lord Seymour
to Lady Sey-
mour, 1855.

On the disfranchisement of Totnes in 1855 Lord Seymour ceased to be a member of the House of Commons. In the summer of that year he went for a second tour in Norway, which the following letters describe. They are all, like the preceding, addressed to Lady Seymour.

'Bergen,

'*Wednesday, July 18, 1855.*

'Though I have doubts about the chance of this not finding you, I write in case it may. We arrived here very prosperously yesterday, and should have come sooner, but were becalmed. Our only resource was fishing, in which we were very successful, for we caught large codfish and quantities of mackerel. We go on to-morrow from here to the North; but where we shall stay depends upon the winds and the amusements which we may find in our course. The scenery is very wild and beautiful—something like Scotland about Oban and that neighbourhood. This town of Bergen is

Lord Seymour,
in Norway, to
Lady Seymour,
1855.

built of wood, and the houses are painted white and covered with red tiles, so they are bright and clean ; it is not a place to detain us long, for there is nothing to see after once walking up the principal street of the place. We shall try to see some more of the fiords, which seem to be innumerable, and then return to Inverness, from which I shall write to you. . . .

‘Mandal,

‘August 10, 1855.

‘DEAREST GEORGY,

‘I wrote to you from Christiansand. The following day we sailed to a fiord a few miles to the eastward, and anchored near the mouth of a river. We went up the river in a boat for three or four miles, and came to a fall where the water tumbled over rocks into a deep pool. This was the place where the Consul had procured leave for us to fish. The river there belongs to an old lady who lives in a neat white wooden house close by. She is nearly eighty years old, as we heard, for we did not see her. The moment we reached the place we began to fish, and I had no sooner thrown a fly—and badly enough I threw it—than I caught a salmon. We caught nine that evening, and next day we returned and caught fifteen ; no large fish, however. After these

two days we wanted change of scene, and, returning to Christiansand for a night, we sailed to this place, which is twenty-five or thirty miles to the west of Christiansand. Near this there is a river in which Lord Lichfield hired fishing last year, and as he could not come this season, he gave Bentinck permission to try it. Accordingly, one morning we hired three little carriages of the country. You may have seen pictures of them, frail and light vehicles, wherein there is barely room for one person to sit, while a boy hangs on behind, who jumps off whenever there is a hill to ascend. We required one for Bentinck, one for myself, and one for our interpreter, who has accompanied us from Christiansand. In this way we drove about nine miles along the bank of a river through a valley enclosed by rocks and wooded hills until we reached a waterfall. There we got two boats and boatmen, who paddled us about in the stream while we fished. I caught six small salmon, and Bentinck as many. They say that we are too late for catching large fish ; indeed, the season is considered to be over, so that we could not expect better sport. . . .

Lord Seymour,
in Norway, to
Lady Seymour,
1855.

‘Anchored in a bay off Pomona Island, the chief of the Orkney Islands.’

Lord Seymour,
in Norway, to
Lady Seymour,
1855.

' Sunday, August 19.

' Our first start from Norway was not successful, for when we had reached about eighty miles in the North Sea we met with a strong headwind and a heavy sea, and as I did not approve of this, we ran back to Carm Sund, which is a small sheltered harbour not far from Udsire Island, on the coast of Norway. There we stayed two days, and then sailed again; this time we were becalmed, and on the morning of yesterday (Saturday) we were still in sight of the Norway lighthouses; however, a good breeze came and brought us over here by Sunday evening. To-morrow I shall go to Kirkwall and post this. . . .

' Kirkwall,

' August 20.

' Here I found a letter from the Duchess dated August 14, saying that my father was not well. . . . I cannot run back from here to London in a moment, and shall, therefore, go back to Loch Inver. Write one line directed to me there, and another to me at Armidale Castle, Skye, that I may know something of how you all are and whether I ought to hurry home, as I am not sure enough of the language contained in the Duchess's letter to draw from it any conclusion. . . .

‘ I shall also be glad to hear that you and the children are well ; and though I do not imagine ills, I like to hear an occasional account of your well-doing.

‘ Yours affectionately,

‘ S.’

Before the end of August the Duke of Somerset died, and Lord Seymour became Duke. His next letters are for 1857.

Lord Seymour,
at Kirkwall, to
Lady Seymour,
1855.

Lord Seymour
becomes Duke
of Somerset.

‘ The Duke of Somerset to the Duchess of Somerset.

‘ Travellers’,

‘ Wednesday, February 4, 1857.

‘ I was in the House of Lords last night at eight o’clock, having first dined at this club. They tell me Lord Cork did the Address very nicely, as also did Sir J. Ramsden in the Commons, but I was too late to hear any of this. I heard Lord Grey, who made a good speech,* but did not convince me to vote with him. I have a splendid room at Evelyn Denison’s (red and gold, fitted up by Lord Pembroke), looking over St. James’s Park, if there was not such a fog that one can look nowhere. . . . I was at the British Museum this morning, and saw there Lord John Russell, Gladstone, Lord Stanhope, Sir D. Dundas. This last told me he had been at Drummond’s in

* Lord Grey
considered the
war with Persia
unjust.

The Duke of
Somerset to the
Duchess of
Somerset, 1857.

the country, and went to the chapel (Irvingite). The service seemed all very proper, until at last he was dazzled by seeing an archangel come in dressed in gold and purple supported by two angels. He had scarcely recovered from this surprise when the archangel turned round and he recognised Lord Sidmouth, whom he had not seen since he was at Westminster, when this archangel gave him a good licking.

* In the budget
the Income Tax
was reduced
from 1s. 4d. to
7d. in the £.

‘Political affairs will not keep me; the difficulty will be the Income Tax,* and the strong economy which will force the Government either to give up some of their intended expenditure or to lose their places.’

‘Stover,

‘Monday, February 1, 1858.

‘D. G.,

‘We dined and stayed at the Palks’ at Torquay on Saturday. They had a party in the evening, and I saw Lady Harriet Bentinck and one Miss Ellis; the most remarkable person was a little dark old woman smothered up in a black wig, who is said to be near a hundred, and very rich; she is D’Israeli’s great friend, and the person whom he comes to see at Torquay; as she has no near relations, it is to be hoped she will leave him her money.

‘I cannot understand what Persigny and the

French want us to do. The only man who has advocated assassination is Mazzini; and he travels through France and Italy in disguise in spite of all their passports and their police. I wish he were hanged, and Kossuth also, but we have no case for hanging either. The worst is that Orsini's crime seems to justify the conduct of Austria in imprisoning republicans as assassins. . . .'

The Duke of Somerset to the Duchess of Somerset, 1858.

'Stover,

'Thursday, February 4, 1858.

'DEAREST GEORGY,

'There is a letter from Ferdy,* dated December 2, Cawnpore. It would seem, therefore, that he went with Lord Colin. . . . I regret that his letter is not of a later date, and hope we may soon get another.

'It seems that the stories of women and children mutilated by the Indians were false, and Mr. Courtenay (of Bovey) tells me that Lady Canning complains of Lord Shaftesbury's speech, and says that she knows no case of such mutilation!'

* Lord Seymour, who was at the relief of Lucknow as a volunteer.

CHAPTER XV.

1859-1866.

The Duke as First Lord of the Admiralty—A Visit in his official capacity to Dublin, Cork, Pembroke, Falmouth, Plymouth—Country Life with the French Empress at Biarritz—Manufacture of Armour-plating at Sheffield—Garibaldi in London—A Cruise in the Mediterranean—The Government Resigns—End of the Duke's Tenure of Office—Loss of his second Son.

IN 1859 the Duke of Somerset became First Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Palmerston, a post which he filled till 1866, when Lord Palmerston went out of office and was succeeded by Lord Derby.

The few letters of the Duke's for this period that have been preserved are given in this chapter. Some of them, as will be seen, refer to his movements in his capacity of First Lord.

*The Duke of Somerset to the Duchess of
Somerset.*

‘ Phoenix Park, Dublin,

‘ *September 1, 1860.*

‘ I am glad that you opened Edward's letter.
If he limits his tour to Hungary or to Austrian

territories, he will act wisely, and see a great deal which will be of use to him.

The Duke of Somerset, in Dublin, to the Duchess of Somerset, 1860.

‘ We made a prosperous journey to Holyhead on Thursday, which we reached at five o’clock, so that we had a walk before dinner. Next day I saw the breakwater, and went over the works with the engineer, the contractor, and some naval men. In the afternoon I took a beautiful walk over a high rocky hill near the sea, and then to a lighthouse which stands on a small rocky islet joined to the land by a suspension bridge. This morning (Saturday) we had a fine calm passage across in the new fast steamer; it performed the sixty-four miles in three hours and a half from the pier at Holyhead to the pier at Kingstown. We did not feel any motion, and had a good luncheon on board, so that we might have time to walk about Dublin. This part of the day was spoilt by the rain, and I have come to this Viceregal Lodge, where we shall stay till Monday, and then proceed by rail to Cork. . . . ’

‘ Queenstown, Cork Harbour,

‘ Tuesday, September 4, 1860.

‘ We left the Phoenix Park on Monday after breakfast, having passed Sunday there very pleasantly. We went to the chapel in the Castle at Dublin, and then looked at the state

The Duke of
Somerset, at
Queenstown, to
the Duchess of
Somerset, 1860.

rooms, where there are portraits of all the Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland since 1800. In the afternoon we rambled over the Phoenix Park and the gardens of the Viceregal Lodge. On Monday we reached Cork by railway, and found the *Osborne* yacht ready for us in the harbour.

‘This morning I have been looking over storehouses, etc., here. It is a beautiful harbour in appearance at high-water, the only fault being that when the tide goes down large banks of mud are exposed to view. To-morrow—that is, on Wednesday evening—we shall sail for Milford Haven, and if the weather continues as fine as it is at present, I shall on Friday sail on to Plymouth, and finish my inspection there this week. . . .’

‘Pembroke,

‘September 6, 1860.

‘Arrived here this morning from Cork; a calm sea and beautiful weather. The fleet is here, and all the admirals and captains are coming to dine with me under a sort of tent on the deck of the yacht. I shall go on to-morrow to look in at Falmouth.’

‘Falmouth,

‘September 8, 1860.

‘We went out from Milford Haven and saw the Channel Fleet; a beautiful day and a calm

sea. We then went to the Scilly Islands, and in the morning landed there ; after which we again came steaming along the coast to Penzance and St. Michael's Mount, where we landed to see the old castle, and thence came on to Falmouth before dark.

'This morning, after seeing the yard, etc., here, we shall proceed to Plymouth. If this fine weather continues I shall go on to Portsmouth, and so finish all these dockyards by the end of this week, and then return to town.'

'Plymouth,

'September 11, 1860.

'We reached this on Sunday evening, and yesterday I spent in the dockyard and amongst the ships ; dined with the Admiral in the evening, and went to a charity ball, where the only person I knew was Lady Morley. . . .'

'Admiralty,

'October 8, 1862.

'I am going out of town to-morrow. I go to see some iron works in Shropshire. I saw Panizzi to-day ; he has just returned from abroad. He stayed with the French Empress at Biarritz for ten days, and says they lived as at an English country house. They went in and out of the drawing-room, where the

The Duke of Somerset, at Falmouth, to the Duchess of Somerset, 1860.

The Duke of
Somerset to
the Duchess of
Somerset, 1862.

Empress was, as they pleased; and of an afternoon made expeditions to the mountains, or to any places in the neighbourhood. On one of these up the mountains they had to ride mules and to walk, and Panizzi was so tired he could not get off his mule to lunch, lest he should not be able to get up again. They did not get back till twelve o'clock at night, and the household came out to look for them with torches. Except for this fatigue he seems to have enjoyed his visit. . . .'

'Admiralty,

'*Friday, April 10, 1863 (?)*.

'Edward writes from Florence that he is coming home, and may arrive on Monday next.

'I returned late last night from Sheffield; on the Thursday I went from here by rail to Lord Wharnccliffe's place, Wortley Hall, near Sheffield. I found there Tomline, Sir J. Ramsden, and an American, Captain Maury, a scientific man of Southern connections. On Friday morning we had to breakfast exactly at nine, and then start for Sheffield to the iron-works of Mr. Brown, who is also the Mayor. He is making some armour plates for our ships. As soon as I arrived there, hoping to see the works, I was told the Corporation of the town wished to present me an address, so we hurried

into a little room, and there the Corporation, or so many as could get in, came, and the Town Clerk read an address to the Admiralty. I made such a reply as I could in the hurry of the moment.

The Duke of Somerset to the Duchess of Somerset, 1863.

‘We then went to the works to see the rolling of some large armour plates by means of some new machinery, the largest as yet used for this purpose. One large plate rolling was very interesting; the mass of iron red-hot in the forge, weighing about eighteen tons, was so heavy the workmen could hardly drag it out, and then it was a question whether the rollers would not break. There was a check for a moment, and great excitement; at last the men and machinery prevailed, and the mound of red-hot iron was drawn through the rollers, coming out duly shaped on the other side; the workmen, strong-limbed, and black with smoke and dirt, then gave immense cheers. We waved our hats, and Mr. Brown’s wife was so excited at his triumphant success that she could not help kissing him in the midst of us; we then duly congratulated her and him, and everyone. The Dukes of Devonshire and Newcastle, Lords Fitzwilliam, De Grey, Wharncliffe, etc., were there. After seeing the operations and processes all day, very tiring work, we had a great dinner and speeches in the evening.

‘*Friday, April 5, 1864.*

The Duke of Somerset to the Duchess of Somerset.

* Mr. Gladstone proposed to take a penny off the Income Tax.

‘. . . Gladstone’s Budget very well received last night.* . . . There is to be a large party on the 13th at Stafford House to meet Garibaldi. I told the Duke you were at Paris, and could not come. . . .’

‘*April 12, 1864.*

‘. . . Garibaldi’s entrance was amusing, only it lasted interminably ; the people were in great good-humour, with all sorts of emblems, banners, and grotesque dresses, ribbons with Italian colours, or supposed to be appropriate to the patriot. The day was fortunately fine and dry. Derby and Malmesbury dine at the Duke of Sutherland’s to meet him on Wednesday ; this has flustered their supporters. On Saturday Garibaldi dines with Palmerston, who has asked all the Cabinet Ministers and their wives to meet him. I hope he will not stay too long, or London will get tired of him. . . .’

‘*Enchantress, at Portland,*

‘*Monday, August 10, 1864.*

‘We have had perfect weather. On Saturday afternoon I came here from Cowes, and found the Lord Chancellor here in his yacht with two daughters on board. His yacht is called the *Flirt*, and the daughters say it is so disagreeable to go on shore with “Flirt”

written all round their hats. The Chancellor went on next morning, but promises to join me again at Plymouth. Milner Gibson arrived yesterday with Brinsley and Calcraft. I expect De Grey this evening, and if the weather continues fine we shall cross to Alderney to-morrow morning, and see Guernsey and Jersey, and reach Plymouth on Thursday. I am now going on shore to see the breakwater and works here. . . .

The Duke of Somerset, on the yacht *Enchantress*, to the Duchess of Somerset, 1864.

‘Toulon,

‘October 4, 1864.

‘We had a smooth passage to Boulogne, a beautiful day at Paris, where we lodged at the Hotel Mirabeau, Rue de la Paix. We drove to see the races in the Bois de Boulogne. We reached Marseilles at twelve o’clock on Monday (having travelled all night), embarked, and came round here yesterday evening. This morning it rains, and, as they have not had rain for eight months, I suppose we must expect some wet weather. To-morrow we shall proceed probably along the coast to Nice, as I want to see the French fleet, which is thereabouts. We shall then go on to Malta, but our course will depend on the weather, as I purpose to go on the east or west side of Sardinia, according as the wind is east or westerly, so as to avoid a rough sea. . . .’

'Enchantress, Malta,

'Saturday, October 15, 1864.

The Duke of
Somerset to
the Duchess of
Somerset.

' . . . We have had a pleasant trip from Toulon to Villa Franca, which is close to Nice ; there we saw the French fleet. We then ran along the east coast of Corsica and Sardinia to Palermo, where we passed a few hours in driving about to see the place ; we also found the Italian fleet there. We came between Sicily and Italy to Syracuse, and after a few hours there ran on to Malta. Here I am occupied from eight in the morning till ten at night visiting the ships, the harbour, the fortifications, dining with the Governor, the Admiral, etc. Edward also has not had a moment unoccupied. . . . We shall go from here on Monday, and probably take the squadron out to sea on our way to Algiers ; from there I cross to Spain and take the railway to Madrid, so that I think we shall reach Paris in about ten days. Edward will, I think, come to Paris with me.'

'Algiers,

'Wednesday, October 19, 1864.

'We arrived here this morning from Malta, which we left on Monday : a beautiful smooth passage. We took the squadron out to sea, and saw several evolutions, after which we

took leave of them. We shall remain here until to-morrow evening or next morning, and then cross to Spain and take the rail to Madrid. As I have seen nothing of this place, I cannot say more than that we see numberless white houses scattered on the hillside, and feel a warm wind blowing from Africa. I shall write a line from Madrid. Edward seems to enjoy his trip very much. . . .'

The Duke of Somerset, at Algiers, to the Duchess of Somerset, 1864.

'Admiralty,

'Monday, June 25, 1866.

'DEAREST GEORGY,

'Nothing will be definitely known until after Lord Russell has seen the Queen to-morrow, when a statement will be made in both Houses.

'It is, however, clear to me that we may pack up here and return to Bulstrode. . . .'

The opinion expressed in the foregoing letter was justified. In July Lord Derby succeeded Lord John Russell as Prime Minister. The Duke of Somerset's tenure of office was ended, nor did he ever again seek to re-enter public life. Three years later he was invited by Mr. Gladstone to join the Ministry, but he declined. His doing so was the occasion of a just and temperate tribute to his character on the part of a paper in which such serious writing was uncommon. 'The refusal of the Duke of Somerset,' said *Vanity Fair*, 'to become a member of Mr. Gladstone's Administration endowed us no doubt with Mr. Childers as First Lord of the Admiralty, and probably left the Cabinet much more amenable to the uncontrolled will of the Premier

Vanity Fair
tribute to the
Duke's character.

than would otherwise have been the case ; but with all these advantages to set against it, the want of so strong a pillar of the Liberal party in the Ministry must be accounted a loss even greater to the country than to the party itself ; for the Duke is a true Liberal, not only in matters of State, but, what is more important, in Church matters, and his Liberalism not being of the sort which is assumed for personal purposes, may be trusted even upon occasions when ordinary Liberals often go wrong from fear of personal consequences. The high rank and position of the Duke have, indeed, had upon his political conduct an influence for good, which is by no means the common rule, for he has put them to their proper and nobler uses as strongholds whence he may look justly and fearlessly upon men and things. In our system of Government by party, it is perhaps necessary that jobbery should flourish as it does, yet the Duke of Somerset has never condescended to its use, either for himself or for his party ; but it is only because he is too strong to be coerced like other leaders that he has been able to maintain and to carry out his strong sense of impartial justice. For this reason it is that he is said to be a proud man ; and so he is, but his is a pride little of which were better found in some others of our statesmen than much of the humility now accepted as meritorious. Indeed, the Duke apparently dislikes humility, for, himself proud and sincere, yet liberal and just, he refused to serve under the most humble of Premiers.'

The Duke's refusal, however, whatever may have been his political feelings at the moment, was mainly due to reasons of a very different nature. Six months previously he had lost his second son, Lord Edward St. Maur, and he was now overwhelmed with a sorrow from which he never wholly recovered. His subsequent life was one of comparative retirement, and the fact that it was so is attributable to this cause. He was not, however, a man to allow himself to be unnerved by suffering. He sought alleviation in activity of a new kind.

CHAPTER XVI.

1866—1871.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET'S BOOK ON
CHRISTIANITY.

THE Duke mentions in one of his later letters that he learnt by experience that sorrow was best borne by forcing the mind to busy itself with some arduous and absorbing work. In the sorrow which had now fallen on him, and which was subsequently deepened, by the loss of his eldest son a few years afterwards, he threw himself into the study of a class of questions and problems which had always roused his interest, but which, up to now, he had not examined systematically—namely, the results of scientific scholarship, and of science generally, as affecting historical Christianity. To this study he devoted himself for five years, making himself familiar with the writings of the most authentic scholars and critics—in especial, those of Germany; and he finally, in 1871, produced a small volume, in which their conclusions are summed up. This volume is curiously characteristic of the writer. It is full of a shrewd and dry humour, which sometimes suggests Gibbon. It is remarkable for the practical turn everywhere given in it to speculation. It is admirable for lucidity of arrangement and terseness of expression, and is for this reason full of intrinsic interest. Accordingly, as it scarcely exceeds in length a couple of magazine articles, the larger and most important part of it is given in the present chapter. The

title of the volume is 'Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism.' It was published in 1872. As printed here, it is not broken up into chapters, but these original divisions are indicated in the margin, and these will also show what chapters have been omitted.

Introduction to
the volume.

'It is humiliating to be obliged to confess that after eighteen hundred years of Christian teaching, man has made no advance in certainty of religious knowledge.

'So far from any approach to certainty, the opinions of educated society upon the most important questions which can occupy the human mind appear at the present time to be more unsettled than at any previous period of European history.

'In every other branch of knowledge assiduous study and persevering industry have been rewarded with, at least, partial success. Some progress has been made and some results obtained, which, while they have contributed to the convenience or to the happiness of mankind, have encouraged fresh exertions and opened a prospect of future acquisitions.

'In the study of revealed religion this process seems to have been reversed. The labour of successive generations, the services of men specially set apart for this teaching, the accumulated learning of former ages, the voluminous and still increasing literature of the present day, all alike fail in establishing any generally

acknowledged definite convictions. On the contrary, in all free communities the greatest diversity of religious opinion prevails ; doubts and controversies range over a wider area in proportion to the advancement of learning, until the differences of Christian sects lose their significance in comparison with far deeper questions, which are attracting the notice of educated society.

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‘A reference to former years will show the change in religious thought which has gradually forced its way through the cultivated classes of the community.

‘At the beginning of the last century the boundary line between religious and sceptical literature was distinct and definite. The sceptical writers were then the open enemies of the clergy, and the avowed opponents of Christianity. The clergy retorted on their adversaries with great bitterness and ability, branded them with the name of Atheists, and made no allowance for the mildest suggestion of doubt.

‘Philosophy, science, and literature were then the firm friends and defenders of revealed religion. Locke paraphrased the Pauline epistles. Sir Isaac Newton expounded prophecy. Addison cited with complacent confidence the letter of King Agbarus to Christ, as a record of

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great authority and an evidence of Christian truth.

‘In the present day philosophy and science stand aloof in unfriendly attitudes, whilst literature gives currency to a thousand speculative opinions unfavourable to the old-established beliefs.

‘This change is the result of various influences. The progress of physical science, the critical examination of ancient history in connection with kindred researches, and, above all, the continued study of the Scriptures, have concurred to modify the religious beliefs of the Protestant world.

‘The whole system of modern education tends towards the same result. Men who have been carefully trained to distrust authority, and to rely for the acquisition of knowledge upon experiment, analysis, and patient research, cannot subsequently divest themselves of a habit of mind which has become a part of their nature. They must either suppress and relinquish all religious thought, or they must apply to the records of revealed religion the same spirit of investigation, which has already reopened the sources of history and extended the domain of science. . . .

‘More than two centuries have elapsed since Selden declared that the words “scrutamini

scripturas" had undone the world. The interval has tended—in one sense, at least—to confirm his prediction. The search of the Scriptures has impaired the authority of Scripture, and the learned endeavours to remove obscurity have increased doubt. . . .

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‘It would, however, be a grave mistake to assume that scepticism is in its nature irreligious or immoral. Some minds, in their eager search for truth, while recoiling from dogmatic theology, have indeed wandered beyond the confines of Christianity. But the mass of society is anxiously seeking a belief which shall not be at issue with the moral sense of educated men.

‘For this purpose theologians, Biblical critics, and other learned men have toiled incessantly, and it is now obvious that the theology of former ages cannot be permanently maintained.

‘To enter fully into these elaborate inquiries would occupy too large a space; but the following pages contain a condensed outline of the reasoning upon Christian history and Christian doctrine, which is thought to justify the opinion here expressed.

‘The several points at issue are compressed into short chapters, so as not tediously to repeat objections, which are already familiar

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to many readers, who will thus be enabled, from a comprehensive survey of the subject, to perceive the process of religious change which is gradually permeating the Protestant world. . . .

Chapter I.

‘ So long as Christians believed in the personification of evil, in demoniacal possession, in the frequent intervention of the devil, and in a vast scheme of Satanic agency visibly disturbing the order of nature, many marvellous incidents related in the Gospels were in unison with popular belief. These narratives, so far from presenting any difficulty to Christians, were regarded as evidence, and adduced in proof, of the truth of the Gospels.

‘ Satan appeared to be a reluctant, but irrefutable, witness on behalf of the Christian revelation. He had, as the Gospels stated, openly recognised Jesus, admitting His Divine power, but deprecating its exercise.

‘ From the commencement of the Christian era until comparatively modern times the existence of evil spirits was appealed to in vindication of the Gospel-history.

‘ During many centuries the fear of the devil and the dread of falling under his dominion were strong inducements to the outward observances of religion, and even sometimes to the practice of moral virtue. The authority of

the clergy was, moreover, enhanced by their supposed ability to counteract this fearful adversary.

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‘Thus Satan, whilst he was the terror of the multitude, was also the efficient ally of the priest. In some cases he became the guardian angel of the Church, strengthening her empire, and enabling her to repress the lawless violence of men, whom no human authority could control.

‘It cannot, however, be denied that this belief was attended with many evils. History records the fearful persecutions which superstitious ignorance inflicted on persons who were supposed to be in league with the devil. These acts of cruelty were often countenanced, and sometimes instigated, by Christian teachers.

‘The Reformation, which dissipated some venerable illusions, seems to have increased the popular belief in the active intervention of evil spirits. The Protestant clergy of all denominations insisted on the verbal accuracy of the Scriptures; what the clergy taught, the law confirmed; the reality of demoniacal possession, with all its cruel and mischievous consequences, was universally acknowledged; and the Scripture furnished the devil with his credentials.

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‘The first symptoms of disbelief in the marvellous stories of Satanic agency were repressed by the clergy, and repressed by the religious feelings of society. It was deemed presumptuous free-thinking to question modern instances of diabolic possession. This opinion checked inquiry, and silenced the expression of doubt.

‘The sermons of our most distinguished divines will prove to how late a period the belief in the intervention of the devil was regarded as an important bulwark of the Christian faith.

‘Open, for instance, the sermons of Barrow, and his works are selected not only because he was a man distinguished for vigour of mind and compass of knowledge, but more especially because he was a man of science, the preceptor of Newton, and foremost among the founders of the Royal Society. Barrow, in one of his sermons on the Creed, speaks of apparitions, visions, intercourse and confederacy with bad spirits. “All these things,” he adds, “any man who shall affirm them to be mere fiction and delusion, must thereby with exceeding immodesty charge the world with vanity and malignity, worthy historians with inconsiderateness and fraud, lawgivers with silliness or rashness, and a vast number of witnesses with the

greatest malice or madness, all of which have concurred to assert these matters of fact." Barrow then applies his argument: "The truth and reality of these things, if admitted, contribute much to the belief of that divinity, which our discourse studies to maintain."

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'In a similar strain Bull (Bishop of St. David's) ventures, while defending Scripture, to assert: "In our own age we have had some unquestionable instances of persons possessed by evil spirits."

'Any person who at that time had presumed to question these matters of fact, would have incurred the imputation of infidelity or of atheism, while devout believers would have cited in justification of their opinion the authority of the scientific Barrow, and of the learned Bishop Bull.

'Yet now the worthy historians, the wise lawgivers, the vast concourse of witnesses are all equally unavailing; the spell is broken, the evil spirits have vanished, and these phantoms of discredited tradition will not again revisit a more experienced and incredulous world.

'If the reality of these things, according to the argument of Barrow, contributed to the belief of that system of divinity which he laboured to maintain, it must equally follow

that the unreality of these things, if admitted, will lead to the opposite conclusion. This result has occurred. The evil spirits of the Gospels have shared the fate of their legitimate descendants; they also were the creations of a popular delusion, which, having been erroneously accredited by the Evangelists, took forcible possession of the Christian mind. The language of the Fathers, the prayers of the saints, the exorcisms of the Church, confirmed instead of invalidating their base tenure, until they were finally cast out and expelled by the unanimous disbelief of a more instructed society.

‘ Here, then, is the first divergence of modern society from the Gospel history. The educated Protestant no longer believes what the Evangelists believed and affirmed.

‘ This altered condition of belief constitutes a serious difficulty, because it constrains every thoughtful man to consider how far the Gospel narratives can be implicitly accepted as of Divine authority, or even as historical truth.

‘ The ministers of religion, in treating of these marvellous incidents, usually suggest that Jesus perhaps condescended to use the popular language of His age and country. He acquiesced, they say, in erroneous beliefs, which could only

be corrected by the future advancement of human knowledge.

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‘This explanation is evasive, and, moreover, involves the admission of a serious misstatement on the part of the Evangelists, who cite the evil spirits as witnesses to the Divine power of Jesus. These narratives, if they are accepted as true, give a solemn sanction to the belief in Satanic possession, and did practically establish it for many centuries.

‘A careful examination of the New Testament justifies the obvious solution that these Gospels are not exempt from human imperfection.

‘The first three Evangelists record these marvels, while the fourth Gospel altogether omits these demoniacs. Was this silence a tacit repudiation of idle tales which the writer of that Gospel did not wish openly to contradict?

‘The author of the Acts mentions similar marvels; one most remarkable instance is said to have occurred at Ephesus. According to the traditions of the Church, St. John is supposed to have resided afterwards at Ephesus, yet he did not confirm any such narratives, or adduce them as proofs of the Divine nature of Jesus.

‘St. Paul, again, although repeatedly alluding

to a spiritual power of evil, did not in any of his epistles proclaim such a material and visible agency of Satan.

‘Hence, it may be concluded that the first three Evangelists shared the superstitious notions of their countrymen, and felt no hesitation in recording traditions which were current amongst their contemporaries.

‘They, in common with other Jews, believed that an evil spirit could enter into the bodies of men, use human organs as passive instruments, and exhibit supernatural knowledge through the agency of the human voice.

‘According to the belief of these Evangelists, this was the order of Nature, and the miraculous power of Jesus was displayed in superseding that order, and in compelling the evil spirits to relinquish their unfortunate victims.

‘The rejection of these narratives is founded on the attentive study of Scripture. The class of miracles in relation to demoniacs can only be accepted by first accepting the order of Nature indispensable to the exercise of this miraculous power.

‘The argument for or against miracles does not here enter into the question at issue. These narratives belong to Jewish traditions, and are rejected as traditional.

‘This view, if adopted, undoubtedly impairs

the authority of the Gospel history. On this subject change of opinion is inevitable. There are, it has been said, many other illusions which will be gradually cast out of the Protestant mind, although they may rend their victim as they come out of him, and leave him half dead at their departure.

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‘The whole subject of Satanic agency has occupied the attention of learned men in its two phases—namely, as a popular delusion, and as a fanciful philosophic theory. Both these forms of belief are found in the Apocryphal books; whilst in the New Testament the first is described in the Gospels, and the last in the Epistles of St. Paul.

‘To these last it will be convenient to revert hereafter.

‘When once human error has been accepted as the solution of Scriptural difficulties, many portions of the Gospel history will be readily subjected to the same mode of explanation. Chapter II.

‘The manifestations connected with the Nativity and Baptism of Jesus had in early times been withdrawn from the province of legitimate history. The angelic visions of Zacharias and of the Virgin; the alternate hymns sung by Elizabeth and Mary; the choir of angels chanting to the shepherds; the visit of the Eastern sages under the guidance of a star, and their

homage to the King of the Jews, are all incidents presented in the poetical form of earlier Hebrew records.

‘So again at the baptism, the opening of the heavens, the miraculous voice, the Divine nature descending in the bodily form of a dove, were regarded, it is said, even by Luther and by Calvin, as unhistorical, though sacred, recitals typical of Divine truth. . . .

‘If the early chapters of the Gospel history can no longer be received as a record of actual events, this conclusion has been arrived at from the study of Scripture itself.

‘Hymns recalling scenes and associations of the Hebrew race may have fascinated the first disciples by a shadowy promise of the overthrow of their heathen conquerors and the establishment of a Jewish kingdom under a national sovereign. But we may reasonably suppose that the language was typical, and capable only of a metaphorical fulfilment.

‘The chief interest of these chapters now consists in the light which they throw upon the date when such hymns could have been written, or, at least, orally repeated. They bear the distinctive features of Judaism, and must have been circulated amongst the first Jewish converts. Such poems could hardly have originated amongst a subsequent generation, when

the whole character of Christianity was already changed. This chronological testimony appears to refute the theories which ascribe the Gospels to a later period.

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‘The hymns and types of the Gospels may still please imaginative minds, but they do not satisfy the religious wants of the present age. The exigencies of modern thought require more distinct and definite convictions. Serious men will say, “If these books are so deeply coloured by the popular traditions and poetical imagery of the Hebrew race, where does reliable history begin? If the nativity of Jesus is thus surrounded by legends, is the Virgin herself historical?”’

‘It has been frequently observed that, in studying the early records of a nation, the attempt to separate actual history from legendary tradition becomes a hopeless task. The same obscurity unfortunately overclouds the dawn of Christianity. The Biblical student, in his honest endeavour to obtain historical truth, finds himself bewildered in a maze of poetry which intercepts his course. If, in his efforts to escape from this enchanted ground, he turns to the writings of St. Paul, the Apostle only increases his doubts. Paul alludes more than once to the lineage of Jesus, but he never mentions the Virgin Mary. This omission is the more

Chapter V.

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remarkable because the Apostle is unusually precise in relating the lineage of Jesus. Paul emphatically states : " Jesus was of the seed of David according to the flesh, and was declared to be the Son of God in power according to the spirit of holiness by the resurrection from the dead."

' Paul omits the angelic annunciation, the miraculous birth, and the heavenly acknowledgment at the baptism. He moreover asserts that the resurrection from the dead was the act by which the Divine nature of Jesus was established.

' St. Paul assuredly gave no heed to the endless genealogies which have perplexed modern commentators, but it is not easy to explain his total silence on the birth of Jesus, while the Epistles vindicate the Divine nature of Jesus. An irrepressible suspicion arises that either the miraculous nativity was a later tradition, or that Paul did not accept the narrative which was subsequently incorporated in two of the Gospels.

' Zealous devotion delights in magnifying the object of its affectionate enthusiasm, and legendary beliefs grow up rapidly under the unconscious action of sympathizing minds. In all traditions popular belief usually selects the one which appears most marvellous, and conse-

quently the tenet that Jesus was of the seed of David according to the flesh was willingly set aside, and a birth contrary to the flesh became the prevalent doctrine.

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‘By disjoining the words of Isaiah from the context to which they belong, and affixing a precise meaning to an expression of doubtful signification, a prophecy was made applicable to the occasion. This belief was further assisted by an Eastern notion of special purity, which was associated with birth from a virgin.

‘St. Paul had discountenanced this notion when he wrote, “I am persuaded by the Lord Jesus that nothing is unclean of itself.” As time advanced the superstitious doctrine of purity, increasing in intensity, led later worshippers to declare that Mary, after the birth of Jesus, must always have continued to be a virgin. In this they contradicted the admonition of the angel as related by Matthew, but the same zeal which set aside the language of an Apostle could easily disregard the assertions of an Evangelist.

‘Paul had indeed mentioned the Lord's brother; and there was Scriptural evidence of brothers and sisters. These statements were all discarded as a disparagement to Mary. These brothers, it was said, were cousins, or Joseph was a widower, and even ninety years

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old, when he married Mary, whilst these brothers were his children by a former wife.

‘This glorification of Mary became gradually insufficient for the increasing devotion of the faithful, and new honours were invented. “The master of superstition,” says Bacon, “is the people, and in all superstitions wise men follow fools.” The Church, whether leading or following, consecrated every successive legend. It was affirmed that Mary’s mother was a saint, and the birth of Mary herself must have been free from the sinful taint of the flesh.

‘In succeeding centuries the imagination of pious men took a still higher flight, and another elevation of Mary was announced. A special blessing had been promised to the pure in heart, and this privilege must in Mary have received a literal accomplishment. Mary must have ascended in the body to heaven.

‘Thus the beatified Virgin was exalted above all the saints of heaven, and in every church a chapel or an altar was dedicated to the mother of God. In many Christian churches her painted and jewelled effigy may still be seen, draped in a celestial robe, with a radiant glory on her head, receiving the adoration or the offerings of her suppliant votaries.

‘Between the significant silence of the Pauline Epistles and the last pontifical climax of ex-

travagant adulation there were several gradations or developments of doctrine. Every successive generation paid some tribute to the shrine of Mary. The first age was certainly not deficient in imaginative piety, and the contemporaries of St. Paul were not more careful of historical truth than Christians in subsequent centuries. . . .

‘On a calm survey of the history relating to the mysterious union of the Divine with the human nature, there appear to have been in the primitive Church three different beliefs :

‘The belief of St. Paul that the resurrection of Jesus was the first declaration of His Divine nature.

‘The belief that the descent of the Holy Spirit at the baptism was the miracle wherein the union was accomplished.

‘The belief in a material union before the birth. This doctrine eventually prevailed, and all other ideas were denounced and suppressed as heretical.

‘The difficulties in the Gospel history do not diminish with the progress of the narratives. The reader finds himself bewildered by deeper perplexities and more alarming doubts.

‘The moral questions which necessarily arise from the study of Scripture remain to this day unanswered.

A firm belief in a beneficent and merciful Deity is the primary and most cherished principle of Christianity—

“If this fail
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.”

‘A Divine command had, according to Scripture, been given to the Jews enjoining them to put to death any person, although he were a prophet or even a worker of miracles, who should turn them away from the God of their fathers and invite them to a new religion. This command was clear, peremptory, and inexorable. In what position were the Jews in regard to the teaching of Jesus? They beheld a man, who (if the Gospels are accurate) reprobated usages handed down from the time of the patriarchs, frequently violated their Sabbaths, and desired to establish a new religion. The Jewish law and the prophets were on this point equally decided. Jehovah had said, “I am the Lord, and beside Me there is no Saviour.”

‘Yet these Jews now saw a man whose parentage was known, who had dwelt for thirty years in a provincial town, whence he had lately come forth as the teacher of a new religion. If, then, the Jewish law was Divine, the Jews

must either have associated and identified Jesus with Jehovah, or have treated Him as a blasphemer. . . .

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‘A student, who relies on the reiterated assertion that Christianity fears no inquiry, and that the open Bible is the inheritance of Protestants, naturally directs his attention to the elaborate works on the Gospel history which the literature of the present century has so abundantly supplied. With an earnest desire to arrive at some satisfactory result he examines histories of Christianity, introductions to the New Testament, harmonies of the Gospels, Christian evidences, lives of Jesus, treatises on the nature and personality of Christ, and other works calculated to explain this mysterious subject. . . .

Chapter VII.

‘After all his labour he perceives that the history becomes less and less distinct as the investigation is more searching and precise. . . .

‘The student is reluctantly compelled to admit that the materials for a trustworthy life of Jesus and for a truthful history of those momentous events do not exist, whilst conjectural histories compiled in our own days are idle dreams.

‘These commentaries and critical dissertations have not, however, been unprofitable. The scepticism of a former age has been refuted by the criticism of a later period.

‘The imputation of forgery and fraud made against the Evangelists by writers in the last century has been dispelled by a more careful study of the Gospels.

‘One remarkable characteristic of these books is the simple truthfulness with which the Evangelists record the traditions therein collected, even when those traditions are unfavourable to their own conclusions. Thus they relate that Jesus met with little belief or estimation amongst His own kin and in His own country. Such an avowal seems hardly reconcilable with the miracles said to have accompanied His birth and baptism. If these supernatural occurrences did not convince His own kin, the subsequent recital of them could not be expected to satisfy a distant posterity.

‘So, again, the Evangelists admit that the multitude believed John the Baptist to be a prophet, while they hesitated to acknowledge Jesus. This admission disposes of the reasoning of Paley and other writers, who argue that miracles were indispensable as the credentials of a Divine mission.

‘The Evangelists candidly confess that the Apostles whom Jesus had selected did not implicitly believe in Him ; they did not understand His doctrines, they doubted His power, and they deserted Him on the first approach of danger.

‘ Yet these Apostles belonged to a race which had oftentimes astonished the world by its courage in facing torture and death under the impulse of religious faith.

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‘ Even in relating the great miracle of the resurrection of Jesus, the two earliest Gospels close their narratives with expressions of doubt and unbelief.

‘ Such language could only have been adopted by writers conscientiously anxious to relate the traditions exactly as they had become current amongst the first disciples. In this respect the truthfulness of the Evangelists offers a striking contrast to the conduct of subsequent ecclesiastical historians.

‘ Christianity, in so far as it is connected with events which occurred upon the earth, is an historical religion, and must rest on human testimony. Experience teaches us that the human memory, unassisted by a contemporaneous written record, soon corrupts the impressions of past events; and this observation is especially applicable to recollections associated with religious feeling.

‘ The doctrine that the Evangelists were miraculously exempted from the effects of human infirmity can no longer be maintained by theologians, who also explain some discrepancies in the Gospels by the admission of

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such infirmity. We have this treasure in earthen vessels, and it is so deeply impressed with the imperfections of the earth that the restoration of the actual history is now a hopeless task. . . .

Chapter VIII.

‘When, however, we pass on from the first mysterious history and survey the great results, we see the Divine and beneficent influence of Christianity impressed in indelible characters on the annals of the world. . . .

Chapter IX.

‘When, however, it is asked, What were the doctrines which produced these inestimable benefits? the reply would probably vary according to the Church or sect which undertook* to answer the question. Two prominent and generally acknowledged tenets of Christianity are faith in God and charity between men. Beyond these two there is scarcely another tenet which is not matter of controversy.

‘The history of Christianity is a history of heresies and schisms. From the day when the disciples left that upper chamber in Jerusalem to the present hour Christians have never been of one accord.

‘A student who seeks patiently to ascertain from the first Christian teachers the precise doctrines of Christianity, directs his attention to St. Paul as the first theologian, the first human instructor of the new religion.

‘ Here, it is often repeated, we meet a man of like passions with ourselves, we leave the enchanted ground of the Gospel narratives and tread again upon the accustomed earth.

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‘ At the outset of this inquiry the question presents itself, Are these Epistles the genuine writings of St. Paul? Into this examination it is not proposed to enter. The Pauline theology rests upon the Pauline Epistles. The most captious critics have admitted that the four chief Epistles are genuine. These would suffice to establish the principles of the Pauline doctrine. The only Epistle which is rejected by a concurrence of opinions is the Epistle to the Hebrews.

‘ In an impartial investigation of St. Paul's doctrines, it is desirable to rely on the general character and spirit of his writings, rather than on any single passage or selected text.

‘ Another difficulty arises from our ignorance of the order in which the Pauline Epistles were written. It has been often observed that this knowledge would be of great value, and assist in removing obscurities which are as yet impenetrable.

‘ St. Paul did not apparently write for the purpose of instructing future generations. His Epistles were evidently intended to meet temporary difficulties and to correct errors of doc-

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trine or of conduct in the congregations to whom they were addressed.

‘The Apostle looked forward to the second coming of Christ, if not within his own lifetime, at least before many years would pass away. The boundless prospect of future Christianity was never opened to his sight, and he did not contemplate a distant posterity seeking religious instruction from letters addressed to Jewish proselytes.

‘For the sake of judging these Epistles fairly and comprehending their purport, it would be desirable, so far as possible, to read them by the light in which they were written, and also to know something of the intellectual condition of the persons to whom they were addressed.

‘Throughout these writings Paul appears as the Jewish scribe, bringing forth from his treasure things new and old. His education and modes of thought were Jewish or Eastern. His acquaintance with Greek literature seems limited to such citations and proverbial phrases as may have been current in the maritime cities of Asia. His Epistles exhibit no familiarity with Greek philosophy, or with the style and culture of the Greek mind.

Whatever may have been the previous education of St. Paul, it is manifest that the persons to whom he addressed his Epistles must have

been trained under a similar system of instruction. They must have belonged to the same school of thought, otherwise they would not have appreciated his peculiar style of reasoning, his fanciful philosophy, and his allegorical interpretations of the Hebrew Scriptures.

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‘During the interval of more than four hundred years which elapsed between the Old and the New Testaments, important changes had occurred in the religious condition of the Hebrew race. This long period, although productive of effects which have modified the history of mankind, is not commemorated by any inspired writers whom Protestants acknowledge, and is too often therefore lost in the oblivion of ages.

‘In the course of these forgotten centuries numerous communities of Jews had spread themselves through the chief cities of the Roman Empire. New forms of religious thought were more readily accepted by men who had been long separated and estranged from their holy city and from their ancestral language. Amongst many causes which tended to modify the religion of the Greek Jews, the three following deserve to be specially noticed :

‘The Septuagint version of the Scriptures.

‘The Apocryphal books of the Old Testament.

‘The influence of the synagogues.

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‘The influence of language upon religion, and the extent to which words have indirectly modified human beliefs, have been frequently noticed.

‘The translation of Hebrew expressions into Greek could not be made without in some degree altering the full meaning of the original language.

‘The Hebrew text was regarded by the Jews as possessing a sanctity and Divine vigour unapproachable in a Greek version. This superiority is acknowledged in the prologue to the Book of Ecclesiasticus, as well as in the works of Josephus.

‘The tradition connected with the origin of the Septuagint proves the veneration it had obtained amongst the Greek Jews, and persons who believed in this legend would have deemed it impious to question the accuracy of a version composed under such supernatural guidance.

‘Critics, free from this superstitious restraint, observe in the Septuagint many indications of an endeavour to adapt the narratives of Scripture to a later form of religious thought. Thus the interposition of angels is substituted for the immediate intervention of the Deity, who recedes from that familiarity with man which appears in the Hebrew text. On this account it has been said that the Septuagint rationalizes.

‘The importance of this version is greatly enhanced by the frequent use made of it in the New Testament, and it is not unreasonable to infer that the Evangelists had a closer connection with the Greek Jews than with their Hebrew countrymen.

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‘Christianity seems soon after its birth to have become a Greek religion ; its records were almost entirely written in Greek ; and while the employment of a foreign language may have alienated the inhabitants of Judæa, it must have conciliated the favour of Jews and proselytes in the Greek cities of Asia and of Europe.

‘A severance from the language of their ancestral religion facilitated further change. An analogous effect resulted from the translation of the Scripture in modern Europe. “It is a most significant circumstance,” said Macaulay, “that no large society of which the tongue is not Teutonic has ever turned Protestant, and that wherever a language derived from that of ancient Rome is spoken, the religion of modern Rome to this day prevails.”

‘The form and force of expressions, even the gender of nouns, have qualified the beliefs of mankind. The word “spirit,” for instance, in its passage from Jerusalem to Rome, changed its gender more than once. Feminine in Hebrew,

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Chapter X.

it became neuter in Greek, and again masculine in Latin. It may be reasonably doubted whether, if the Latin term had been female, the Three Persons of the Trinity would have occupied their present positions in the religious thought of Christians. . . .

Chapter XI.

‘A Protestant, who has been taught that the Apocryphal books of the Old Testament are of little value, is surprised to find that these books contain the first distinct indications of the legendary beliefs and of the religious philosophy which were subsequently incorporated in Christian theology.

‘Whoever wishes to study the history of religious thought must devote his attention to these interesting writings, which, beyond their intrinsic merit, are of great importance, inasmuch as they mark a movement of the human mind from Judaism towards Christianity.

‘For instance, the immortality of man is announced in this rejected Apocrypha more clearly than in any book of the Old Testament.

‘Here, also, the antagonism between matter and spirit, the impurity of the whole material world, and the evil influence of the corruptible body upon the human soul, are proclaimed as unquestionable truths.

‘The evil spirit, who scarcely appears in the

Old Testament, or is only mentioned as a subordinate agent of the Deity employed to test the virtue of the righteous, occupies in the Apocrypha a prominent position—at one time as the subject of a popular legend, and at another as the subtle enemy of man, whose death is attributed to the envy of the devil. . . .

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Chapter XI.

‘The Greek synagogues must have exercised considerable influence in modifying the old Hebrew doctrines.

Chapter XII.

‘Jews scattered throughout the chief cities of the Roman Empire could not comply with the religion of Moses. They could neither conform to the law nor understand the language in which it was written. For them the synagogue had become a substitute for the temple, and the scribe had superseded the priest.

‘Every synagogue, moreover, was under the control of chosen elders—masters in Israel. Different teachers, or expounders of Scripture, unconsciously or designedly introduced diversity of doctrine. Pharisees and Sadducees, though opposed to each other on questions of fundamental importance, were alike admitted to high offices in the temple; it may, therefore, be reasonably conjectured that there was a similar latitude of opinion in the synagogues of Alexandria and of Rome.

‘Some ingenious writers have endeavoured

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to trace the source of Christianity to the schools and synagogues of Alexandria. They would even interpret the prophecy, "Out of Egypt have I called My Son," in a mystic sense.

'Such fanciful notions must be discarded; but the forms of religious thought which were current amongst the Jews of Alexandria were probably not unknown to their countrymen in Antioch and in Rome. A departure from the old creed of their fathers, an increasing propensity towards allegorical interpretations of Scripture, and an inclination to amalgamate Eastern beliefs with Greek philosophy, tended to generate a vague and mystic latitude of thought on the nature of the Deity.

'Such liberty of religious opinion must have prevailed amongst the Jews who concurred in sending Philo to Rome as the representative of his countrymen on a question connected with the Jewish religion.

'This diversity of doctrines probably facilitated the entrance of St. Paul's theology. He found the harvest ripe for the sickle, and the Greek synagogues were the fields wherein he was specially qualified to win over converts to Christianity. His attachment to the traditions, his frequent reference to Jewish Scriptures, his system of typical interpretations, and his style

of reasoning, could only have been effective amongst men who had been previously accustomed to hear their Scriptures allegorized, and who heard from Paul an exposition of doctrines not unknown in their schools.

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Chapter XII.

‘We cannot now ascertain what were the predominant doctrines in the synagogues of the dispersion, but there are grounds for suspecting that the space travelled over, from the temple to the Greek synagogue, was nearly as wide as from the synagogue to the church.

‘The three subjects here so concisely noticed are deserving of far more attention than has been usually accorded to them in the introductions to the Pauline theology.

‘In the midst of more pressing questions it would be here impossible to discuss them satisfactorily.

‘“After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers,” said St. Paul. Chapter XIII.

‘Paul was the first heresiarch, the bold innovator, the fierce controversialist. He boasted of his contest with the chief Apostles, to whom he would not give way—no, not for an hour. They seemed, he says, to be pillars, or seemed to be somewhat, but it made no matter to him.

‘These chief Apostles offered him a com-

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promise, suggesting that they should teach the Jews, and that Paul should teach his Christianity to the Gentiles. Subsequently, however, when Peter came to Antioch, an open rupture occurred between these two Apostles. Paul withstood Peter to his face, blaming him before the assembled congregation. So violent was this dissension, and so bitter the animosity which it engendered, that, after the lapse of many years, Paul adverts to it with unabated rancour, and fixes on Peter for all futurity the grave charge of dissimulation.

‘Are we to infer from the statement of St. Paul that the chief Apostles and their disciples at Jerusalem had been teaching and practising, during some twenty years, an imperfect Christianity—piecing out, it has been said, Aaron’s old garment with the new cloth? The men who should have been pillars of Christ’s Church were, it seems, still strict Jews, diligently attending the sacrifices in the temple, and adhering to the laws and customs of Moses.

‘The hostility to St. Paul arose not from his acceptance of Christianity, but from his repudiation of Judaism. While the older Apostles were living undisturbed at Jerusalem, combining a belief in Christ with a daily observance of the Jewish law, Paul had broken loose from the law, and openly proclaimed that its

obligations even for the Hebrew race were now at an end, that the law itself was a miserable bondage, burdensome in this life, and useless in the life to come.

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Chapter XIII.

‘This conflict lasted apparently throughout the residue of St. Paul’s life. His Epistles prove the hatred of his adversaries and the success of their efforts. They impugned his Apostleship, they disparaged his doctrine, and vilified his character. They sent missionaries to counteract his teaching. They rejoiced over his imprisonment, and added affliction to his bonds.

‘Thus he lived to see the defection of the churches which he had planted, and the relapse to a Jewish Christianity of the adherents whom he had instructed. “All they which are in Asia,” he complains, “be turned away from me.”

‘This apostasy from his doctrine appears to have been prevalent towards the close of his life, when, as he says, “the time of my departure is at hand.”

‘There are, moreover, many indications that, after the Apostle’s earthly career was closed, rival Christians reviled his memory, and held up his doctrine to scorn and reprobation.

‘This controversy in the early Church necessarily qualifies our belief in Apostolic inspira-

tion. Those persons who maintain that the Apostles were miraculously endowed with all knowledge essential to the promulgation of Christianity, must equally deny history and controvert Scripture. The Apostles were, it is said, men of like passions with ourselves; it must also be admitted that they were men of like limited knowledge. We see in their vehemence the tongues of fire, but we look in vain for the holy inspiration.

‘Among the numerous works written by the clergy treating of the life and of the doctrines of St Paul, it is difficult to name one which candidly admits the striking discrepancies between the Pauline Epistles and the Acts.

‘The “*Horæ Paulinæ*” of Paley will serve to prove the justice of this observation, and as this book is an argumentative treatise addressed to the calm reason of the Protestant reader, it is fairly open to the criticism which it invites.

‘Paley assumes, for the purpose of his argument, that the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul were accidentally discovered in an old Spanish library, and he then proceeds to examine and compare them with the view of ascertaining how far many insignificant and undesigned coincidences in each work prove these books to be founded on facts,

or to be, as he says, in the main true. Of course, Paley arrives at the sound orthodox conclusion which is expected from an English divine.

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Chapter XIV.

‘If, however, later critics, pursuing a similar system of inquiry, have arrived at a somewhat different conclusion, they cannot fairly be blamed and stigmatized as rationalists. The question at issue is, which view receives the strongest confirmation from the documents themselves?’

‘In examining these portions of Scripture with the same freedom which Paley assumes, it seems reasonable to give priority to the Epistles, inasmuch as the letters of a trustworthy man are better evidence of his actions and opinions than the recollections of a biographer.

‘St. Paul attached, apparently, great importance to the assertion that he did not receive his Gospel from man, but by revelation of Jesus Christ. In support of this assertion, he emphatically states that he conferred not with flesh and blood, nor went to Jerusalem to the Apostles, but went into Arabia.

Chapter XV.

‘After three years, he says, he went to Jerusalem, and abode with Peter, as he carefully adds, for fifteen days. During this period he only saw Peter and James.

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‘This special reference to dates awakens a suspicion that Paul’s Christian doctrine had been ascribed to human intervention, and that St. Paul was intent on refuting this assertion.

‘Now, this assertion is distinctly made by the author of the Acts, who states that Paul, after his conversion, received his baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost from Ananias at Damascus. This book further adds that Paul, being compelled to fly from Damascus, came to Jerusalem, and assayed to join himself to the disciples, but they were afraid of him. Barnabas, however, brought Paul to the Apostles, and “he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem.”

‘In order to connect Paul still more closely with the Apostles, this book states that “Paul showed first unto them of Damascus and Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and then to the Gentiles.”

‘St. Paul explicitly denies this, and declares before God that, after the fifteen days at Jerusalem, he came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia, and was unknown by face unto the churches of Judæa.

‘According to Paul’s Epistles, seventeen years had elapsed after his conversion before he had any intercourse with the church at Jerusalem. . . .

‘ St. Paul’s description of the gift of tongues directly refutes the statement in the Acts. This contradiction produces an irresistible impression that the Epistles record the actual occurrence, while the Acts commemorate the legendary tradition. This discrepancy casts additional doubt upon other portions of the book.

‘ Paley observes that in the Epistles Paul expresses the affectionate feelings, the limited knowledge, and the restricted power belonging to man; he regrets the illness of one friend whom he is obliged to leave sick in the midst of a journey; and he gratefully rejoices over the recovery of another, the issue of whose illness he could not foresee.

‘ In order to reconcile this language with the marvellous cures recorded in the Acts, Paley intimates that the Apostles had not at all times the power of working miracles, nor even the means of obtaining that power.

‘ Paley is forced into this supposition by his desire to uphold a legendary history; but if the Book of the Acts is to be believed, a handkerchief or an apron sent from Paul would at once have healed Epaphroditus, and restored him both to his duties and to his friend.

‘ These legends furnished a Scriptural sanction for the relics and miraculous amulets of

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Chapter XXI.

subsequent centuries. The careful study of the Pauline Epistles leads to the rejection of these fanciful or exaggerated narratives.

Chapter XXII.

‘Christianity was preached and promulgated by men struggling amidst poverty and affliction, against contempt and persecution. By their self-devotion, their untiring zeal, their patience, and their faith, they constrained an unwilling world at first to listen and at last to believe.

‘Their mission was not a march of triumph, where astonished and obsequious multitudes thronged around them to share their marvellous gifts and to witness their supernatural powers.

‘In the Acts these legendary wonders may be seen, but the Epistles of St. Paul present a less miraculous though more truthful picture. His ministry appears as a continued martyrdom. He refers to sufferings and imprisonments, which no miracles had intervened to mitigate. No prison gates fly open to release him; no jailer falls as a suppliant at his feet; no magistrates humbly beseech him to depart. For him Nature did not suspend her course. Roman governors did not tremble at his presence. The days of Ambrose and of Hildebrand had not yet arrived.

‘In weariness and in painfulness Paul pur-

sues his way, sustained only by the unfaltering faith which animated his whole existence. "The Lord," he says, "stood by me, and strengthened me."

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Chapter XXII.

'The Book of the Acts cannot be received as an accurate history of the events which it records. When Paley argues that it appears to be "in the main" true, the question may be answered according to the meaning attached to these words.

'There is abundant evidence that the author or compiler of the Acts had collected many traditions relating to St. Paul. These traditions were fluctuating and uncertain, if we may judge from the three narratives of the Apostle's conversion, since these are all found to differ in some details.

'Learned critics have suggested that the object of this book was to effect a compromise between the two divergent doctrines, and to reconcile the followers of Paul with the Judaizing Christians.

'With such a view the author would omit the dissension between these Apostles, and he would endeavour to assimilate their doctrines and their powers, representing one Apostle as the counterpart of the other.

'There are several objections to the adoption of this solution, which need not here be discussed.

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Chapter XXII.

‘The reader who has carefully considered the contradictions between the statements in the Acts and the language in the Epistles, is irresistibly impressed with a suspicion that, if we now possessed a similar authentic criterion by which to test the narratives in the Gospels, our opinion of those books would be qualified, while our knowledge would be more complete.

Chapter
XXIII.

‘Locke observes in the preface to his paraphrase of the Pauline Epistles: “We may still see in this day how every man’s philosophy regulates his interpretation of the Word of God.”

‘In the Jewish mind religion and philosophy were indissolubly blended. The Hebrew Scriptures were supposed to contain a vast scheme of recondite philosophy, which could be unfolded by learned men under the assistance of Divine favour. This philosophy colours the Apocryphal books of the Old Testament, and had apparently imbued the traditions of the Jewish schools. On this subject the statements of Josephus must be received with caution, inasmuch as he wished to give to Jewish beliefs the complexion of Greek philosophy.

‘St. Paul had, as he states, profited in the religion of the Jews; his frame of mind was moulded in the schools of the Pharisees; and he was zealous of the traditions.

‘A man can never entirely divest himself of the forms of thought and of feeling which belong to his age and country. Paul’s Christianity did not release him from his Jewish prepossessions, and his philosophy is so intermixed with his religious doctrine that it is almost impossible to accept his theology without also accepting his philosophy as Divine.

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tianity—Chapter
XXIII.

‘The Eastern philosophy which had, during some centuries preceding the Christian era, insinuated itself into the Jewish mind, pretended to solve problems left in obscurity by the earlier Hebrew Scriptures.

Chapter
XXIV.

‘Amongst these the origin of evil was propounded as the basis of a philosophical religion. Matter, which included the whole terrestrial and animal world, was from its nature evil, and was opposed to spirit, which was beneficent, pure, and celestial. These two antagonist principles were thought to explain the anomalies of the visible world, and to unriddle the perplexities of human existence.

‘St. Paul was not careful in his use of words, as will be shown more fully hereafter, and this indistinctness confuses his philosophy ; but it seems that he had adopted the doctrine of the Apocryphal Scripture as an undeniable truth. He taught that the material world, animate and inanimate, was alike impure, and under the

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ter XXIV.

dominion of an evil principle. The whole creation, he said, groaneth and travaileth in pain ; it is subject to Satan, who is the god of this world, the prince of the power of the air, the enemy of man, and the adversary of Christ.

‘ In immediate connection with this scheme of religious philosophy, Paul had also adopted a theory concerning the nature of man.

‘ The English language has no equivalent words to express the subdivision of man’s nature as represented in the Pauline Epistles. The Greek language might have furnished the means of expressing these qualities, but Paul does not carefully attend to the distinction which he indicates. The system is necessarily rendered more obscure by this want of precision.

‘ Man’s nature is said to consist of :

‘ The body or the flesh, *σωμα*.

‘ The animating principle of earthly life, *ψυχη*.

‘ The intellect or understanding, *νους*.

‘ The spirit or Divine principle, *πνευμα*.

‘ According to this philosophy, the body and the animating principle of the body were altogether evil, sensual, and subject to the devil.

‘ On the other hand, the spirit is not invariably pure and holy, because there are unclean

and wicked spirits. The same word is used for the heavenly and for the devilish spirit.

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‘This system of philosophy constitutes the basis of the Pauline theology. On this is founded the displeasure of the Deity, the necessity of redemption, and the mystery of the atonement.

‘It becomes daily more difficult to admit that, while the basis is composed of human materials, the superstructure is altogether Divine.

‘This system of philosophy was not warranted by the religion of Moses. It was obviously incompatible with the doctrine of temporal rewards and punishments. A creed which assigned earthly happiness as the recompense of piety could not also teach that earthly felicities were altogether impure. The Deity could not be divided against Himself or bestow upon the righteous those rewards which were the chief ingredients of sin.

Chapter XXV.

‘We may reasonably doubt whether Jesus taught His disciples that this Eastern philosophy was a Divine truth. He did not apparently say of little children—the unbaptized infants—that they were inherently vicious and unfit for heaven. Again, the beautiful prayer which is associated with His name says in simple words : “Lead us not into temptation,”

thus leaving no place for the evil spirit, and depriving the tempter of his traditional employment.

‘St. Paul could not escape from the endless inconsistencies arising from a theological philosophy which controverted the Hebrew Scriptures. Thus, while at one time he describes the devil as the god of this world, he elsewhere asserts that the earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof. So he writes to the Ephesians, “God is above you all, and through you all, and in you all”; whilst he tells the Romans, “In the flesh dwelleth no good thing.” Here the Apostle seems to have felt the contradiction, and therefore adds, “Ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit.”

‘This qualification creates a new confusion, since Paul elsewhere speaks of himself as abiding in the flesh, meaning thereby living on the earth, without including the secondary signification of the word “flesh.”

‘The whole religious instruction, and even the moral precepts of St. Paul, were distorted by the incongruous combination of the Mosaic law with Eastern philosophy.

‘He promises, for instance, that women who continue in faith and charity shall be saved in child-bearing. Since, however, he represents this world as a prison, from which it is better

to depart, the promise appears to be an unsatisfactory recompense.

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Chapter XXV.

‘Again, when the Apostle censures the conduct of evil-doers at Corinth, and adds, “for this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep,” this language refers to the Jewish law, the beggarly elements, from which he could not liberate his mind. . . .

“It is blood which maketh an atonement for the soul.” Chapter XXX.

“Without shedding of blood there is no remission.”

‘Thus Leviticus had pronounced, and the Epistle to the Hebrews echoed the sanguinary sentence.

‘St. Paul sanctioned the same doctrine, connecting it with the crucifixion.

‘Yet it would seem that a more beneficent doctrine had been proclaimed by a higher authority. Obedience had been preferred to sacrifice; and Jesus was reported to have said: “Go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice.”

‘Are we to believe that these words were spoken at a time when the most appalling sacrifice was immediately required? Is this the doctrine of the Cross? How can it be said that the flesh profits nothing, when we are equally taught that the flesh profited everything?

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Chapter XXX.

‘This mysterious subject awakens deep reflection. Man is the creature of the past, and he cannot release himself from the inherited conditions of his nature. Every word in human language has its pedigree; every thought in the human mind has its parentage. When man’s religious feelings are excited, his imagination unconsciously reverts to antecedent impressions of superstitious terror. Forms of belief that had died away rise up again in shadowy similitude, and haunt his mind with visions of an angry God demanding from the feeble, half reasoning beings whom He has created an atonement for their imperfections.

‘Is this doctrine a Divine mystery? May it not be a relic of idolatry, raked out of the embers of an extinguished creed, and ignorantly raised on high in the sanctuary of the Christian God?

‘According to the Pauline theology, man by his descent from Adam had incurred the penalty of eternal death; but by the sacrifice of Jesus man was released from this penalty on condition of his believing in Jesus.

‘At the period when Paul proclaimed this doctrine many disciples were still living who had accompanied Jesus in His wanderings, following Him day by day to listen to His holy words, to imbibe, if possible, something of

His Divine thoughts, to watch the sublime devotion of His life, to weep over His agonizing death. What must these disciples have felt when they beheld Paul the Pharisee rejoicing over that death, expressing no contrition for the share which the Pharisees had in the crucifixion, and shedding no tear on the page which recorded the sufferings of Jesus?

‘From his Epistles it appears that St. Paul was a man of warm feelings and of affectionate disposition; but his whole nature was so absorbed in the heavenly Christ, that he had lost all recollection of the earthly Jesus. Paul seems to admit this when he writes: “Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth know we Him no more.”

‘It is manifest from passages already cited that the real Jesus had in Paul’s mind been identified with the ideal conception of Philo’s school; or perhaps Paul and Philo both derived their doctrines from antecedent writers, of whose philosophy some samples have been preserved in the Apocryphal books.

‘As St. Paul speaks of the two Adams, so Philo writes: “The generation of man is twofold—one celestial, the other terrestrial. The terrestrial man consists of particles of matter called earth; the celestial man is made in the

likeness of God, and is free from all earthly and corruptible nature."

'Here the Apostle found the doctrine of the Jewish schools accomplished in the person of Christ. The terrestrial man had perished on the cross in a merciful sacrifice, while by resurrection from the dead, Christ, the first celestial man, was now acknowledged as the Son of God.

'Thus Paul perceived that the instruction of his early years was reconciled with the creed of his maturer age. The real and the ideal beings were identified. An avenue now opened to the Apostle's sight leading to immortality.

'The union of the Divine with the human nature had in Eastern religions been frequently typified as a marriage. The whole community of Christians constituted the bride with whom Christ would be now joined, and they would be united in immortality. This, the Apostle adds, is the great mystery.

'It is impossible here to separate ancient beliefs from the mysterious doctrines of a later theology, or to declare with confidence how far the religious teaching of St. Paul had been biased by Eastern philosophies. He was the Jewish scribe bringing forth from his treasure things new and old, and regarded the old and the new as equally Divine.

‘All these things, it is said, should be received in faith, and to faith therefore we must now turn.

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Chapter XXX.

‘Faith is the elementary principle of all religions. In this general sense faith has been defined a vivid impression of the supernatural, or an unhesitating reliance founded on implicit belief in some Divine power.

Chapter
XXXI.

‘The definition of faith in the Epistle to the Hebrews, “the evidence of things not seen,” is frequently cited as a Divine explanation of faith. This definition is not, however, of Apostolic origin, since it is also found in Philo's life of Moses, where it is mentioned as an old Hebrew saying. Such an interpretation of the word “faith” has therefore no special claim to our acceptance, and its vagueness would obviously allow a large margin for human credulity.

‘Faith, although it is the eternal source of all religious feeling, has not any necessary connection with moral virtue. Fanatic assassins and sensual idolaters have displayed a faith unsurpassed by Christian saints. An equally vehement faith oftentimes inflamed the persecutor with zeal and armed the martyr with endurance. . . .

‘St. Paul's language is as usual deficient in precision, and the example which he adduces does not assist in elucidating his meaning.

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tianity—Chap-
ter XXXI.

‘Sometimes he uses “faith” in the simple sense of belief. Sometimes “faith” means obedience to the Divine will. Sometimes the word signifies the Christian religion in the sense which he attached to Christianity.

‘Again, “faith” is a Divine grace given only to Christians ; while in other passages “faith” has a more mysterious sense, and must be interpreted to mean a spiritual union with Christ.

‘Faith, in the Pauline theology, is the centre round which the whole system revolves, and by which it is held together. The Protestant therefore endeavours to find some comprehensive signification of this mysterious word, which will contain the various meanings alluded to in the Epistles of St. Paul.

‘St. Paul cites as an example of faith the conduct of Abraham when a son was promised to him in his old age. Our version of Scripture represents Abraham as irreverently laughing, and openly expressing his distrust of Almighty power.

‘The history is, however, altogether incoherent, because at a later period Abraham marries another wife (Keturah), by whom, without Divine intervention, he has six sons.

‘In that age Jewish writers—as may be seen in the works of the venerated Philo—paid little attention to actual history. They regarded the

patriarchs as types or emblems of religious feelings, rather than as real historical fathers of the Hebrew race.

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tianity—Chap-
ter XXXI.

‘The history of Abraham contains striking instances of faith, in the sense of implicit reliance on Divine power; but the instance selected by St. Paul is not conducive to a clear apprehension of his meaning.

‘The Pauline representations of faith seem to have perplexed other Apostles, and the moral consequences of his doctrine evidently alarmed St. James so seriously that he endeavoured in his own Epistle to counteract its effect. . . .

‘The Protestant student passes on from such eloquent allusions with feelings of disappointment.

‘The word “faith” in the Pauline Epistles comprises three separate significations connected with three separate faculties in the complex nature of man :

‘First, belief, which belongs to the understanding or intellectual nature.

‘Second, reliance or trust, which belongs to the moral nature.

‘Third, union or identification with Christ ; this belongs to the spiritual nature.

‘It is manifest that this last perfection of faith would absorb, and therefore supersede,

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ter XXXI.

the feebler and more incomplete forms of faith. Paul's faith was an intense consciousness, in which the whole sentient mind of the Apostle was impressed with the conviction of a union with Christ.

'It is equally evident that the contrast between faith and works could never have occurred if this highest signification of faith had found entrance into the mind of St. James.

'How far earnest believers have attained, or believed that they have attained, this transcendental faith, cannot be known. It is almost impossible for men, whose habits of thought and of feeling have been trained by modern education and tempered by intercourse with existing society, to comprehend the mental condition which prevailed in former centuries under an entirely different state of civilization. The faith of a devout Christian in the earliest age of Christianity subjugated his whole nature, and was identified with his personal existence. He lived in an ecstasy of hope, awaiting the speedy advent of Christ, by whom and with whom he would be caught up into the clouds of heaven.

'In James's Epistle faith seems synonymous with belief. Luther, in his enthusiastic admiration of St. Paul, called the Epistle of James an Epistle of straw. We in this later

age, without aspiring to the elevated doctrine of St. Paul, should be satisfied with a faith which could combine the conviction of the intellect with the obedience of the heart. . . .

‘The progress of civilization has not been favourable to faith. All other Christian virtues—justice, benevolence, temperance, patience, self-denial—are strengthened by education, and the advancement of religion is here in harmony with the moral improvement of society. Why, then, is one Christian virtue an exception? Why is faith weakened and impaired by the culture under which other Christian virtues thrive? Is faith left as the heritage of the uneducated? . . .

‘Adam Smith, one of the oracles of modern society, declared: “The man scarce lives who is not more credulous than he ought to be; the natural disposition of man inclines him to believe; experience alone teaches incredulity, and seldom teaches it sufficiently.”

‘It may be confidently affirmed that, if belief is in itself a virtue, the whole course of modern education is a grave mistake. A system of instruction which teaches men to examine for themselves, to be cautious in accepting the opinions of other persons, to distrust authority, and to sift evidence, necessarily counteracts that disposition to believe which Adam Smith says is natural to mankind.

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tianity—Chap-
ter XXXI.

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‘There are many indications of the success in this direction, at least, which modern education has attained. The Protestant oftentimes takes up his open Bible ; he wishes to believe ; he tries to believe ; he thinks, at all events, it is safest to believe ; he feels ashamed of disbelief ; he even debases his moral truthfulness by pretending to believe. All these efforts avail him nothing, and he is at last obliged in his own conscience silently to confess that he has been born some centuries too late.

“ ‘In all matters where faith is concerned,” says Locke, “the first thing necessary is to fix the boundary between faith and reason, for I find that all sects, where reason will help them, make use of it gladly ; but when it fails, they cry out : ‘This is matter of faith, and above reason.’”

‘The frontier between faith and reason is still undefined ; but it is now generally admitted that faith borders more closely on the feelings than on the reason. The chief religious leaders of mankind have been men who readily believed whatever vividly impressed their imagination. Such men hold that they have an internal witness, and can therefore dispense with all other evidence. This conviction can only be communicated to other sympathizing natures.

‘In proportion to the success of modern

education, the more regular and disciplined exercise of the human faculties will tend to repress these impulses, and to subject the feelings to the understanding.

‘ The innumerable influences of our existing civilization operating through the channels of science, of literature, and of social intercourse both at home and abroad, alter our preconceived notions, and faith is gradually losing her empire over the mind ; whole provinces have been wrested from her dominion, and her authority is becoming daily less secure.

‘ There is, however, one unassailable fortress to which she may retire—faith in God. In this unapproachable sanctuary she will reign supreme.

‘ This faith does not depend on the collation of manuscripts, or on the reconciliation of conflicting texts. The believer need not seek a foundation for his faith in a Vatican or Alexandrian Codex. He need not contend for the grammatical accuracy of a disputed passage, or strain his faculties in vain attempts to solve a metaphysical problem.

‘ He may leave to theological disputants the questions on which for so many centuries they have exercised their ingenuity. Here, at last, the natural and supernatural will be merged in one harmonious universe under one Supreme intelligence.

The Duke's
book on Chris-
tianity—Chap-
ter XXXI.

The Duke's
book on Chris-
tianity—Chap-
ter XXXI.

‘In affliction and in sickness the thoughtful man will find here his safest support. Even in that dread hour, when the shadows of death are gathering around him, when the visible world fades from his sight and the human faculties fail, when the reason is enfeebled, and the memory relaxes its grasp, faith—the consoler—still remains, soothing the last moments, and pointing to a ray of light beyond the mystery of the grave.

‘Is faith in God the faith which Jesus taught, or is Christian faith more complex in its manifold requirements? To this question various are the replies; but every man must at last seek the solution in his own mind or his own heart. Theology cannot aid him; for, whilst faith would rely on Scripture, Scripture itself can only rely on faith. . . .

The last
chapter.

‘The foregoing pages contain an epitome of the causes which have produced the deep Biblical scepticism of the present day, and are thought to justify its existence. Those persons who are eager to refute this scepticism have here an ample field for their exertions.

‘The questions at issue are, however, of a nature which controversial warfare cannot decide. They must be left to the judgment of another generation.

‘It is impossible to predict what will be the

Protestantism of the future; but, there are many indications that none of the existing denominations will resist the mental wear and tear of the next fifty years.

The Duke's book on Christianity—The last chapter.

‘A large portion of the people will, it may be hoped, be better educated. Their opinions will then approximate to the views now prevalent amongst the cultivated classes of society. This progress will not be favourable to sectarian distinctions.

‘The universities are now open to all religious persuasions, and will soon offer their emoluments to the ablest men in every class of life. The Churchman and the Nonconformist will be trained alike in history, philosophy, and kindred studies.

‘A new school of thought will gradually predominate, and the wall of partition between Churchman and Nonconformist will be broken down.

‘The community will be influenced by the current of thought flowing from the universities; religious teachers of more enlarged views will then be required.

‘We may hope, also, that by the continued progress of learning and of liberty, Christianity, as Butler long ago predicted, will be better understood. The ministers of religion will again become the teachers of the people,

The Duke's
book on Chris-
tianity—The
last chapter.

and the open Bible will irresistibly lead to the open church.

‘Religious and secular instruction will then be in unison, the distinctions of Protestant sects will be obliterated and forgotten, and the Church would, without any violent convulsion, become the Church of the whole Protestant people.

‘Such a course of enlightened policy would be far preferable to the continued maintenance of the existing denominations, which are becoming every day less and less suited to satisfy the moral and intellectual demands arising from expanded knowledge and from the freer discussions of religious thought.

‘These speculations, however, lead us far away from the world in which we live. For the present disputes must still divide and irritate the Protestant community. Vigorous but narrow-minded men usually exercise most influence over the least educated classes of society ; and public opinion can only be brought by slow degrees to entertain a view of Christianity unencumbered with the prescriptive phrases belonging to another state of civilization. The leaven is still fermenting in the human mind, and education must accelerate the process—

“ Sumunt boni, sumunt mali,
Sorte tamen inæquali.”

CHAPTER XVII.

1871—1880.

A Highland Visit—Loss of the *Captain*—A Fire in London—Number of New Peerages—Mr. Gladstone and the Pope—The Greville Memoirs—A Vase from the Summer Palace—A Sham Lord Rossmore—An Ambassador's English—Mr. Froude's Experiments—Loss of the *Eurydice*—A Case of Conjugal Jealousy—Sir Samuel Baker in Cyprus—A Speech in the House of Lords—A Life of Prince Bismarck.

A LARGE proportion of the Duke's remaining letters are addressed to Lady Katherine Parker, who permits their publication. She was one of his near neighbours in Devonshire, and he had known her since her childhood.

In the autumn of 1871 he paid a visit to his son-in-law and his daughter, Sir John and Lady Guendolen Ramsden, at Ardverikie, their shooting-lodge in the Highlands. The house was celebrated for containing certain frescoes of Landseer, to which the Duke alludes; but these, together with the greater part of the building, were destroyed by fire in the autumn of the year following.

The Duke of Somerset to the Duchess of Somerset.

'Ardverikie, Kingussie, N.B.,
'August 25, 1871.

'This is a beautiful wild place, containing the advantages of Glen Quoich (I forget how they

The Duke of Somerset, in the Highlands, to the Duchess of Somerset, 1871.

spell it) and Achnacarry. The hills finely shaped, and the border of the lake well wooded. . . .

‘When we came to Loch Laggan, where there is a ferry (about two miles from this house), we found that the ferry-boat had copied the precedent of the navy, and could not swim, but had quite recently gone to the bottom.

‘August 26.

‘In the evening I went in a boat with Guen on Loch Laggan; a beautiful evening, with a fresh wind. We were lazily fishing from the boat, and Guen* suddenly called out: “Stop the boat! My line is caught in a rock at the bottom of the water!” I took her fishing-rod in my hand to help, when I found she had caught a fish; on this she was in great excitement, and we got the fish into the boat. It was not a very large trout. . . .

* Lady Guendolen Ramsden.

‘I have not yet seen much of this place, because it is so large; but the variety of wild scenery is very striking, and I could see the deer on the hills without a telescope.

‘August 27.

‘After luncheon, Guen, Jack,† and I walked through a wild wood, near the lake, and scrambled through rocks and bogs, with beautiful views of the lake and hills. This house is

† Sir John Ramsden.

comfortable; a very cheerful drawing-room, with a bay-window looking on the lake. In this room there are on the walls three sketches by Landseer of deer and dogs, etc. The dining-room and all the passages are decorated with deer's horns.

The Duke of Somerset, in the Highlands, to the Duchess of Somerset, 1871.

'August 30.

'Yesterday I drove with Guen to Cluny Castle, where there was a bazaar which she wished to attend, as a civility to the Cluny family. It was a beautiful drive, and, as the day was fine, the bazaar (in a field near the castle) was successful. I went into the castle, and saw many relics which the Pretender had left or given to the Cluny of that day.

'This morning Guen and I rode ponies to a waterfall, where Guen made a sketch and I fished for trout.'

The following note to the Duchess refers to the loss of the *Captain*, the vessel invented and constructed by Captain Coles :

'Maiden Bradley,

'September 18, 1872.

'As to Captain Coles and his inventions, the *Times* has now come to the conclusion which was rejected for five years, while that contest as to these sea-going turret-ships filled the columns of the newspapers. Even now, if the survivors had not escaped to tell the truth, we should be in danger of losing

more lives from the obstinate conceit of that unfortunate man.'

*The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine
Parker.*

'Travellers' Club,

'February 14, 1874.

'DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

'We had a brilliant light last night from the burning of the Pantechnicon ; a roaring fire, and noise of engines and mob. Kimberley, who has now a house in Lowndes Square, tells me he was kept awake all night by the turmoil. I have no taste for fires, so did not go to look at it.

'The view of the next Government is as yet rather hazy. They say that Cairns does not wish to be Chancellor, on account of his health ; but as they have no one else available, he must, I think, take the place for the next Session at least. Karslake, again, has not health for Attorney-General, so that the Conservatives are very weak in lawyers.

'I have scribbled this in the midst of conversation ; but as a Sunday in the country is rather blank, even this scrawl may amuse. You have, I believe, no missions at Chudleigh such as we have here. The other day a woman met a clergyman in the street, and

asked him the way to the Strand ; he answered that he would show her the way to heaven if she would follow him to the church.

The Duke of
Somerset
to Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1874.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘SOMERSET.’

‘30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

‘February 18, 1874.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘I scribble on the next page the reported new Ministers. You will see in the paper the new peerages, as Moore says somewhere :

“Only think of new peers overrunning the nation,
Like a swarm of young frogs in a Dutch inundation ;
Things got up in haste, just to make a Court list of ;
Two legs and a coronet all they consist of.”

‘Yours sincerely,

‘S.’

‘Thursday, March 5, 1874.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘The news that King Coffee is a prisoner is received by Carnarvon at the Colonial Office, and I trust therefore that it is true.

‘I have just come from the House of Lords, having seen the opening of Parliament and taken the oath, shaken hands with the Lord Chancellor, and then went to the House of Commons to hear the usual complimentary speeches which preface the re-election of the

The Duke of
Somerset
to Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1874.

Speaker. I suppose Morley has not come to town, as I did not see him. To-morrow I shall go to see the new peers brought up to the table of the House of Lords, and begin learning their names. Lord Chelmsford told me he had only been a peer for fourteen years, and now there were fifty creations of peers since his. Disraeli, they say, intends to recommend some more to the Queen for peerages.

‘There will be nothing in Parliament before the 19th. Lord Ebury has asked me to dine with him to meet some unfortunate Whigs; *mourning dress*. However, I cannot see that the Whigs are so sorrowful over the disaster. The dinner will recall what Byron said of the gondolas :

“ Sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning-coaches when the funeral’s done.”

‘ Maiden Brailley,
‘ November 1, 1874.

‘ DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘ We shall come to Stover about the 10th or 11th of this month. Write me a line to tell me if you will be at Whiteway then.

‘ The wet weather has interfered with my shooting here, and in Dorset, where I went for a week. Meanwhile, I have been amused with C. Greville’s “Memoirs.” He is much blamed for having recorded all the misdeeds and

blunders of two Kings, under whom he served in a confidential position. I knew so many of the events mentioned that the book interests me; but there are prosy parts, and some very slovenly writing.

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker, 1874.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘SOMERSET.’

‘Stover, Newton, Devon,

‘November 15, 1874.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘We are now arrived at Stover. I would drive to Whiteway some afternoon if I could find you about half after three or four o’clock, as I wish to hear about your mountain tour some day when you are not hunting or walking twenty miles for amusement.

‘Gladstone’s pamphlet, though it is dull reading, has had a lively effect. We shall hear much more yet of how much Catholics believe and don’t believe, and the most curious thing is that they write about belief as if belief was voluntary, and you could believe or disbelieve whatever you please. The religious world has fallen into a sad state of hypocrisy with all these churches disputing over modern ideas, and physical science, and the Pope’s infallibility. It is a hodge-podge of strange inconsistencies.

‘To talk of another matter, the impression produced by C. Greville’s “Memoirs” is that

The Duke of
Somerset
to Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1874.

he was a selfish man, who never ascribed a good motive to anyone's conduct. When you read it, tell me if that is your impression.'

'Stover,

'November 22, 1874.

'DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

'I am asked to Haldon on Tuesday for three days' shooting. I hope you are going there, as I shall be away from Stover for these days. Did you read the account in the paper of a ship off Norfolk Island for some days, when it was so stormy that they could not land? At last they saw a boat pulling off through the raging surf, and supposed that the islanders were in great want of medical assistance, or that some dire calamity had occurred. When the boat came alongside of the ship, they asked what was the matter, and the men shouted in reply: "Have you got a copy of 'Lothair'?" After this Disraeli must do something for Norfolk Island.

'Yours sincerely,

'SOMERSET.'

'30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

'Monday, March 8, 1875.

'MY DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

'It may do you good to have a scrawl from London, although I have not much to tell,

for there is, as is sometimes said in the City article, nothing stirring but stagnation.

‘There was a great promise of excitement in the House of Lords the other day, and peers came from Scotland and from Ireland. The Duke of Buccleugh was to make a motion, but when the critical moment came it all evaporated. There had been a meeting, I was told, at the Duke of Richmond’s, where a number of speeches were made; among the rest Lord — was very oratorical, and somehow compared himself to the foolish virgins who had provided no oil for the coming of the bridegroom; another noble lord said that he approved the similitude, except that he could not perceive the claim of virginity in his noble friend. This meeting was strictly private, and with this specimen of the speeches the precaution was prudent.

‘Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice’s “Life of Lord Shelburne” is just out—at least, the first volume. It is amusing gossip of those times, but does not present a high notion of Lord Shelburne. However, it is worth perusal.

‘I have scribbled this in haste to distract and occupy you with the nonsense of this world.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SOMERSET.’

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker, 1875.

‘ 30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

‘ *Monday, March 13, 1876.*

‘ DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

The Duke of
Somerset
to Lady
Katherine
Parker.

‘ I was glad to receive your letter ; it came to me like a little breath of air from the country amidst the darkness and foggy atmosphere of London. As to news, I am in the worst position to know any, for I am in a Commission on Slavery, to which I am myself a slave, since it occupies my afternoons until I go to the House of Lords. Morley made a good speech on the University Bill. I did not hear it, but have since heard many people praise it. He knew the subject, which is rather advantageous for making a speech, though we often dispense with this advantage in our House.

‘ We purchased on Saturday at the British Museum a golden vase, something like a large decanter, which came from the Summer Palace in China. It seems that, when an Emperor dies, the Empress cuts off all her hair, which is placed in a bag of yellow silk and then bottled in a golden bottle ; this remains as a monument of her devotion. Yellow is, I believe, Court mourning in China.

‘ You say that the House of Lords seems dull. I have suggested a remedy, which is that, instead of the common air which they pump through the floor for our benefit, they

should send up a little laughing-gas ; the effect would, no doubt, be surprising.

‘ Tell me what time you expect to come to town. I go to Bulstrode for Easter, and Morley and his daughters are coming there.

‘ Yours affectionately,

‘ SOMERSET.’

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker, 1876.

*The Duke of Somerset to his Brother-in-law,
Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.*

‘ Thursday, May 11, 1876.

‘ MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘ I did not write to you, because I could not offer any consolation, and the mere expression of sympathy would be a renewal of sorrow. Time and constant occupation I found in my own case were the only alleviations of an irreparable loss.

‘ We are here to-day in a bustle of red baize. All Grosvenor Gardens is in a flame of red and yellow. Grosvenor Place is blazing in a similar style. The children are in great excitement, having helped to prepare the decorations. Ruth,* having assisted to sew together some coloured flannel, said she expected our house would appear in the *Illustrated News*.

* Now Mrs. F. Cavendish Ben-
tinck.

‘ I have nearly finished my Slavery Commission, and should have done so long ago, but the Chief Justice has been ill, and we have

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1876.

now been obliged to meet at his house, as he dare not face the inclement weather.

‘There is an interesting life of Norman Macleod, a Scotch minister. He was a very religious man, but could hardly repress the inherent joviality and love of fun which belonged to his animal constitution.

* The late
Mr. William
Froude, F.R.S.

‘To-morrow Froude* of Torquay is to lecture at the Royal Institution upon the “Action of Water on the Motion of Ships.” It is difficult to make such a subject intelligible, but more difficult to make it amusing. However, I shall go to hear him.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘SOMERSET.’

‘Bulstrode, Gerrard’s Cross, Bucks,
‘September 12, 1876.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘What I have read of Gladstone’s pamphlet I thought injudicious and offensive to all Mahometans; his attempt to qualify his expressions only shows he should not have written them. As for his policy, I doubt its practicability and its permanence. To make tributary states under the Turk creates eternal risk of new complications. If they do not pay the tribute, may the Turk enforce it? If so, there will be new cruelties and outcries.

‘Lord Stratford’s plan to put the Turkish

Government in commission for ten or twelve years seems equally impolitic. If we can put it in commission, why not disestablish it altogether? One plan would hardly be more difficult than the other. Let us send Lord Beaconsfield to rule them; his Oriental mind would delight them, and the wonderful tale of "Alroy" would be surpassed. Truth is stranger than fiction, and he is tired of British politics. Shall I send this suggestion to the *Times*?

'Yours sincerely,

'S.'

'Stover,

'January 12, 1877.

'MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

'You may, perhaps, have seen in some newspaper that Lord Rossmore got a fall at Rome while hunting. It seems that a gentleman came to Rome, called on —, said that he had left his letter of introduction, and could not find it, but left his card as Lord Rossmore. He was accordingly invited to dinner, and received in society; he called on the — when they passed through, and on many English, who appreciated a lord. He met them out hunting, and, when he got a fall, said he was luckier than his late brother, who had been killed in a steeplechase. After all this social success, it has been found out that he

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1876.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1877.

is an impostor, that Lord Rossmore is in Ireland, and — is angry at having been taken in. It is very amusing to think how this impostor must have dined, flirted with the young ladies, and been toadied by vulgar people. If he has not borrowed money or got into debt, they cannot easily punish him.

‘I am so tired of the conference that I wish it would end. The Turks have triumphed, and the great Powers look ridiculous.

‘Yours sincerely,
‘S.’

*The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine
Parker.*

‘Bulstrode,
‘March 25, 1877.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘Write a line to tell me when you come to town. We came here yesterday, as it is the proper thing to leave town for Easter ; but the country is not inviting.

‘I did not see the Ignatieffs in London, as I had not curiosity enough to go to Lady Derby’s party for the purpose. They did not bring peace ; and now there is every prospect of war in Asia, insurrection in Bosnia, and new complications with some violent debates in Parliament after Easter. We met Schouvaloff at dinner the other day, and he told the

Duchess that he was now improving in his English. He said he had dined lately at —, and while he (Schouvaloff) was talking, this lady suddenly said to him: "Come now, shut up!" So Schouvaloff, believing this was the polite phrase of the best society, meeting another lady at dinner next day, when she asked a political question which he did not care to answer, interrupted her with "Shut up!" and she showed him by her change of countenance that he had made a *bévue*. This has much shaken his confidence in speaking English.

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker, 1877.

'Hoping to have a line from you, I will now "shut up" for the present.

'Yours sincerely,

'SOMERSET.'

*The Duke of Somerset to his Brother-in-law,
Brinsley Sheridan.*

'Bulstrode,

'September 12, 1877.

'MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

'To-morrow, if fine weather, I drive to Moor Park, to meet the *rank and fashion* of that neighbourhood.

'They are to have some private theatricals at Breadalbane's for Prince Leopold, so they asked — if she could act any part, and she answered: "I think I could act being made

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1877.

love to." With this announcement it will be an amusing scene.

'I return your drawing and letter.

'Yours sincerely,

'S.'

'Stover, Newton, Devon,

'Wednesday, January 2, 1878.

'MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

'I shall come to town for the meeting of Parliament on the 17th, but purpose returning here for ten days, as I do not expect anything immediate in the House of Lords. The political affairs are uncomfortable—revenue declining to a certain deficit; workmen striking; production diminishing; distress increasing; foreign affairs hopelessly perplexing; Turkey will become a dependency of Russia, and we shall be laughed at; the Cape asking for troops, and Sir Bartle Frere urging the Government to help. Happy Ministers of a happy country! Who could wish for office at such a moment!

'Enough of politics! I am going to-morrow to see Froude* at Torquay; he has a large model of the *Inflexible*, which he is to experiment upon in his artificial canal. How soon will it sink when the ends are shot away? In what mode we are to answer this question I do not know; perhaps I shall be wiser to-morrow.

* Mr. Froude established in his own grounds, and at his own expense, certain works for experimenting on the conduct of ships, which have been since transferred to Gosport by the Admiralty.

‘This ship reminds me I met Admiral Keppel at luncheon. He told me he had been out hunting, and got a fall. However, he thought none of his acquaintance saw it ; but, unluckily, the back of his coat was muddy, and some friend said : “ I see you have had a tumble ! ” So Keppel said : “ I was obliged to admit that fall ; but I did not tell him I had two other tumbles.”

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1878.

‘Georgy is better ; she drives out as far as Newton, and walks in front of the house, but is still feeble and uncertain of her sleep.’

‘ House of Lords,

‘ February 14, 1878.

‘Yesterday evening Lord Beaconsfield said to a friend : “ I have got the Parliament and the nation at my back, and if I were ten years younger I could settle all Europe.” The friend replied : “ You may reckon upon five good years, and that is time enough for you to do it.”

‘The report is that the fleet is at Constantinople. Now I go to hear Lord Derby.

‘Derby says some ships are at Prince’s Island, an anchorage near Constantinople ; they have gone up, the Porte protesting against it. How they will get back through the Dardanelles if Russia objects is doubtful.

‘These are all the politics I have time to write.

‘Yours sincerely,
‘S.’

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker.

‘30, Grosvenor Gardens,
‘March 25, 1878.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘We were shocked this morning by reading the loss of the *Eurydice*, Captain Hare’s ship. Mrs. Hare* is on her way from her sister (Mrs. Forester,† at York) on purpose to meet her husband, and will probably read or hear the sad news on the railway, and the ship lost close to Portsmouth. It is altogether dreadful! . . .

* Mrs. Marcus Hare, a niece of the Duke’s.

† Now Lady Forester.

‘The political world is as uncomfortable as the weather. The Government may be in the right, but to this country their conduct will appear captious; and it is not statesmanlike to quarrel about a point which will not be intelligible to the million. The increased taxation will afford an opportunity of attack, and the storm is gathering.

‘I think the Duchess is at last rather better. I will write to you again, whenever I can see further into the political horizon.

‘Yours sincerely,
‘SOMERSET.’

• Grosvenor Gardens,
• *April 3, 1878.*

• DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘It is very kind of you to grant my request, and to give me a drawing which I shall highly value.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1878.

‘The political situation is what is called strained ; but I do not believe we shall have war. The intention is, I suppose, to show Austria that we are ready and able to act with her, if we can only agree as to what we both want. This, however, is not easy. The fact is, every Continental Power wants something : France her lost provinces, Austria wants Servia and the shores of the Adriatic, Italy wants to share these, Germany has deeper designs on the North Sea ; in short, there is no Europe, as in former years, desirous of preserving peace and contented with old boundaries.

‘I read Dizzy’s life ; the first part is, I think, the most amusing. In justice to him, it should be admitted that, since he has been in Parliament, he has been true to his party, although he made them change their principles and adopt his. In private life he behaved so well to his wife, and he never forgot that she “picked him out of the gutter,” as he once said. Since he has had power his appointments have been almost invariably good. Now, surely these are

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1878.

great merits, do him honour, and benefit the country. Many years ago, when he was dining with me, before he was in Parliament, we were talking "what was the most desirable life," and he said he considered the most desirable life to be "a continued grand procession from manhood to the tomb." This he is now endeavouring to realize. He regards life as a sort of dream, nothing very true. If he believes in one thing more than in another, it is in the Jews.

'There must be much talking in both Houses on next Monday, but I suspect the Liberals do not know exactly what line to take; of course, it would be easy to blame the Government for the past, but the country will not care for that. The Ministers will probably screen themselves behind the public interest, and tell us very little.

'It is rumoured that they mean to seize Mitylene, where there is a fine harbour, commanding the entrance to the Dardanelles; but this could be done by a few ships. If people are to pay increased income-tax, etc., they will want something to be done, some *fun* for their money.'

' 30, Grosvenor Gardens,

' Monday, April 8, 1878.

' DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

' We shall go to Bulstrode about the 16th. Shall I see you in town before that date?

'We shall have some talk to-night in the Lords, but no division. Among the nonsense of the House of Commons I heard a story which amused me. A certain member's wife was jealous of her husband, and, suspecting his conduct, opened his letters. She found them dull business; but at last she opened one which said: "I write in haste to tell you Emma is now at 13." This was proof positive of his misconduct, and she at once charged him with his wickedness. The husband pacified her by showing that the letter referred to shares in the Emma Mine, where he had lost his money, but not his moral character.'

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker, 1878.

The Duke of Somerset to the Duchess of Somerset.

'Stover,

'November 3, 1878.

'Sir Samuel Baker* called here, and described to me a van he has built to travel in Cyprus. It is like a show-van at a fair, with various ingenious contrivances. The Bakers are to ride about and explore the island, retreating at night to sleep in their van. Under the eaves on each side of the van there is a roll of canvas, which, when spread out, will form a tent, with the van in the centre. . . .'

* Sir Samuel Baker's house in Devonshire is close to Stover.

‘ November 4, 1878.

‘The Duke of
Somerset to
the Duchess of
Somerset, 1878.

‘ . . . I laughed at their van arrangement, and hope the *Illustrated News* will represent some of their adventures—the van in difficulties; the spaniels, which he takes for shooting, sprawling among the preserved meats, lucifer matches, and cooking utensils.

‘ Sir Samuel goes first to Constantinople to see the fortifications, which, it seems, his brother is superintending. The Turkish General, who is nominally in command, has never once come to see the works or the troops, although they are only fifteen miles distant from Constantinople. It is still the old story; the Turk sits still, and says, “God is great!” and makes no preparation for any future. . . .’

‘ Stover,

‘ November 29, 1878.

‘ I was better satisfied with Argyll’s letter. He, at least, admits that we cannot allow Russia to take Afghanistan, and did not write any nonsense about the immorality of the war. I am curious to hear what Granville and Hartington will say. If Granville takes the Gladstone line, I shall dissent strongly. . . .’

‘ 30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

‘ December 7, 1878.

‘ I have written to Granville that I cannot vote for Halifax’s motion. I shall probably

have to say a few words again on Monday. The Opposition are in a great difficulty ; they encourage a cry, moral and religious, against the war, and yet feel obliged to say that they will support the war. This places them in an awkward dilemma. . . .

The Duke of Somerset to the Duchess of Somerset, 1878.

‘ December 9, 1878.

‘ I called on the Rawlinsons. He seemed well, and we talked Afghan affairs. I luckily had read an article he had written in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*. There was also in the *Observer* an answer from the Amir, pretended to have been written on November 19 (but probably ante-dated), offering to receive a temporary mission. I suspect the Amir finds the Russians cannot assist him, and wishes therefore to conciliate the English. But we must now insist on our own terms, and have an apology for his rude repulse of our mission. This will, however, be a new phase in the debate to-night. . . .

‘ I hope to leave town to-morrow (Tuesday), but the debate may be adjourned to-night. The letter of the Amir, which is given in full in the *Times* of this day, ascribes the unfriendly feeling, which has arisen between India and Afghanistan, to the interference of Lord Northbrook on behalf of the Amir’s rebellious son, Yakoob Khan. This statement seems to be

The Duke of
Somerset to
the Duchess of
Somerset, 1878.

an answer to Halifax's motion, which attributed the ill-will of the Amir to Lord Lytton's conduct. In fact, if Beaconsfield had himself written the Amir's letter, it could not have appeared more opportunely. . . .'

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker.

'30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

'Monday, December 9, 1878.

'DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

' . . . I am not sure that I shall return home to-morrow, as the debate may be adjourned, and then I can only return on Wednesday. Politics are as bitter as the weather. The Amir's last letter, arrived yesterday, will give new zest to the debate. It is amusing, because it ascribes his dissatisfaction to the conduct of Lord Northbrook, while Halifax's motion is directed to cast all the blame on Lord Lytton. I laughed over it at breakfast this morning. The front bench of the Opposition are not pleased with me; but I consider them very ill-advised, and many of their usual supporters will, I am told, stay away from the division.

'Yours sincerely,

'S'

The Duke of Somerset to the Duchess of Somerset.

‘Stover, Devon,

‘December 11, 1878.

‘When I went to the House of Lords on Monday, the Prince of Wales came to me in the anteroom, and said he was very much pleased with what I had said on Thursday. It is obvious that the Prince as well as the Queen are entirely with Beaconsfield. I consider Derby and Carnarvon, who were in the Cabinet in the year 1876, and therefore participated in the policy when Lytton was sent to India, ought not to have opposed the Government for doing what they must in some measure have sanctioned.

‘I said a few words to show that I did not approve Halifax’s motion. When I referred to Yakoob Khan, I said that heirs-apparent were sometimes irregular in their conduct and troublesome. The Lords turned their eyes on the Prince, and the Duke of Cambridge burst out laughing ; he was sitting next the Prince. Then when I added that, among other slight irregularities, this heir-apparent had committed a few murders, and had even murdered the Commander-in-chief, the Royalties were convulsed with laughter, in which the House

The Duke of
Somerset to
the Duchess of
Somerset,
1878.

largely joined. I was told afterwards I had made a very amusing speech; but, in fact, I was rather disconcerted by the laughter, and could hardly get back to a reasonable conclusion. The newspapers could not guess what made the House laugh, as the reporters did not see the application to the heir-apparent.

‘I came away from town yesterday, as I had ascertained that the Government was sure of an immense majority, and, as many of the usual Opposition would not vote, I thought this the best course. . . .’

‘Stover, Devon,

‘December 14, 1878.

‘. . . The division in the Commons shows the folly of Granville and Hartington allowing themselves to be led by Gladstone. The debate shows that the Opposition were anxious to retreat from their first assertions. They no longer said it was wrong to enter Afghanistan, and gave up all the nonsense with which they had deluged the country for some weeks. The motion and its defeat will damage the Liberal party, and possibly make them more violent. It is unfortunate that the Opposition, who must some day be in office again, should be so unstatesmanlike. They have abandoned the policy of Palmerston, and they

equally repudiate the cautious policy of the late Sir R. Peel. . . .’

*The Duke of Somerset to his Daughter, Lady
Ulrica Thynne.*

‘Stover,

‘December 16, 1878.

‘Harry must be satisfied with the division in the Commons. The Government must again be grateful to Gladstone; he has strengthened them by this unwise attack. Harry should subscribe to the silver axe which is to be presented to Gladstone. It is a good symbol: a brilliant implement, but useless for any practical purpose.’

*The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine
Parker.*

‘30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

‘May 18, 1879.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘I was glad to hear from Lady Morley’s letter to the Duchess a good account of your journey and arrival at Whiteway.* I should like to hear from you that you are well enough to resume your artistic occupations. As for Morley, I have seen nothing of him, and begin to think he is like Lord Dundreary, “married and done for.” Lansdowne has a Zulu motion on the 25th, and he ought to come up for that.

* Lady Morley’s house, near Exeter.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1879.

‘I dined the other day at Sir H. Rawlinson’s, and met the ex-King of Oude, who usually lives at Bagdad. We asked him how he liked Lady Salisbury’s party, where he had been the night before. He said he would sooner go into a jungle than to such a crowd.

‘Did you read Busch’s “Bismarck”? It is not unamusing, although surprising that Bismarck allowed him to publish such nonsense. He used Busch to prepare articles for the newspapers and to record his sayings. One day Busch sent to the papers something the Crown Prince had said, upon which Bismarck sent for Busch, and expostulated: “I told you to publish what I say, but not what that fool the Crown Prince said!” “Well,” answered Busch, “may I publish this saying of yours?”

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SOMERSET.’

‘Bulstrode, Bucks,

‘July 4, 1879.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘I hear you are gone to ruralize at an inn. If you would have come here instead, you would have known that Shenstone’s lines about the “warmest welcome at an inn” are not always true. I hope you are not moping; it is not good to be too much alone; a little

companionship and contradiction is good for everyone. A hermit never was otherwise than dull. Now, if you had come here, you might have been alone all the morning, and sat out whenever it did not rain, and retired to sleep when the small birds go to roost, and only talked for a few minutes when inclined.'

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1879.

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

' Stover,

' November 22, 1879.

' MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

' An audit day is not a joyous festival at present. However, those who have no farms on hand are fortunate. I am happy so far. I reduced some rents which I had raised some years ago, and my tenants seem content with it. Here I do not expect any difficulty. At Totnes they are preparing for a new railway to the sea, and for a meeting of the Devon County Agricultural Association next spring.

' I know nothing of the substitute for fresco which you mention. I contributed to the restoration of the church at Berry, where the pillars had relinquished the perpendicular; but an adventurous builder dug beneath among the graves and brought the pillars upright again. The Bishop blessed them, and the parish is

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan,
1879.

satisfied. I hope now the whole bill is paid. . . .

‘The elections, so far as we can see, will be nearly balanced, and this will give the Irish a chance to be mischievous. The political prospect is not agreeable. . . .

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

CHAPTER XVIII.

1880.

French Memoirs—The Health of the Duchess—Mr. Gladstone and Austria—Riots in the West of England—The *Pall Mall Gazette*—Lady Dufferin in Russia—Lord Melbourne—Candahar—Ireland—Bribery at Elections—A Visit to Lord Beaconsfield—‘Endymion’—Foolish Clergymen.

THOUGH the Duke, as has been said already, after the death of his second son, never again took a prominent part in politics, yet the changes which, under the influence of Mr. Gladstone, were at this period taking place in the character of the Liberal party, turned him once again into a keen political critic. Many of the letters comprised in the present chapter—full of wit and shrewdness—bear witness to this fact; but evidence of it, still fuller and more important, is to be found in his short work on ‘Democracy,’ which he published in the year 1880, and of which, in the next chapter, the most important parts will be reproduced.

*The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine
Parker.*

‘Stover,

‘January 4, 1880.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘I think Madame de Remusat’s “Memoirs” would amuse you. She was lady-in-waiting to Josephine, and describes the life of

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1880.

Napoleon's palace. He held that women had only two means of influence, "rouge" or "tears," and he preferred the rouge. He may have been pre-eminent in war and in administration, but he was not a gentleman.

'Metternich's "Memoirs" represent this Minister as always having the best of it in his discussions with Napoleon. They remind me of Sir Hamilton Seymour's arguments with the Emperor of Russia. They seem invented afterwards, but they are amusing. The newspapers are so dull that I am forced to go back to these ancient histories for recreation.'

'30, Grosvenor Gardens,
' March 3, 1880.

'DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

'The Duchess is so much better that she was able to dine at the Bradfords', where we met Lord Beaconsfield, Mount-Edgcumbe, the Colvilles, and Sir J. and Lady Leslie.

'There are two more volumes of Senior's "Conversations" published. They amuse me by showing that all the clever men who talked to him in 1862 and 1868 were mistaken in their predictions. Guizot, Thiers, and many others foretold the contrary to what has occurred since. They said Italy would never become one state; France must have all up to the Rhine; the Northern and Southern States of America

would be certainly separated. So much for the foresight of statesmen.

‘I should not be surprised if there was a dissolution at Easter, for the Conservative members are anxious for it, as they know that candidates are canvassing for all their seats while they themselves are attending the House of Commons.

‘Write me a line, and believe me,

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SOMERSET.’

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1880.

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

‘30, Grosvenor Gardens,

‘March 20, 1880.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘. . . I cannot express any anxiety for the success of the Liberals. They must be subservient to the Irish if they come in, and the prospect is not agreeable. I do not wish the Conservatives to become stronger. . . .

‘We dined on Thursday with Lady Chesterfield, and met the Austrian Ambassador, who was indignant at the language in which Gladstone had spoken of Austria and of the Austrian Emperor. It was certainly unbecoming to a statesman, and foolish, to go out of his way to offend Austria, and it cannot advance his

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1880.

interests with his Scotch constituency. He will probably hear more of this folly.

‘The last volume of the Prince Consort’s life is interesting.

‘We go to Bulstrode on Tuesday, where I shall sit by the fireside reading the result of the elections. You are wise to keep out of the contest. If the Liberals win, there must be another reform, and consequently another election, with more democratic promises. . . .

‘Matilda Hare brought us an amusing letter from Lady Baker in India. Among other anecdotes was one of a judge, who, having condemned a man to death for the murder of his father, then asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself. The man begged to be pitied as a poor orphan, he having become an orphan by murdering his father!

‘You will read all this rubbish on Sunday morning. Now go to church, and renounce the vanities of this wicked world.

‘Yours affectionately,
‘S.’

‘Bulstrode,
‘April 15, 1880.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘I read from your letter that you had a dinner of tenants. My rule used to be that none came to dinner except those who had

paid the rent. This rule answered, as a tenant who did not come to the dinner was known as a defaulter.

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1880.

‘The new Ministry will have many difficulties. The first is Gladstone; the next is, they must propose a reform, and when they have carried it they must dissolve. Now, they naturally dislike another dissolution; so I expect they will institute some inquiries, and manage to pass a couple of Sessions in the preliminaries. But the Radicals, who are not included in the Government, will urge measures of reform, and probably trouble them with motions.

‘The mob at Newton and Torquay were as bad as at Dorchester. Their politics are comprised in throwing dead cats at the speakers and breaking windows. The truth is they are no better than they were a hundred years ago; the education of our masters, which Lowe suggested, has done nothing. The gentlemen of the pavement, as Bismarck called them, are as incorrigible as in former times. In Corn Law days, when bread was made dear, they had some excuse for losing their tempers; now they have no excuse.’

‘Bulstrode,

‘April 26, 1880.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘I was at the British Museum last Saturday, and walked to the Travellers’ with Lowe.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1880.

Lord Lucifer would be a good title for him, and he would enliven us in the House of Lords ; but I fear there is no chance of his elevation. . . .

‘ The expense of the Oxford election is startling, and the prospect of a repetition of it disagreeable. If Sir W. Harcourt is Home Secretary, he can hardly be in the House of Lords according to modern usage. I am glad Northbrook has the Admiralty, and breaks that restriction of keeping this office in the House of Commons, which was a crotchet of Gladstone’s. There are yet appointments to be made which are not without difficulties. . . .

‘ Yours sincerely,

‘ S.’

‘ Bulstrode,

‘ May 4, 1880.

‘ MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘ At breakfast this morning the *Pall Mall* startled me by the change of tone, and this was only explained by the second article announcing another editor. It seems that Mr. Greenwood (if that is his name) has left the *Pall Mall*, and intends to start another evening paper. They should advertise for a good lawyer with a cynical turn of mind and a general contempt for provincial opinions and all enthusiasm ; without such an editor the *Pall Mall* will never satisfy the clubs and that

section of society which, Sir William Harcourt says, are distinguished by their political ignorance. In the present Cabinet the agricultural interest is less represented than in any Cabinet which we can remember.

‘Hartington’s future property is chiefly mineral and urban.

‘Argyll is the only member who has lands ; so the country gentlemen will fare ill at the hands of this Ministry.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker.

‘Bulstrode,

‘May 6, 1880.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘We have some amusing letters from Lady Dufferin in Russia. You may have seen an account in the newspapers of her being in danger from a bear during a hunt ; the story is an entire fiction. However, the Queen heard of it, and wrote to congratulate Lady Dufferin on her escape. It was true that the Dufferins and some friends went to a distant village to enjoy the sport of shooting bears. They succeeded in killing two bears. The village people were much excited over the sport, and, to show their approbation, the women of the village

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1880.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1880.

surrounded them, seized them, and tossed them in the air, catching them in their arms ; this the villagers consider a compliment. Lady Dufferin could not escape the ceremony ; and Dufferin, who thought it would somewhat compromise his dignity as Ambassador, was nevertheless forced to undergo the same tossing. Then the villagers kissed the dead bear and all the sportsmen.

‘ There seems to be much gaiety—dancing mazurka, daily receptions, fancy balls, late suppers, acting charades—yet every now and then some of their intimate acquaintances (ladies as often as gentlemen) are suddenly sent off, not to return to Russia for two years. This is so far without notice that an empty place at a dinner-table is occasioned by some guest being sent to travel. This is an addition to the excitement of life at St. Petersburg.

‘ I am in hopes that Lord John Hay, who is my neighbour here, will again be a Lord of the Admiralty.

‘ I shall not be able to stay in Devon when I run down for the Agricultural Show, because the House meets on the 20th, and I must return to see the new Ministers start on their official career.

‘ Yours affectionately,

‘ SOMERSET.’

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘The “Memoir” of Melbourne, which I will keep until you come to town, is interesting. When the writer says that his appointment to be Prime Minister was a mistake, I think he is in error. What other person on the Liberal side would have been as good? And when the Queen came to the throne it was a most fortunate appointment. . . . His conduct and advice to the Queen, as to rejecting Sir R. Peel because of the Court ladies, was a political error. But Peel was stiff, and to the Queen seemed imperious and rude. Nevertheless, Melbourne should have advised the Queen to accept some changes; with this one exception, I think Melbourne’s Premiership was fortunate for the Queen, and, upon the whole, good for the country. The reforms made by his Government of Municipal Corporations, of tithes, etc., were Conservative reforms.

‘The barometer falls, but no rain falls, and Bulstrode is in a bad way. The favourite must have had good legs to win the Derby over such a hard course.

‘Yours truly,

‘S.’

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker.

'30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,
' *Saturday, May 29, 1880.*

' DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

' The last letter from Lady Dufferin describes a grand review of Russian troops. The most remarkable part of it was, however, that one regiment is named in honour of the Emperor Paul. This Emperor had a peculiar upturned nose, and all the men in this regiment are selected with a similar peculiarity in imitation of their imperial prototype. They should, for historical accuracy, have also had a sash tight round their throats, to typify the mode by which Paul was strangled.

' I hope you are much in the open air, which in this dry season must be wholesome.

' Lady Morley will, we hope, come to us in a fortnight, and perhaps you may be able to come by that time.

' Yours affectionately,
' S.'

The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.

' Bulstrode,
' *October 2, 1880.*

' MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

' . . . Georgy continues well, and has been to several lawn-tennis parties, where she

sits in a comfortable chair, and extracts strange stories from the neighbours. I amuse myself in the same way, except that I walk up and down talking. . . .

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1880.

‘I drove over to Hughenden the other day, and walked about his gardens with Beaconsfield. He showed me all his rooms, family pictures from his grandfather, who came over from Venice; also he showed me the rooms which he had fitted up for the Queen when she visited him. Beaconsfield is quite alone, as his faithful follower is in Scotland.

‘The Dufferins came here last Sunday, but left again on Monday. . . .

‘Candahar must, I think, be given up to the new ruler of Cabul. The province of Candahar is as large as England, and if we keep the town it will be difficult to define a boundary which would not be liable to predatory incursions and, consequently, to little wars incessantly. Moreover, our Indian troops dislike the service in that country, and we must maintain there a British force. These are reasons against retaining our new conquest. It is disagreeable to retreat, but I believe it will be the wisest course. It should not, however, be done hastily, as if in a panic.

‘Mr. Forster should be moved to some other office, and, if the Ministers had the courage, they should suspend the Habeas Corpus

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1880.

or some equivalent step by prerogative, and then come to Parliament for an indemnity ; this would check Parnell and his lot. If, on the other hand, Ministers ask Parliament for fresh powers, the Irish would stop the measure by talking for months, and nothing efficient would be done.

‘The Eastern mess was very foolish. It would have been horrible to kill the Albanians in order to give the district to the Montenegrins, who are in truth the stipendiaries of Russia. The Prince of Montenegro married a Russian, and his wife and children leave him annually for St. Petersburg. It is difficult to conjecture what our disconcerted Ministers will do next. . . .

‘This is a long letter, but you will have leisure on Sunday to read it.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘S.’

*The Duke of Somerset to Lady Ulrica
Thynne.*

‘Bulstrode,

‘October 3, 1880.

‘If the Government were honestly desirous of stopping treasonable language and outrages in Ireland, they would suspend the Habeas Corpus at once, and then hereafter ask Parliament for an indemnity. This would make the

Irish party furious, but it would checkmate them. To ask Parliament for fresh powers would be futile, as the Irish would talk against any Bill for months. The Government will probably try to combine some measure of concession (such as an extension of tenant right) with power of proclaiming districts. Such measures will lead to endless talk, and be qualified in order to pass the House of Commons. The next Session will be wasted in such work, and leave Ireland worse than ever.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady Ulrica
Thynne, 1880.

‘I drove over and saw Beaconsfield the other day, but we did not mention Ireland; we talked no politics. He showed me pictures and prints which he has collected, chiefly by presents. . . .’

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

‘Bulstrode,

‘October 20, 1880.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘The foreign missions, which the Dis-senters ask you to attend, appear to me of doubtful utility. I read that in New Caledonia the native Protestants attacked and killed the native Catholics to prove their Christian zeal!

‘I read Mr. Merivale’s address to the social science meeting, advising a resuscitation of the stage as the best means of civilizing and elevating the people. It seems to me that in

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1880.

Paris and in London the stage must become more vulgar as the influence of the mob increases, and I see no sign of this revival.

‘The newspapers pretend to be shocked at the revelations of election commissions; they must be aware that bribery is almost universal in the boroughs, and when the low franchise is extended to the counties, the labourers will follow the example. Public opinion does not condemn the practice, and there never existed a representative Government where bribery did not flourish. It is not satisfactory that, after reforming Parliament for about fifty years, the representation is a matter of purchase, but such is the fact.

‘Yours sincerely,
‘S.’

‘Stover,
‘November 15, 1880.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘. . . I cannot boast of entertaining a Bishop, but I drank tea the other day with my Bishop’s wife at Torquay. I am to drive again to Torquay this day with Matilda Hare to luncheon with the Duchess of Sutherland, who is devoted to her little villa here.

‘I have not read the last *Edinburgh Review*; but I never adored Charles Fox. His father was a very clever debater, but a most unscrupu-

lous rogue, as appears from his own letters in the "Life of Lord Shelburne"; and I do not believe Charles Fox to have been much better, although equally clever. Lord Russell's "Life of Charles Fox" does not give a picture of the man, but of the politician. The day when I went to call on Beaconsfield at Hughenden (about a month ago), he showed me a print of Charles Fox, and remarked what a very bad countenance it was. The gross misgovernment by the Tories of that day excuses, if it does not justify, the violence of the Whigs. In looking back upon those times I feel ashamed of both parties. I fear that we are not much better now. . . .

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1880.

‘Yours sincerely,
‘S.’

‘Stover, Newton, Devon,
‘Thursday, December 2, 1880.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘I have heard nothing of you this long time. Have you been occupied farming or reading "Endymion"? We have accomplished that, and were amused, although it is an incongruous mixture of fact and fiction. The fact, however, consists merely of one or two names and one or two dates; all the rest is the work of the magician, who colours this day-dream with the apparitions of his fancy. It

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1880.

seems he will receive more than enough to buy a town house with the produce of his brains.

‘Did you see the proposal that the landlords should at least have a close time in Ireland, like game and water-fowl, and a Bill should be brought in for this purpose? . . .

‘I hardly think that I shall go to town for the meeting of Parliament. I am so disgusted with the feebleness of the Government that I could not say a word in their favour.

‘Yours sincerely,
‘S.’

‘Stover,
‘December 3, 1880.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘. . . I did read the Bishop’s letter respecting Mr. ——. These foolish clergymen seem trying to disestablish the Church, and a feeling is growing that the revenues of the Church should be applied to education, while religion should be left to voluntary support. The education rate is felt to be much heavier than the promise given to Parliament, and the murmur is swelling throughout the rural districts. At such a time the clergy are very unwise to create such division of opinions. It proves the truth of the saying of Lord Clarendon, the historian, who wrote : “The clergy

take the worst measure of human affairs of all men who can read and write."

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1880.

'There seems no limit to outrages in Ireland. I see in the papers that the mob tried to plunder a vessel which had got ashore on the west coast of Ireland. So wrecking is a new crime, added to torturing, arson, and assassination; while Ministers say there is no ground for interfering with personal liberty and the carrying of arms.

'Yours affectionately,

'S.'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET 'ON MONARCHY AND
DEMOCRACY.

THIS chapter comprises the most important parts of the Duke's volume or 'Monarchy and Democracy,' which are given in the same way as were the similar parts of his previous volume on Christianity.

The Duke's
book—Preface.

AN endeavour is made in the following short and fragmentary chapters to trace the growth of modern political opinions. For this purpose the doctrines propounded by distinguished French, English, and American writers are cited, the value of their doctrines tested by later experience, and their predictions compared with subsequent events.

Our present form of government is a fusion of monarchy and democracy, in which fusion during the last fifty years democracy has been continually advancing. Whether this movement indicates the progressive improvement of the Constitution, or its deterioration and decay, is a question on which politicians will differ.

“To secure the advantages of government with the least possible inconvenience to the governed” is not a bad criterion of statesmanship, but it is not the system which prevails in the present day. There is an incessant interference with the governed, and the legislation of every recurring session imposes some new restriction on human freedom. This constitutes only one of the problems submitted for consideration in the following pages, but it involves a principle which should be closely watched.

The Duke's
book on
Monarchy and
Democracy—
Preface.

“Est il donc, entre nous, rien de plus despotique
Que l'esprit d'un état qui passe en république.” . . .

‘DAVID HUME ON OUR MIXED CONSTITUTION.

‘Hume, in one of his Political Essays, discusses the nature of our mixed Constitution, and the distribution of political power. “How much,” he says, “it would have surprised such a genius as Cicero or Tacitus to have been told that in a future age there would arise a very regular system of mixed government where the authority was so distributed that one rank, whenever it pleased, might swallow up all the rest, and engross the whole power of the Constitution! Such a government, they would say, will not be a mixed government. For so great is the natural ambition of men, that they are

Chapter 11.

The Duke's
book on
Monarchy and
Democracy—
Chapter II.

never satisfied with power ; and if one order of men, by pursuing its own interest, can usurp upon every other order, it will certainly do so, and render itself, as far as possible, absolute and uncontrollable.

“By the British Constitution the power allotted to the House of Commons is so great that it absolutely commands all the other parts of the government. How then,” Hume asks, “shall we solve this paradox ? By what means is the House of Commons confined within its proper limits, since, from our Constitution, it must necessarily have as much power as it demands, and can only be confined by itself ?”

‘Hume’s solution of this paradox is stated in the following words :

“The patronage of the Crown and the many offices at its disposal will, when assisted by the honest and disinterested part of the House, command the resolutions of the whole body, so far, at least, as to preserve the ancient Constitution from danger.”

“We may,” Hume observes, “call this by the invidious appellations of corruption and dependence, but some degree and some kind of it are inseparable from the very nature of the Constitution, and necessary to the preservation of our mixed government.”

‘On all political affairs experience is the

safest guide. Hume wrote these pages about the year 1740, and as the Constitution of which he speaks can hardly be said to have existed before the year 1688, he necessarily founded his opinion on the history of fifty years. This was a period during which gross corruption had prevailed. Patronage exercised great influence in England, and was omnipotent in Scotland. The union with Scotland had not been accomplished without profuse pecuniary inducements. Hume, moreover, had grown up to manhood, and was then writing during the Administration of Sir Robert Walpole, when the management of the House of Commons was first reduced to a system.

The Duke's
book on
Monarchy and
Democracy—
Chapter II.

‘The Minister purchased the votes of members, who, with unblushing effrontery, asked for payment in return for their support of the Government. So long as the Minister could buy a sufficient number of members, it was unnecessary to bribe the constituencies, or to purchase seats in Parliament.

‘THE PURCHASE OF SEATS.

‘It is said that the purchase of seats in the House of Commons was introduced by the mercantile and moneyed men, who found themselves excluded from Parliament by the country gentlemen and landowners. The necessity of

possessing land as a qualification for Parliament was a condition imposed for the purpose of excluding these moneyed men.

‘The practice of purchasing seats, although it corrupted the electors, brought into the House of Commons many useful members. Indeed, a wealthy man, who had purchased his seat, could exercise an independent judgment on public affairs, without the risk which at present attaches to freedom of opinion.

‘Many a candidate undoubtedly bought a seat or bribed a constituency as a profitable speculation, and having first paid the electors, afterwards sold himself to the Government. “*Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest.*”

‘With the increase of national wealth, electoral corruption became almost universal. In the reign of George III. the King entered the market with great spirit, the Ministry and the Opposition competed for seats, and boroughs were openly sold by auction.

‘Nevertheless, through all this mass of venality and vice, public opinion exercised considerable power, and the British Constitution, with all its defects, was probably the best form of government which the world had as yet seen.

‘The securities which Hume deemed indispensable for the preservation of our mixed Constitution have been seriously impaired.

The Ministers can no longer dispose of seats in the House of Commons ; and although they can still bestow on their supporters lucrative appointments and honours, yet their control over the representatives of the people is so far diminished, that the Constitution described by Hume has ceased to exist.

‘ It must not be assumed that the Parliamentary reform of 1832 put an end to corruption. On the contrary, during the twenty years which followed, pecuniary corruption in the large towns, as well as in the small boroughs, was probably more general than in any former time. The close boroughs and the old monopoly of representation were, for the most part, extinguished ; but a free trade in corruption succeeded, as might easily be proved by a reference to the election committees of that period.

‘ Stringent laws gradually repressed this form of corruption, and a further extension of the franchise has given an additional impulse to the democratic element in our mixed Constitution.

‘ The problem, therefore, now presents itself, Will the reasoning which Hume ascribed to Cicero and Tacitus prove correct ? Will the House of Commons engross the whole power of the State, and render itself absolute and uncontrollable ?

‘Political predictions are usually falsified by subsequent events, and probably the British Constitution may survive the loss of the securities which David Hume considered to be indispensable for its existence.

‘Since the time when Hume wrote these essays, more than a century has elapsed, and other forces have been brought into operation. The House of Commons has gained power, but its reputation has diminished. The Crown, although apparently shorn of its ancient authority, has acquired greater influence in the conduct of public affairs.

‘The Ministers of the Sovereign, holding office by an uncertain and precarious tenure, have less power than at any former period of English history. The Executive Government, feeble at home, and unable to pass any measure except by means of some popular clamour, is paralyzed in its foreign policy.

‘Democracy, so far as limited experience enables us to form an opinion, is a system of government ill-fitted for the management of distant dependencies, and for negotiations with foreign States.

‘MODERN DEMOCRACY.

‘Amid the commotions of the seventeenth century there arose a party called Independents,

or root-and-branch men, who were desirous to abolish monarchy, and to establish a republican form of government.

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‘ Oliver Cromwell was the soul of that party ; his genius raised it to power, his ambition brought it into discredit, and at his death it ceased to have any political influence. The Independents, indeed, survived as a religious sect, who cherished the memory of what they called “ the good old cause,” and were the ardent assertors of civil and religious liberty, which they held to be hardly reconcilable with regal government.

‘ Meanwhile discussions upon the origin of civil government, and upon the rights of kings and of subjects, occupied the attention of political writers. Sir Robert Filmer, by his attempt to vindicate the divine right of kings, excited a controversy leading to a directly opposite result, and induced many persons to read the heavy folio of Algernon Sidney, or to study the argumentative essay of Locke.

‘ Questions respecting the origin of political societies, and the rights which man possesses by nature, may amuse the leisure of philosophical students, but become mischievous when appealed to for the guidance of men living under the artificial conditions of modern civilization.

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celebrated Frenchmen (the authors of an Encyclopædia) and eloquent writers, amongst whom Rousseau was pre-eminent, treated this theory of natural right as the proper basis on which all government should be founded. They had no experience of public affairs, and whenever they referred to history they selected examples from Greek or Roman traditions. They reasoned, however, less from history than from what they assumed to be the natural condition of man. They did not study this condition ethnographically, but imagined a primitive man, and ascribed to this ideal being the faculties and feelings of a Frenchman under the rule of Louis XV.

‘Thus, having observed that in England Parliamentary government afforded some security for liberty, they asserted without hesitation that to vote in a deliberative assembly was a natural right of all human beings.

‘Diderot extended this right to the whole animal creation. He wrote :

“ Si même les animaux pouvaient communiquer avec nous, et voter dans une assemblée générale, il faudrait les y appeler, et alors les questions de droit naturel ne se débattaient plus par devant l’humanité mais par devant l’animalité.”

‘The French nation had been for so long a

period excluded from all State affairs, and unaccustomed to political discussion, that they were bewildered and dazzled by what was presented to them as the elementary principles of human society. The government had been omnipotent, and consequently the people expected everything from it. Even the philosophic mind of Montesquieu ascribed to the State duties which no State could adequately perform. In the twenty-ninth chapter of the twenty-third book of "*L'Esprit des Lois*," he ventured to affirm :

“ *L'état doit à tous les citoyens une subsistance assurée, la nourriture, un vêtement convenable, et un genre de vie qui ne soit point contraire à la santé.*”

‘ This language, from a man who had held a high magisterial position, and who was engaged in writing an elaborate work on Jurisprudence, seemed to justify the wildest demands of the revolutionary rabble. If such were the duties of the State, they were also the rights of the subject.

‘ The dreams of the (so-called) Socialists could hardly picture a more fanciful commonwealth than Montesquieu would have established, if he could have enforced the principles which he thus inconsiderately avowed.

‘ The democratic literature of France even coloured the language of English politicians in

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the early part of George III.'s reign. One example will suffice, and it shall be from a member of the House of Lords, and from a man whose legal knowledge raised him to the highest honours of his profession. In a speech of March, 1766, on the subject of American taxation, Lord Camden declared: "Taxation and representation are inseparably united; God has joined them; no British Parliament can separate them. This position I repeat, and will maintain it to my last hour; it is founded on the law of nature; it is itself an eternal law of nature," etc., etc.

'The peers of England were thus assured by a high legal authority that God Almighty had ordained taxation and representation, and joined them together. This, moreover, was solemnly proclaimed to be an eternal law of nature.

'Is it surprising that the science of politics made little progress when statesmen, who were regarded as oracles of law, talked such extravagant nonsense? Lord Camden might as reasonably have maintained that God Almighty had ordained vote by ballot.

'Meanwhile the popular doctrine of natural rights crossed the Atlantic and found a congenial soil in North America, where the colonists had been recently provoked to revolt by the impolitic legislation of Great Britain.

Jefferson and his colleagues, in the celebrated Declaration of Independence, did not base their claims on their English birthright and inheritance, but preferred to borrow from the political philosophy of the French people. In imitation of the French philosophers, the American Congress proclaimed the natural equality of men, and appealed to the inalienable rights with which, they said, God had endowed the whole human race.

‘As a war-cry, this language answered its purpose; it rallied the colonists, and attracted the popular sympathy of Europe. The French King and Queen, hoping to gain popularity by humiliating England, encouraged the revolt, not foreseeing the perils of the new principles which they patronized.

‘Soon, however, the democratic dogma, triumphant in America, was wafted back to Europe by the breath of a victorious people. Great Britain recovered from the shock, but the throne of the Bourbons was laid prostrate in the dust.

‘This appeal to natural right had some inconvenience even in America. In after years, when the red Indian claimed his hunting-grounds, and the rights which God had given him, the glorious manifesto was repudiated. When the black African piteously asked for

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some portion of these rights, his petition was rejected with contempt. Even now the native of China will receive but a scant share of these inalienable rights.

‘In the year 1789, when the French Assembly undertook to regenerate human society throughout the world, they deemed it necessary to define the natural rights of man before proceeding to discuss his civil rights. During a period when lawless confusion prevailed, when riotous and drunken mobs were murdering and plundering in the provinces, the orators of the Convention passed many weeks in delivering elaborate essays on the natural rights of man. “*Fatras métaphysique bavar-dage assommant!*” They were clever logicians and subtle reasoners, but, nevertheless, in their declamations they found themselves confronted with this difficulty: If the natural rights of man are inalienable and paramount to all human enactments, how can any assembly restrict these natural rights by legislation? Unless every living man and woman in the country consent to such restriction, the law is an unjustifiable act of tyranny! Consent to every law must be renewed by every successive generation, otherwise the people are deprived of their natural rights. Here was an insuperable dilemma.

‘The only escape was to leave the natural rights of man in abeyance, and to turn their attention to man’s civil rights.

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‘In the midst of a community maddened by famine, by the sight of surrounding destitution, and by a deep sense of injustice, it was found impossible to re-establish social order, until natural rights and civil rights perished simultaneously under the iron rule of the empire.

‘The notion of man’s natural rights spread, however, like an epidemic among the poorest class, who were dissatisfied with the hardships of life, and with the unequal conditions of civilized society. Politicians in this country, who called themselves the friends of the people, helped to propagate the belief that the natural rights of man would form a secure basis for the reconstruction of society. Mackintosh, a man learned in history and in law, ventured to assert that “the French people had founded a Constitution on the immutable basis of natural right and general happiness.” He furthermore predicted that “the French nation, instead of the glories of war, would now seek a new splendour in cultivating the arts of peace and extending the happiness of mankind.”

‘Such was the vain hope of the “*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,” published in the year 1791. A prediction refuted by twenty years of European war.

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‘What can be said for the science of politics, when its professors blunder so egregiously?’

‘The violent feelings generated in this country by the French Revolution clouded the soberest intellects, and produced a delirium incompatible with the examination of the complex problems of human society.

‘Edmund Burke, in his “Reflections on the French Revolution,” had previously attempted to correct popular errors on this equivocal word “rights.” He, however, avoided “natural rights,” and confined his observations to “civil rights.” “If civil society be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence acting by rule. Men have a right to live by that rule; they have a right to justice; they have a right to the fruits of their industry, and the means of making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions of their parents, to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring, to instruction in life, and to consolation in death.

‘“Whatever each man can do without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favour. In this partnership all men have equal rights, but not

to equal things. He that has but five shillings in the partnership has as good a right to it as he that has five hundred pounds has to his larger portion.

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“I have in contemplation the civil social man and no other; and as to the share of power, authority, and direction which each individual ought to have in the management of the State, that I must deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil society.”

‘Burke’s reasoning was somewhat confused, and open to the objections which Mackintosh, Thomas Paine, and other writers urged against it.

‘When Burke asserted “Civil society is an institution of beneficence,” the answer was obvious; the institution may be so corrupt that its beneficence is nullified.

‘The condition of the civil social man (to use Burke’s phrase) had in France become intolerable, and human nature revolted. It was a condition of which the Abbé Galiani truly observed: “Ad hæc tempora ventum est, ubi nec mala nec remedia pati possumus.”

‘All this vague language about the natural rights or original rights of man will convince every thoughtful reader that it is as difficult to analyze the elementary principles on which human society is founded, as it is to resolve

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into their primary ingredients the material objects of the visible world.

‘The root-and-branch men of the seventeenth century, the revolutionist of the eighteenth century, and the Radical in the early part of the nineteenth century, all aimed at some reconstruction of the whole social fabric.

‘Democracy was discredited in this country by the atrocities and follies of the French Government during what was called the Reign of Terror. So long, again, as the war with the first Napoleon occupied the mind of the nation, questions of internal government remained in abeyance; but on the restoration of peace public opinion was directed to the reforms which had been advocated by statesmen in the previous century.

‘The cessation of war expenditure, combined with other causes, produced much distress among the labouring classes, and led to tumultuous meetings and riots. The Tory Government of that day, taking advantage of the general feeling against these rioters, denounced all reformers as revolutionists.

‘Thus many sober-minded men who were loyally attached to the British Constitution, but who held that our representative system required enlargement and amelioration, were induced to unite with more violent reformers.

The country was gradually divided into two camps; the calm consideration of our representative institutions was rendered impossible, and a strong impulse was given to the party who were denominated Radicals.

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‘THE GROWTH OF RADICALISM.

“Radice in Tartara tendit.”

CANNING.

‘There were, soon after the peace of 1815, two classes of men who were called Radicals. One class consisted of indigent and ignorant men, whom noisy orators instigated to acts of violence, which they themselves carefully eschewed; the other class consisted of thoughtful politicians, who discussed and expounded theories of government. These men held democracy to be the only rational system of government, pretended to test every institution by the principle of utility, despised all poetry as silly exaggeration, and the fine arts as needless extravagance; they disparaged the British Constitution, which they regarded as an illogical combination of conflicting authorities. Of this class Jeremy Bentham was the oracle, and James Mill the interpreter.

‘As a law reformer, Bentham has been deservedly praised, and his “Essay on Usury” is admired for its argumentative vigour; but

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on questions of religion or of politics Bentham was a destructive fanatic; he could not write without bursting out in abusive epithets. Even in his book on Fallacies his political partiality mars his judgment. According to his view, Ministers are the only disputants who employ fallacious arguments.

‘THE THEORY OF JAMES MILL—POLITICAL
SCIENCE BASED ON SELFISHNESS.

Chapter IV.

‘Some fifty years have elapsed since James Mill published in the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*” a treatise on “Government,” which was presented to English readers as a scientific solution of the political problem. Mill undertook to demonstrate as a general proposition that democracy is the best form of government.

‘This treatise was regarded by the Radical reformers of that day as a masterpiece of political wisdom, and its leading principles were accepted as articles of faith in the democratic creed.

‘James Mill was a sincere republican. He hated monarchy, loathed all churches, detested social rank, envied the rich, and desired to subvert the political and ecclesiastical institutions of the realm.

‘Mill asserted, as the basis of his political system, that the object of government should

be to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

‘The greatest number, that is, the numerical majority of any political community, will always consist of the poorest class—the manual labourers. The whole object of government, according to James Mill, should be to secure the greatest happiness of this class.

‘Happiness, however, is a complex idea. What is to be the standard by which we are to measure happiness? Is the poorest class to be the judge of what will constitute their greatest happiness? Is the idea of happiness limited to earthly existence, or does it include the idea of a future life? These are questions which might perplex ordinary readers.

‘James Mill, however, explicitly declared that the greatest happiness of the greatest number was to be attained by “insuring to every man the greatest possible quantity of the produce of his labour.” The greatest number in every community must be the working class, and if every individual of that class could obtain the greatest possible quantity of the produce of his labour, the problem, in Mill’s opinion, would be solved.

‘Having at the outset stated this as the object to be pursued, Mill founded his scheme of government upon what he believed to be the principles of human nature. Selfishness is,

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Mill asserted, the prevailing motive of human conduct, and the only mode of neutralizing the selfishness of a portion of the community is to allow the whole community to govern itself. This perfect form of government could, he contended, be obtained by a system of representation, the grand discovery of modern times. Universal suffrage was thus proclaimed to be the complete and final solution of the political problem.

‘According to this theory, all history might be discarded as useless for the purpose of political instruction. The experience derived from the study of antecedent governments was superseded by a scheme founded on the invariable principles of human nature. There could be no further question as to the distribution of political power. The mixed Constitution of this realm, and the balance of the Three Estates, were contemptuously dismissed as chimerical and absurd.

‘Representation, by means of universal suffrage, was propounded as the panacea for all the evils which arise from misgovernment. James Mill did not, however, pursue his theory to its logical result; for if the evils resulting from personal selfishness can only be obviated by universal suffrage, why were the women—that is, half the community—to be excluded? Mill inconsistently excluded women from his scheme.

‘At the time when Mill published this treatise there was a general desire for some expansion and improvement of our representative system. The large portion of active and intelligent men of business, which in this country constitutes what is called the middle class, although eager for Parliamentary reform, were by no means prepared for the extensive change advocated by James Mill. In order to conciliate this influential class, Mill adopted the following argument :

“The middle class,” he said, “are the most wise and the most virtuous class in every community, and the opinions of the people who are below the middle rank are formed, and their minds directed, by that intelligent and virtuous class. It is,” he added, “altogether futile to assert that this or any other portion of the people may at this or at any other time depart from the wisdom of the middle class ; it is enough that the great majority of the people never cease to be guided by that class, and we may with confidence challenge the adversaries of the people to produce a single instance to the contrary in the history of the world.”

‘Fifty years in the world’s history have dispelled many illusions, and if belief in the pre-eminent virtues of the middle class has been somewhat shaken, all confidence in Mill’s

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assertion, "that the people who are below the middle rank will be invariably guided by the class above them," has been destroyed by the evidence of facts. The basis of Mill's reasoning has failed, and the theory founded upon it is worthless.

'The first postulate assumed by Mill is equally untenable, namely, that "the object of all government should be to ensure to every man the greatest possible quantity of the produce of his labour." The numerical majority of every community are chiefly occupied in securing daily sustenance and animal enjoyments; if the attainment of these ends constitutes the sole object of government, the result will be a degraded society, deficient in every characteristic which elevates and purifies the nature of man.

'A political philosophy which assumed selfishness to be the incentive of all human actions, and adopted it as the principle on which government should be based, was the production of a cynical mind, refusing to acknowledge the intellectual and moral qualities of men, with all the various problems to which these qualities give rise.

'Whatever opinion may be formed of James Mill's treatise on "Government," no intelligent person would now regard it as a satisfactory solution of the political problem.

‘ LORD MACAULAY’S THEORY—THE SCIENCE OF
POLITICS FOUNDED ON INDUCTION.

‘ James Mill’s scheme of government was vigorously criticised by Macaulay, who argued, with his usual eloquence and ability, that the diversity of human nature is so great as to render all reasoning based on any one motive fallacious. Having illustrated this statement by numerous examples, Macaulay proceeded to explain the wider foundation on which, in his opinion, the science of government should be constructed. He proposed to reach it by induction—that is, “by observing the present state of the world—by assiduously studying the history of past ages—by sifting the evidence of facts—by carefully combining and contrasting those which are authentic—by generalizing with judgment and diffidence—by perpetually bringing the theory constructed to the test of new facts—by correcting or altogether abandoning it, according as those new facts prove it to be partially or fundamentally unsound.” “This,” said Macaulay, “is the noble science of politics, which of all sciences is the most important to the welfare of nations, which of all sciences most tends to expand and invigorate the mind, which draws nutriment and ornament from every part of philosophy and literature, and

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dispenses in return nutriment and ornament to all."

'Having admired this declamation, if we follow Macaulay's advice and proceed to test his theory by the evidence of facts, the system appears illusory. By induction Macaulay must be supposed to mean the process of attaining general truths by the accumulation and verification of facts.

'This system, although successful in the study of physical science, has never been applied to politics. The British Constitution was not the result of elaborate induction. The Revolution of 1688 was not brought about by generalizing with judgment and diffidence. The conduct of King James alarmed the country, and offended the religious feelings of the people. The tyranny of the King led to the treachery of his Ministers; and a widespread conspiracy was contrived by politicians, who had no tincture of science and no scruples of morality.

'If Macaulay's theory is tested by the measures which were contemporary with his own public life, it will be found equally inapplicable. The three chief measures of that period were, the Roman Catholic Emancipation, the Parliament Reform, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Their passage through Parliament

was not the result of any inductive reasoning, but was forced on the Legislature by popular violence, by the exigencies of the day, and by all the mixed motives which animate party strife.

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‘Perhaps Macaulay did not intend to assert that political measures had been the fruit of induction, but that the science of politics should be founded on this philosophical system.

‘Macaulay's theory appears to be altogether erroneous when applied to the problems which living politicians desire to solve. The data on which to base inductive reasoning cannot be found.

‘What will constitute the best representative system?

‘How can the differences between capital and labour be adjusted?

‘Should the connection between the Church and State be dissolved?

‘These are a few of the questions which agitate society in this country at the present time, and for their solution induction is not available.

‘The endeavour to found the science of politics on selfishness, which was the theory of James Mill, and the attempt by Macaulay to found this science on induction, appear to be equally inapplicable to modern communities.

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Buckle, in his unfinished work on the "History of Civilization," observes : " Politics, so far from being a science, is one of the most backward of all the arts, and the only safe course for the legislator is to look upon his craft as consisting in the adaptation of temporary contrivances to temporary emergencies."

'Macaulay denounces the system of meeting the exigencies of the day by the expedients of the day as unworthy of statesmen ; but unfortunately the complexity of human affairs renders it impossible to employ the scientific method of reasoning which he recommends.

'The strength of Radicalism was founded, not on the arguments of James Mill, or of any other philosophical politician, but on the observation of the prosperity of the United States of America. The Radicals honestly believed that the Americans owed their prosperity to their Republican form of government. This, therefore, was the model which the Radicals presented to the people of this kingdom for imitation. Every extension of the franchise would, it was hoped, tend towards the consummation.

'Truth is said to be the daughter of Time ; and although a century is a short period in the history of nations, yet it may assist us to form an opinion on the merits of democracy based on universal suffrage.

'THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

'The United States of North America have now for a century presented to the world an example of a democratic Republic on a large scale ; thus refuting the assertion of Montesquieu, who said : " Il est de la nature d'une république qu'elle n'ait qu'un petit territoire sans cela elle ne peut guère subsister."

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'The founders of this Constitution enjoyed every advantage which could contribute to the successful establishment of a free commonwealth. The first immigration from England may justly be ascribed to the two noblest impulses which can animate the human mind—religion and civil liberty. Genuine piety and manly independence distinguished the men who resolved to leave their native land and to encounter the perils and privations of an unknown world, in order that they might worship God according to their conscientious belief, and live or die in the wilderness as an over-ruling Providence might decree. "We came into these parts to enjoy the liberties of the Gospel in purity and in peace." Such is said to have been the first declaration put forth by the ancestors of the future Republicans, and its grand simplicity of expression is certainly unsurpassed by the subsequent more pretentious

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Declaration of Independence. The religious enthusiasm, the austere morals, the undaunted bravery of the first settlers, qualified them to inaugurate in the New World a new era of happiness and virtue. They seemed to be guided in their exertions, and sustained in their sufferings, by some holy inspiration which accompanied their voyages: "*Spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquas.*"

'When the disputes arose between the American colonies and the Mother Country—when, as an American historian relates, "a twopenny tax on tea changed the history of the civilized world"—the independence of the States was secured by the courage, the wisdom, and the moderation of leaders, who proved themselves worthy of their noble lineage.

'Victorious in their conflict, and temperate in their triumph, the colonists became at once the acknowledged masters of an unlimited territory, rich in fertility of soil and in variety of climate, abounding in mineral wealth, in navigable rivers, and in natural harbours.

'Liberated from the interference of European Governments, and released from the prejudices of the Old World, the Americans could now establish for themselves a political society, which might develop the highest faculties of man, and exhibit to astonished nations the

most perfect scheme of civilized life. In the process of constructing their government the American statesmen do not appear to have been hampered by their celebrated Declaration of Independence, in which "all men were pronounced to be equal, and endowed by their Maker with inalienable right." No concession of rights to the negro or to the Indian, to the black man or to the red man, was mentioned. The statesmen wisely discarded the Declaration of Independence as a mere political manifesto which had served its purpose; and they proceeded to establish safeguards against the ambition of public functionaries and against the capricious decisions of the sovereign people.

'In the construction of the Constitution differences of opinion arose as to the proper distribution of political power. Alexander Hamilton contended for safeguards against the aggressive encroachments of the poorest class, while Jefferson supported the claims of the popular party. In this contest the opinions of Jefferson prevailed, and subsequently, when he became President of the United States, he contributed still further to develop the principles of the democratic government.

'It was the fortune of Jefferson to be present at the birth of two republics: in America and in France. The statesmen of America, while

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they retained the local administration of the provincial legislatures, united the several States in a Federal Government, which they framed upon a pattern in some respects analogous to the Constitution of the Mother Country. Their political arrangements displayed much practical wisdom; and although further experience has brought to light many defects, yet the result was successful in the establishment of communities destined eventually to become a free and powerful commonwealth.

‘The politicians of France, rejecting all past experience, boasted that they would regenerate the civilized world on the principles of the rights of man, of fraternity and equality. The result ended in military despotism and in the failure of their lofty aspirations. Jefferson, writing on the condition of France, towards the close of his own life, expressed his sorrow that the Republic had ended in despotism, and that, after millions of lives had been sacrificed in war, with all its attendant miseries, the fabric of Liberty was in ruins, and the odious monarchs remained sitting in triumph on their re-established thrones.

‘The correspondence of Jefferson has fortunately been preserved, and we can now compare the condition of a democratic community, which has endured for a hundred years, with

the confident predictions of a man who was the chief author of the existing Constitution.

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‘Jefferson had an unhesitating faith in the perfectibility of mankind through the operation of democratic institutions. He believed that kings and aristocracies were the only obstacles to the development of human virtue, and that the moral nature of man, when emancipated from these vicious tyrants, would be at once renovated and purified in the atmosphere of freedom. He could only speak of kings as pestilent monsters, and the words of Voltaire’s tragedy would exactly represent his sentiments,

“Je suis fils de Brutus, et je porte en mon cœur
La liberté gravée, et les rois en horreur.”

‘So deeply impressed was he with the dangerous and immoral influence of kingly governments and of aristocratic society, that he objected to young Americans visiting Europe, “lest,” as he says, “they should acquire the taste for luxury and dissipation prevalent in the capitals of the Old World.”

‘In another letter he contrasts the “voluptuous dress and arts of European women with the chaste affections and inartificial manners which would be found in the United States.”

‘Contemplating in his imagination American society in future years as a perpetual feast of intellectual pleasure and of unalloyed virtue,

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they retained the local administration of the provincial legislatures, united the several States in a Federal Government, which they framed upon a pattern in some respects analogous to the Constitution of the Mother Country. Their political arrangements displayed much practical wisdom; and although further experience has brought to light many defects, yet the result was successful in the establishment of communities destined eventually to become a free and powerful commonwealth.

‘The politicians of France, rejecting all past experience, boasted that they would regenerate the civilized world on the principles of the rights of man, of fraternity and equality. The result ended in military despotism and in the failure of their lofty aspirations. Jefferson, writing on the condition of France, towards the close of his own life, expressed his sorrow that the Republic had ended in despotism, and that, after millions of lives had been sacrificed in war, with all its attendant miseries, the fabric of Liberty was in ruins, and the odious monarchs remained sitting in triumph on their re-established thrones.

‘The correspondence of Jefferson has fortunately been preserved, and we can now compare the condition of a democratic community, which has endured for a hundred years, with

the confident predictions of a man who was the chief author of the existing Constitution.

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‘Jefferson had an unhesitating faith in the perfectibility of mankind through the operation of democratic institutions. He believed that kings and aristocracies were the only obstacles to the development of human virtue, and that the moral nature of man, when emancipated from these vicious tyrants, would be at once renovated and purified in the atmosphere of freedom. He could only speak of kings as pestilent monsters, and the words of Voltaire’s tragedy would exactly represent his sentiments,

“Je suis fils de Brutus, et je porte en mon cœur
La liberté gravée, et les rois en horreur.”

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body is widely separated from the mass of the people, it ceases to be a faithful interpreter of the national mind. Public confidence is then withdrawn, and the whole system of the Constitution is impaired.

‘Some intermediate position between these two extremes should be the object of a sound representative system.

‘By whatever mode of election a body of educated persons are chosen as members of a representative assembly, an echo of public opinion will be heard amongst them. In this country a system of representation proportioned to population, to property, to taxation, or to any other intelligible basis, never existed. The whole electoral machinery was composed of anomalies and incongruities.

‘Before the Reform Act of 1832, many large towns throughout the country, the centres of industry and wealth, were excluded from representation; whilst the aristocratic patron, the jobbing borough-monger, the self-elected corporation, the venal freeman, and the drunken pot-walloper, nominated a considerable proportion of the House of Commons.

‘Nevertheless, this constituent body, in spite of the intrigues of courtiers and place-men, raised the first Pitt to power, and sustained him in his vigorous and victorious administration.

It enabled the second Pitt to defeat a clever but dishonest coalition, and to appeal, with triumphant success, from Parliament to the nation. In subsequent years this imperfect constituent body proved itself a faithful interpreter of public opinion by giving a persistent and patriotic support to a Government engaged in a tremendous conflict for European freedom, and eventually raised this kingdom to a pre-dominance which reformed constituencies have never equalled.

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‘Until a late period in the history of this country, a real representation of the majority of the people would have been a national calamity. Even in the early part of the eighteenth century—when science and literature were cultivated with success by distinguished authors—the great mass of the people were still in such a condition of fanatical ignorance, that they would gladly have persecuted the Dissenters and restored the Stuarts. It would, indeed, be easy to show that during the greater part of the last century the sense of the whole nation, if it had been duly represented, would have been an untrustworthy director of the national policy.

‘Are we, then, quite certain that a future generation will not reject with contempt the political sentiments which are now shouted in market-places or applauded in town-halls?

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‘The system of representative institutions is based upon the principle that the constituent body reflects the collective wisdom of the nation. Radicals maintain that all persons, both men and women (excluding minors, criminals, and lunatics), should form the constituent body. It is even affirmed, by straining the usual meaning of language, that persons debarred from the exercise of the franchise are virtually slaves.

‘According to this political theory, the majority of the whole people, without reference to property, to taxation, to education, or to sex, should elect the representatives.

‘Government by party is the inseparable accompaniment of representative institutions. The rivalry of competing parties seeking popular support will continually tend to enlarge the constituent body. Thus it appears that universal suffrage (or a suffrage nearly universal) is the ultimate and unavoidable result of representative reforms.

‘When representation has descended to the lowest stratum of society, it can fall no further.

“Qui jacet in terrâ non habet unde cadat.”

· What will be the possible consequences to the British Empire of such an extension of the franchise?

‘The political affairs of the Empire in this nineteenth century are more complex than those of any other State in ancient or modern times. The geographical position of this island, which, according to the Roman poet, detached it from the rest of the world, now, on the contrary, connects it with every region of the habitable globe. No other State was ever governed under such an anomalous mixture of monarchical and democratic institutions. No other State ever possessed so many distant dependencies ruled under such various systems of administration. The interests of this country are so diversified, intricate, and entangled by commercial and financial ties, so interwoven with the credit of foreign States, that the least disturbance in any part of the world immediately vibrates here, producing embarrassment and alarm.

‘This artificial condition of society is to be subjected to the capricious decisions of ignorant and needy electors enfranchised by universal suffrage.

‘... It is not without some feelings of solicitude that we shall see this numerous class legally established as the guardians of the British Empire, and the custodians of that constitutional edifice which it has taken ages to build up.

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‘These men, although incompetent to decide upon many complex questions of politics, might pronounce a just opinion on a matter fairly submitted to their judgment, but political meetings are not favourable to the calm consideration of men or of measures.

‘PUBLIC SPEAKING AT PARTY GATHERINGS.

“Ce sont deux animaux bien bêtes que l’homme et le lapin une fois qu’ils sont pris par les oreilles.”—LE MARQUIS DE MIRABEAU.

Chapter IX.

‘The art of leading men by their ears, which the elder Mirabeau professed to despise, the younger Mirabeau practised with signal success.

‘In this country at party gatherings the art is simplified, inasmuch as the speeches are only addressed to partisans. Argument is superfluous when the hearers are already convinced—when they only meet to be flattered for their wisdom, and to applaud the condemnation of their opponents.

‘Exaggerated language, reckless statements, scornful denunciations, imputations of dishonesty and stupidity, are the chief ingredients of these speeches. It would not be difficult to cull an anthology of vituperative phrases from the flowery eloquence with which at these meetings even statesmen gratify their adherents.

‘These assemblies tend to corrupt both

orator and auditory. The orator mistakes the cheers of heated partisans for the expression of public opinion ; the auditory are inflamed with animosities, and rendered incapable of exercising such reasoning faculties as they may possess.

‘ For the purpose of diffusing political knowledge, and preparing the class of working-men for a more direct participation in the government of the State, these gatherings are worse than useless.

‘ Lamartine (who was himself a proficient in this style of oratory) wrote in his “ *Histoire des Girondins* ” : “ Pour passionner les peuples il faut qu’un peu d’illusion se mêle à la vérité ; la réalité seule est trop froide pour fanatiser l’esprit humain.”

‘ In all accumulations of animal matter there is an immediate tendency to ferment, and a crowd of human beings is especially liable to this effervescence. History records the fanatical and tumultuous riots of populous cities, and it is often noticed that the most numerous urban constituencies are the most unreasonable.

‘ When men of business are engaged in conducting commercial affairs, and in managing large trading establishments, they endeavour to reason calmly, and to resist the impulses of passion and of rivalry. But when they address

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a member of Parliament is of course an entirely subordinate question.

‘The result will be that, in most cases, after all the trouble and expense of this electoral apparatus, from the registration to the final ballot, the system resolves itself into a circuitous mode of nominating members of Parliament by a small body of managers.

‘One effect of this system will be that a large proportion of sensible and moderate men will abstain from voting. They will be aware that, unless they vote according to the dictate of a managing committee, their votes will be thrown away.

‘That portion of the electors, whose calm judgment and temperate disposition would supply a counterpoise to the violence of party warfare, will stand aloof; and the country will lose the beneficial influence of that body of men who are best qualified to weigh the value of antagonistic opinions, and to take a correct survey of the political horizon.

‘This is an evil which appears to be inseparable from a widely extended franchise. . . .

‘THE FUNCTIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Chapter XI.

‘What are the proper functions of the governing power? Where the authority of the State should interfere, and where it should

abstain from interference? These are questions intimately connected with political economy, with civil liberty, and with the whole framework of society.

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‘The legislation of recent years seems to indicate that politicians have no settled opinion upon these questions, and are guided by no principle. The system of administration which was in former centuries regarded as profound statesmanship, was, at a later period, rejected and denounced as an unwise and mischievous policy ; while the practice of modern ministers is to revert to a system of interference tending to control and regulate the whole life and freedom of the subject.

‘Which system is best calculated to promote the welfare of the nation is a problem which the science of politics, if such a science exists, should enable us to solve.

‘In former centuries the English Government, like other European States, assumed itself to be pre-eminent in wisdom as in power, and undertook to direct the whole course of the national life. The first and most important function was to prescribe the religious belief and devotional ceremonies of the people. This function was approved by the wisest statesmen, and was in harmony with the public opinion of that age. The Government, moreover,

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attempted to regulate the occupations of the people, and even the details of domestic management. Sumptuary laws were passed to repress the luxury of the rich, and even to fix their dress and diet. Other enactments appointed the rate of wages, the price of food, and the labour to be performed. The industry of every artisan was subject to the control of a guild and a magistrate. Commerce was restricted; and with the view of increasing the national wealth, the export of the precious metals was prohibited. The irrepressible growth of London, instead of being regarded as a proof of national prosperity, was deemed an excrescence which the law might usefully check.

‘ This system of public policy was sanctioned by the great name of Bacon, who was not only himself instrumental in furthering such legislation, but who also, as a historian of the reign of Henry VII., lauded the statesmanship of that King for enforcing measures of a similar character.

‘ A later generation of statesmen introduced an entirely opposite policy. They contended that the interference of the State in the details of private life and of industrial occupations was both unjust and mischievous. All government was a restriction of human liberty, and

should only be enforced where it was indispensable. Over-governing, it was now said, had been the bane of trade and the ruin of manufactures. The proper course was to repeal these vexatious enactments, and to give the freest scope to human energy. In short, all people should be allowed to manage their affairs in their own way, so long as they did not interfere with the equal liberty of their neighbours.

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‘Freedom of conscience, freedom of the press, freedom of contract, freedom of trade, were now declared to be the true principles of an enlightened Government, which should never interfere further than the exigencies of the State might require.

‘The celebrated book of Adam Smith confirmed a change of opinion which was already making its way among the educated classes. He limited the duties of government to those functions which can only be adequately discharged by the State itself. To these alone, he declared, should the public revenue be applied. These functions are :

‘1. The defence of the country against foreign enemies.

‘2. The security of property and tranquillity within the realm.

‘3. The support of the chief magistrate

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and of the administrative and judicial departments.

‘4. The collection of revenue for these purposes.

‘5. The expense of contributing towards the maintenance of institutions for education and religious instruction.

‘6. The expense of contributing to such public works as are directly beneficial to the whole community.

‘These two last heads of expenditure might, Adam Smith suggested, with equal propriety, and with some advantage, be defrayed by those persons who derive the chief benefit from such expenditure.

‘Here was a definite policy, which simplified the functions of government and the labours of the legislature. For many years this policy was regarded as the true principle of administration, and the criterion of sound statesmanship.

‘The spirit of modern legislation has departed from the general principles propounded by Adam Smith ; and after much discussion an opposite practice has gradually prevailed.

‘The Government is now required to interfere in almost every industrial occupation. The State is appointed to act as the guardian of the feeble, the protector of the poor, the instructor

of the ignorant. Freedom of contract is no longer the ruling principle between the employer and the employed. Men are not allowed to manage their own business in their own way. Parents are not entrusted to bring up their own children. The hours of instruction and the hours of labour are regulated by law, and made matter of report to Parliament.

‘The working man, whether he is up in the factory, down in the mine, or out on the sea, is still under the superintending eye of the Government.

‘To secure the health of the people is now the duty of the State. The food which they eat, the water they drink (if they do drink water), and the air they breathe, must be freed from contamination. Their dwellings must be inspected, cleansed, and over-crowding prevented. The recreation of the people also occupies the attention of a benevolent legislature ; but even in their holidays they must be treated as if they were children, and guarded against temptations which they are powerless to resist.

‘New departments are created, or old departments reorganized, with scientific inspectors, for the due performance of these multifarious functions.

‘The admonitions of a former generation of

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statesmen, against what was called over-governing, are now no longer uttered, and the people are taught to believe that it is the duty of the Government to secure them a comfortable existence.

‘When once the principles laid down by Adam Smith are rejected, it becomes difficult to define the proper limits to the interference of the State. The feelings of humanity, of charity, and of religion prompt politicians to enact new laws for the restriction of excessive toil, and for the relief of that portion of the people who are least able to protect themselves.

‘It is now manifest that Adam Smith based his propositions on insufficient data. A rigid adherence to his principles of government would have occasioned intolerable suffering to a large class of the population.

‘The authority of illustrious names has too frequently retarded the progress of science, and misguided the policy of statesmen. When experience has refuted their dogmatic decisions, the mass of mankind are apt to run into the opposite extreme, until another evil is the result.

‘Thus continued interference by the State undermines and destroys the habit of self-reliance, which is essential to the independence and mental energy of man. There is a striking

inconsistency in assuming that the working man is incapable to take care of himself, while at the same time he is qualified to direct the policy of the State, and to control the destinies of the Empire!

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‘It must, moreover, be remembered that laws restricting labour, however favourable they may at first seem to the health and happiness of the workmen, tend inevitably to increase the cost of production, and to diminish the profits of business. These laws may be innocuous so long as local advantages or scientific superiority enable the workmen to defy competition, but they will become injurious when the rivalry of foreign countries transfers the trade to a community content with harder work and lower wages.

‘Then the enactments intended to benefit the working class have the effect of closing the workshop and depriving the workman of employment.

‘While statesmen are perplexed and politicians are debating these intricate problems of human life, it is not surprising that workmen should have recourse to a solution which may seem to offer a temporary benefit to themselves.

‘If Bacon was in error, and Adam Smith misled his followers, a working man cannot

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justly be blamed for misunderstanding the extent to which the principles of political economy should be applied or modified, amid the complex arrangements of modern society.

‘Even the question of civil liberty is as yet clouded in a haze of words, and has seldom been carefully considered by political writers.

‘OF ARISTOCRACY.

Chapter XIII.

‘Aristocracy, according to the meaning of the word, is a form of government where the chief authority is vested in the most eminent men.

‘The word did not originally signify a class of hereditary rulers, but rather a privileged order to which men might rise by meritorious public service. Aristocracy is now commonly used to designate persons who have inherited social rank not necessarily connected with political power.

‘Aristocrat is a word of modern origin ; it is not in Johnson's Dictionary, but was probably imported from France at the end of the last century. The separation of classes in that country led to the use of appellations, for which in English we have no equivalent terms : “roturier,” “vilain,” “bourgeois,” were designations by which the French nobility stigmatized all other classes of the community. These

classes retorted by identifying "aristocrat" with enmity to the people.

'Offensive appellations produce more ill-will than graver injuries, as history and daily experience abundantly prove. Hatred, moreover, seems to linger in the breast of a people long after the actual grievance which engendered it has been removed.

'According to the strict meaning of the word, the French nobility in the last century were not an aristocracy; they were not the governing class. At an earlier period Louis XIV. did not select his Ministers from the nobility; even in the provinces, although he allowed a nobleman to represent the dignity of government, he sent an official "intendant" to administer the affairs.

'Political animosity and social jealousy have so deeply discoloured the history of France, that it is difficult, even with the aid of modern writers such as Barante, Tocqueville, Taine, and others, to ascertain the whole truth respecting the French nobility in the last century. It seems that, with the exception of nobles who were of royal blood, the great mass of the nobility had been deprived of political power, but had been allowed to retain, and even to augment, the numerous privileges attaching to their rank. The solid fabric of feudalism

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the Revolution, noticed the large number of landowners who were in the condition of peasants. Turgot and Necker, when considering the distress of the French peasantry, expressed an opinion that the separate plots of land from frequent subdivision were insufficient to support a family. The ownership of land was not profitable, because the taxes of the State, and the innumerable dues payable on account of old feudal rights, absorbed the produce. The cultivation of the soil was discouraged; and the land was left barren, while the peasants were starving.

‘Thus the sense of injustice festering for years in the hearts of the people,

“Wrongs unredressed or insults unavenged,”

stimulated the hatred of a privileged class, and of hereditary rank. (Hence it is that in France. “*Immortale odium et nunquam sanabile vulnus ardet adhuc.*”) Where inequality had produced so much suffering and offence, equality became the savage outcry of a maddened people, and Rousseau’s language was hailed as the gospel of a regenerated nation.

‘In England the position of the nobility was altogether different.

‘The English barons in old feudal times constituted a powerful aristocracy. When,

however, they determined to resist the demands of the King, they invoked the aid of the collective freemen, and the Great Charter established the rights of the vassals against the barons, as well as the rights of the barons against the Sovereign. During the civil wars, called the Wars of the Roses, the old feudal nobility lost their lives and their possessions. Their number had been so far diminished that in the first Parliament of Henry VII. only twenty-nine temporal peers received writs of summons. The extinction of the aristocracy facilitated the domination of the Tudors. The laws and liberties of the nation were set aside at the pleasure of the Sovereign, and the freedom of the people was only re-established by a rebellion and a revolution.

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‘ During the intermediate period the English nobility had little political power ; their feudal authority had ceased, their Parliamentary influence had not yet arisen. Nothing of feudalism was, in fact, left, except some legal forms and fictions, which lawyers derived, or pretended to derive, from Norman or Saxon antiquity.

‘ The English nobility did not constitute a separate class of society. Commoners were raised to the peerage, and the sons of peers become commoners. The nobility had no exemptions from taxation, and their political

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influence depended on their wealth, their abilities, or their character.

‘Thus the nobility subsided into country gentlemen and lived as equals amongst their neighbours. A new source of political power was now open to them, and their sons or relations became the accepted representatives of the people in Parliament.

‘It is often asserted, especially by foreign historians, that the Revolution of 1688 was accomplished by the English aristocracy. The leading statesmen of that period were not the hereditary descendants of a feudal nobility; they possessed no territorial power. Danby, Nottingham, Halifax, Shaftesbury, and Marlborough were new peers, who had risen from the commonalty by their abilities, and were supported by a large portion of the educated classes, and by the Churchmen and Dissenters, who were alarmed for the Protestant religion.

‘During the eighteenth century the peers, in common with other landowners, acquired great influence in the House of Commons, but until towards the end of the century no popular discontent appears to have been occasioned on this account. Burke, in the year 1770, writing “On the Cause of the Present Discontents,” did not allude to the necessity of Parliamentary reform or to the state of the representation in

the House of Commons. If the influence of the peers had been a general ground of dissatisfaction, he could hardly have avoided all reference to it. An extensive change in the distribution of the people had not yet occurred. The steam-engine was in truth one of the motive powers which produced the Reform Bill; although as early as 1780 an amendment of the representation had been advocated in Parliament, and might then have been most advantageously adopted.

‘It has been said that in some former age the English peasantry were landed proprietors, that “they tilled the land, but owned the land they tilled.” The artisan also in former times “worked the loom, but owned the loom he worked.”

‘A workman who has no capital is forced, when a crop fails or trade languishes, to mortgage his land or to pawn his loom. The report on the hand-loom weavers proved the futility of attempting to maintain an industrial occupation which had been superseded by a more economical system of manufacture. So also in husbandry; agriculture on a larger scale was found to be more profitable: the steam-plough superseded the spade, machinery was introduced, and the capitalist thrived where the poorer peasant failed.

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‘Any person acquainted with the Western counties will admit that, when a property consists of a few acres, it is almost invariably mortgaged to the banker or solicitor in the neighbouring town.

Lifehold and copyhold tenures were common in a former century, but were notoriously unfavourable to improvement, and have been wisely abandoned.

‘Many social and political problems are involved in the tenure of land, which have never been sufficiently examined.

‘In Bancroft’s “History of the United States” it is said that the first emigrants from England began with a scheme of common property in land. This system, however, occasioned such discontent that it was speedily abandoned. Another scheme was next tried; parcels of land were assigned for cultivation, but not for inheritance. This scheme was also found unsatisfactory, and the emigrants were compelled to revert to the system of the Old World, and to allot the land in perpetual fee.

‘The compulsory subdivision of landed property in France has produced results unfavourable to the increase of the population. Thus it is observed that, while the British race and the English language are spreading over a large portion of the globe, the French people scarcely

increase in number, and the French language will soon be restricted to the French soil.

‘ This check to the population produces for a limited number of persons a more comfortable livelihood ; but for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, we may point to thriving communities in Canada, in Australia, and in New Zealand.

‘ A considerable change is, however, perceptible in this country among the owners of land. The smaller proprietors are leaving their old abodes, and emigrating to towns or to the Continent. Land is so burdened with rates and taxes that it is an undesirable investment. The opportunities for educating children and the attractions of society induce persons to abandon the rural life of a former century ; whilst sale of their land enables them to employ their money to greater advantage. This change is to be regretted, because it has deprived the counties of a class of men who were useful for the administration of local affairs.

‘ In every civilized country there will arise a class of men who, having inherited wealth, are released from the necessity of manual labour and from the drudgery of professional employment. Even under Republican institutions, this class will gradually assume many of the characteristics of a social aristocracy. They

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attach importance to inherited names, to family connections, and they like to trace out an ancestral history.

‘ They cultivate refinement in their tastes and studies. They associate with the educated society of other countries, from which they acquire enlarged views and varied experience.

‘ A form of government which repudiates and ostracises this class is defective. It loses the benefit of abilities which run to waste, and drives men, who are not unfit for public employment, to pass their lives in enforced idleness at home, or to seek for congenial society abroad.

‘ Political affairs, meanwhile, being entirely relinquished to the industrial classes, and to men who hope to derive a livelihood from office, are lowered to a trade, and pursued in a sordid spirit as a profitable employment.

‘ The Americans are in their hearts an aristocratic people, living under democratic institutions. This sentiment frequently peeps out from under the domino which the Republic forces them to wear.

‘ ENTAILS.

‘ Adam Smith, alluding to the law of entail at that period, said : “ Nothing can be more completely absurd, than that the property of the

present generation should be regulated according to the fancy of those who died, perhaps, five hundred years ago." He contended that the property of great landowners was always worse managed than the estates of small proprietors.

' This statement could not now be maintained with truth. The law of entail has also been restricted since the time of Adam Smith.

' It may be doubted, however, whether the law of entail as modified by later statutes is beneficial to peers or to the landed gentry. The law renders the possessor of land dependent on the next heir. In many cases this is an impediment to improvements. A worse result is that it enables a youth, possessed of strong passions and little self-control, to sell his reversion to money-lenders. The actual possessor then finds himself displaced, and is compelled either to buy back his estate or to look forward to its ruin.

' The subject is, however, involved in some difficulty, and would require to be carefully considered in connection with the law and custom of settlements in cases of marriage.

' The abolition of the power of entail would probably disappoint the Democratic party, who wish to subdivide estates, to extinguish the large landowners, to pull down "the pinnacles

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of Burghley and the oriels of Longleat," for the purpose of planting cabbage gardens.

'In this country there is a strong feeling in favour of hereditary dignities. Men highly value honours and distinctions which they can bequeath to their children; they wish to see their name preserved to future ages, and associated with a property in some district where their parents lived, or in which their early years were passed. This sentiment is an incentive to exertion which it seems unwise in statesmen altogether to despise and reject.

'Adam Smith regarded lineal succession and the custom of primogeniture as foolish superstitions; but they are deeply seated in the hearts of men, and have induced them

* "To scorn delights and live laborious days"

in order that their descendants may look back with pride and emulation to an ancestor who has won a place of honour in his country's history.

"Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam."

This impulse inspired a Roman poet, and in some form it is common to the human race, although it is the germ of that sentiment which is hateful to democracy. The opposite sentiment of equality is indeed more fully gratified

when generation after generation passes to the grave, undistinguished and unremembered, in one uniform level of insignificance. . . .

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'THE MINISTERS OF A CONSTITUTIONAL KING.

'Lord Macaulay states in his history that before the Revolution of 1688, although there were Ministers of the Crown, they did not constitute what we call a Ministry ; that is, a small body of men who, supported by a majority in Parliament, are agreed upon the general policy to be pursued in the management of public affairs. Chapter XV.

'This scheme was, he says, first adopted in the reign of William and Mary. The Ministry was not for many years so compact a body as Macaulay's language would indicate. In the early part of the eighteenth century Ministers openly opposed one another ; and it was only by degrees that unity of political opinion became so far the attribute of Cabinet Ministers that they assumed a joint responsibility for their policy and public measures.

'Macaulay praises the institution of a Cabinet as a contrivance of consummate wisdom, inasmuch as it secured to Parliament a paramount influence over the Executive Government, without depriving the Government of the proper functions of administration.

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‘ Without intending to depreciate this political contrivance, which is a necessity in our Parliamentary system, it must be admitted that the institution of the Cabinet has tended to diminish the personal responsibility of each individual Minister, and to intensify party government by generating a combined opposition.

‘ The responsibility of each Minister is now sheltered behind the screen of the Cabinet. If the official conduct of a Minister becomes the subject of animadversion in Parliament, the united Cabinet defend their colleague and claim to share his responsibility. The whole political party then rush to the rescue of the Government, and although in private they may blame the Minister as a blunderer or jobber, in public they absolve him from all censure, and even lavish eulogies on his many virtues.

‘ The responsibility of the Cabinet can only be enforced by a Parliamentary vote. In this case the judges are not impartial, inasmuch as both sides have a direct interest in the decision; one party desire to retain the Ministry in office, the other party desire to occupy their places. The country therefore rightly regards a vote of censure, not as an honest judgment, but as a party victory.

‘ Burke noticed with regret that the responsi-

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bility of Ministers was much diminished. "The House of Commons," he said, "sitting for a great part of the year, has gradually approximated to the character of a standing senate, and has thus lost its control, because it is made to partake in every considerable act of the Government."

'Burke, moreover, deplored that "impeachment, that great guardian of the purity of the Constitution, is in danger of being lost even to the idea of it."

'This loss will not be regretted by any modern politician. The power of impeachment was much misused. The Earl of Oxford was impeached for concluding the Peace of Utrecht. But this was a flagrant act of injustice and of party spite; inasmuch as a previous House of Commons had pronounced the peace to be beneficial. The impeachment of Warren Hastings, although it afforded an opportunity for brilliant oratory, was discreditable to the Commons, who in after years endeavoured to make some amends for this lengthened persecution of an able public servant.

'The institution of a Cabinet with joint responsibility renders it difficult to condemn any individual Minister for a public measure; and the most vindictive politician would hardly propose to send the whole Cabinet to the Tower.

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In modern times, indeed, politicians have found the Tower to be, not the dreary dungeon of the condemned statesman, but the gateway to popularity and fame.

‘In the year 1854 Baron Stockmar wrote what Mr. Theodore Martin calls “a vigorous constitutional essay” for the instruction of the Prince Consort.

‘Baron Stockmar states in this treatise that “the old Tories, who, before the Reform Bill, were in power for fifty years, had a direct interest in upholding the prerogatives of the Crown, and they did uphold them manfully, although the Hanoverian kings, by their immoral, politically exceptionable, dynastic or private wishes and interests, made the task anything but an easy one.”

“As a race,” Baron Stockmar adds, “these Tories have died out, and the race which in the present day bears their name are simply degenerate bastards. Our Whigs, again, are nothing but partly conscious, partly unconscious Republicans, who stand in the same relation to the throne as the wolf does to the lamb. . . .” If the English Crown permit a Whig Ministry to follow their opinions in practice, “you must not wonder if in a little time you find the majority of the people impressed with the belief that the King, in the view of the law, is

nothing but a mandarin figure, which has to nod its head in assent, or shake it in denial, as his Minister pleases."

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' Baron Stockmar, having thus disposed of the Tories and the Whigs, says of the Aberdeen School that "they treat the existing Constitution merely as a bridge to a Republic."

' The opinion of the German Baron would be unworthy of notice, except for his acknowledged influence in the highest quarter. It is, however, painful to read the reply of the Prince Consort, who, being intimately acquainted with these statesmen, writes to the Baron: "I heartily agree with every word you say."

' The imputation of disloyalty and hypocrisy cast against the leaders of all parties was undeserved, and proves the Baron to have been a prejudiced counsellor. Fortunately, the Prince Consort was not guided in his public conduct by the whimsical notions of Baron Stockmar.

' It must be admitted that under the British Constitution the Prime Minister is the head of a political party. He may be a politician of no official experience, having acquired his position by skill in debate, or by his adroitness in guiding his followers. When in office, his time is chiefly occupied in defending his position against ambitious opponents, and in conciliating dissatisfied adherents. Thus, abilities

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which should be devoted to the service of the State are often employed in schemes for strengthening his majority or defeating the attack of his assailants.

‘Every form of government, however, has its inherent defects ; and under an absolute monarch the intrigues of a Court are as pernicious and debasing as the manœuvres resorted to for manipulating a representative assembly.

‘A representative Government is disadvantageously situated in treating with foreign Powers. An absolute Sovereign usually selects for the management of foreign affairs a man who has been trained in office, and who is experienced in all the complex history and antecedents of European diplomacy. The Minister selected, having the confidence of his royal master, can give his undivided attention to the business of his department and to the interests of his country.

‘The British Minister is chosen for the convenience of party arrangements, and must learn the details of foreign affairs after his appointment, or rely upon the permanent officers of the department. He knows that, whatever his policy may be, it will be attacked, and, so far as possible, thwarted in Parliament. Foreign Governments will be told that his measures are

disapproved by the British people, and consequently his authority is weakened, and his assurances received with distrust. It will often, moreover, be perceived that his despatches are written, not for the Government to which they are addressed, but for reproduction in the British Parliament.

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‘Public life in this country may fit a member of Parliament indifferently well for any other office, but seldom qualifies him to represent his country adequately among the practised diplomatists of foreign states.

‘The enthusiastic believers in European progress maintained that the force of public opinion and the influence of democracy would tend to create more amicable relations among states, and to promote international confidence, increased commerce, and a great desire for peace.

‘Lamartine, in the “*Histoire des Girondins*,” affirmed that one of the sublime, almost divine truths which the French Revolution of 1789 had established in politics was, “*La souveraineté du droit sur la force*.” This was a startling statement to make after the empire of the first Napoleon. Not, however, to revert to that period, let us see what public opinion has effected in recent years.

‘The treatment of Denmark by Prussia and

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Austria was correctly described by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, when he wrote in reference to these spoliations, "Nous regrettons de n'y trouver d'autre fondement que la force."

' From that date the supremacy of force has been insolently avowed as a sufficient justification for the armed interference of the great military Powers; and the public opinion of states which profess to be democratic, such as Italy, is quite as aggressive as the absolute Sovereigns of the North.

' It appears, therefore, that democracy affords in itself no guarantee for European peace.

' THE COUNCIL—LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

' The newspapers inform us that on some previous day the Sovereign held a council, and it might be supposed, according to the usual meaning of the word, that the council is an assembly of persons met together for consultation. Such councils were held in former centuries, and were sanctioned by the royal presence. The King often took an active part in the proceedings, rebuking the members and controlling the decisions. Of such councils the reign of Queen Anne supplies the last example.

' In modern times the council is a meeting where the Sovereign is present, but where no consultation takes place. The council is now

a Court formality, useful for the solemn announcement and publication of measures and appointments previously sanctioned by the King, but not in any sense an assembly for deliberation.

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‘The Cabinet meanwhile has appropriated the deliberative functions which belonged in ancient times to the council board.

‘THE CABINET.

‘The chief executive powers of the State are vested in the Cabinet, which is a committee of members of Parliament, holding the highest administrative offices and meeting to consult upon measures to be submitted, first for the approval of the Sovereign, and subsequently for the decision of Parliament.

‘The body is in a somewhat anomalous position; it is unrecognised by the laws, it keeps no record of its meetings or of its proceedings, and it exists only by an honourable understanding between the members. Since no record of differences, of discussions, or of arguments is kept, it is a point of honour not to refer to conversations which cannot afterwards be authenticated. All the members of the Cabinet are collectively responsible for the decisions arrived at, and if any member differs from his colleagues, he must determine for

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himself whether he will acquiesce and share the responsibility, or quit the Cabinet and resign his office. Even after his resignation he should be scrupulously careful not to reveal what has occurred in the Cabinet, further than is indispensable for his own justification; and even for this partial revelation he must ask the permission of the Sovereign. A subsequent reference to conversations in the Cabinet is worthless, unless the matter has been recorded in a letter, and accepted as a correct statement of the divergent opinions.

‘On one occasion the Constitutional position of the Cabinet was matter of discussion in Parliament. In the year 1806, during the Grenville Ministry, Lord Ellenborough, who was then Chief Justice, was made a Cabinet Minister. The appointment of the highest criminal judge to be a member of the Executive Government was noticed in Parliament as irregular and objectionable. The discussion, however, terminated by a general admission in both Houses that the Cabinet has no organized or corporate character, and is altogether unrecognised by the Constitution.

‘It seems an anomaly that the chief executive power of the State should be vested in a body which is altogether unrecognised by law, and unacknowledged by the Constitution.

‘Where nothing is fixed by law, the engagement of honour becomes the more imperative. Every Minister is thus bound to his colleagues to keep them informed of every important departmental proceeding, so that the Cabinet may not be committed to a policy without its deliberate approval.

‘Every Minister is equally bound in honour and loyalty to his Sovereign not to do any act which may by implication convey the royal assent, unless the matter has been previously explained to the King, and has received the royal sanction.

‘These honourable engagements have not always been scrupulously observed.

‘OPEN QUESTIONS.

‘The institution of a Ministry has been already declared to be a political contrivance indispensable for the management of public affairs under a Parliamentary government. There have, however, been Ministries wherein the members have held office together without a cordial agreement upon questions of great national importance, and in such cases the expedient of what are called open questions has been adopted.

‘This contrivance appears to have been first introduced as an avowed system by Lord

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Liverpool in the year 1812, with reference to the Roman Catholic claims. Lord Castlereagh explained this novel principle to the House of Commons in these words :

“ In submission to the growing change of public opinion in favour of these claims, and the sentiments of certain members of the Government, it has been resolved upon as a principle that the discussion of this question should be left free from all interference on the part of the Government, and that every member of that Government should on it be left to the free and unbiased suggestions of his own conscientious discretion.”

‘ Lord Liverpool, in thus leaving every member of the Government free to exercise his own judgment on the most important question of domestic policy, abdicated the first duty of a Minister, and established a most pernicious precedent, without any justification. So long as George III. could attend to affairs of State, his strong religious feeling and the diseased condition of his intellect afforded an excuse for not proposing a measure to which he conscientiously objected. But in the year 1812 the King’s recovery was known to be hopeless, and the Catholic question might have been advantageously settled. During that Session it was carried by a large majority (a majority of two

to one) in the House of Commons, and only rejected by one vote in the House of Lords.

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‘An unworthy compliance with the capricious objection of the Regent (who had himself indulged in a mock marriage with a Roman Catholic) left this irritating question for seventeen years festering in the breasts of the Irish people, many of whom were then loyally fighting side by side with Protestant soldiers under the command of Wellington.

‘Although this contrivance of open questions was introduced by a Tory Ministry for the gratification of royalty, it has been since more frequently resorted to by the opposite party.

‘A Ministry which avows itself to be neutral, and to have no fixed opinion on an important public matter, is in a discreditable position. This course of proceeding has been adopted to facilitate the united action of irreconcilable partisans, or else to obtain office under the mask of moderation, which mask is to be thrown aside whenever a convenient opportunity is offered.

‘Open questions are found convenient for the purpose of conciliating provincial politicians—that class of narrow-minded electors who attach more importance to some special measure, such as liberty to marry a deceased wife's sister, than to the general interests of the nation.

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‘Candidates are induced to humour these whimsical voters by accepting pledges on such matters in boroughs where political parties are nearly balanced ; and the result of these contests is afterwards trumpeted as a glorious party victory.

‘Such pledges have an immoral tendency, encouraging reckless politicians, and repelling respectable and conscientious candidates.

‘This effect of popular representation is, however, intimately connected with a more important problem, namely, the influence of different forms of government on the moral character of a people.

‘Political morality is in this country below the general moral tone of educated society ; and inasmuch as the extension of the franchise will include a lower class of voters, it must be expected that political morality will deteriorate rather than improve.

‘Absolute government and unrestricted democracy are both unfavourable to the character of a nation ; but under every form of government the inducements to discreditable practices are so numerous, that political writers seem to regard the moral amelioration of a community to be no part of the duty of government.’

CHAPTER XX.

1881—1882.

Lord Sherbrooke on Wilkes—Spoliatory Scheme for Ireland—
The Three F's—The Irish Land Bill—Lord Beaconsfield's
Death and Funeral—Mr. Bright and the Working Men—
The Cotton Corner—Mr. Gladstone and the English
Farmers—Darwin on 'Worms'—Mr. Macarthy's History—
Ireland and the Franchise.

*The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine
Parker.*

' 30, Grosvenor Gardens,

' *January* 15, 1881.

' DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

' We are in a frosty fog. The cabmen
drive, thumping their breasts for warmth, and
the skaters are the only contented people.

' I was at the British Museum this morning,
and walked back to Pall Mall with Lord Sher-
brooke. We talked of Trevelyan's book and
of Fox and Wilkes. Sherbrooke told me an
old man, an acquaintance of his, knew Wilkes,
and Wilkes shortly before his death told him
he dreamed that he was already dead and
carried down to the lower regions; there on
the banks of the Styx he met his old opponent,

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1881.

Lord Sandwich, and he addressed him, "My lord, as it is all over with us now, we must make the best of it, and may as well be friends." Lord Sandwich agreed, and they stepped together into Charon's boat and were rowed across the Styx. On the other side they saw an inn, and the innkeeper at the door, whom Lord Sandwich recognised as his old butler—deservedly there, for he had been a great rogue. They decided to enter the inn for refreshment, and Lord Sandwich ordered some wine. "Let it be champagne," said Wilkes, "and well iced." "Alas!" said the butler, "ice is a luxury we never get down here." The shock was too great for Wilkes, and he awoke at once. In this cold weather you will hardly feel for Wilkes, and even a little of his extra warmth would not be unacceptable. Trevelyan's book would amuse you.

'Yours affectionately,

'S.'

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

'30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

'Saturday, February 5, 1881.

'MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

'We have not heard from you for a long time. The change from snow to rain is an improvement, and I went to the new Natural

History Museum in South Kensington yesterday. The collections from the British Museum are partly removed there. The minerals are nearly ready for public view, and some of the fossil monsters are set up in the galleries. I think at Easter it will be sufficiently advanced to be opened generally.

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1881.

‘Irish affairs are very serious, and the reports of the two commissions will increase the difficulty. When men in Lord Bessborough and Carlingford’s position propose to give to the tenants the property of the landowners without any compensation, the Government must be perplexed, especially as in the year 1870 Gladstone and the present Lord Chancellor denounced such proposals as unjust and dishonest.

‘I shall be up to my neck in a Water Bill for the prevention of floods. I proposed to refer this Bill to a select committee, and the Government reluctantly yielded. I must now, therefore, attend to this subject, which is complex, but very important, as it may be a source of heavy local rates.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

‘30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

‘Wednesday, February 15, 1881.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘Such a fog! I write by lamp-light at 12 o’clock.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1881.

‘The report is that the Irish Land Bill is a mild one ; whatever it may be, the Irish will not be satisfied. Indeed, if the Irish were contented, the Irish member’s vocation would be gone.

‘At an agricultural dinner in Lincolnshire, during the speeches one squire saw a large snuff-box on the table, and having tried several pinches, he said to his neighbour, “ Surely this is bad snuff.” “ Why, it is not snuff, but a sample of *pulverized manure*,” said his friend.

‘I am up to my neck in a Water Bill.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SOMERSET.’

‘30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

‘Monday, March 14, 1881.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘Yesterday afternoon we heard reports of the Russian Emperor having been seriously wounded, but only knew the result from the papers this morning. It is a terrible end to his life, but what the political effects may be in Europe and Asia cannot as yet be predicted.

‘Gladstone seems to have lost his head ; he will have to withdraw his wild proposal of urgency for the estimates, or be beaten.

‘I have not read the attack on Dufferin in the *Pall Mall*. The three F’s are now generally scouted. In fact, Gladstone in the year 1870

and Lord Selborne demonstrated their injustice in arguments which have never been answered.

‘I did not vote on Candahar; I did not wish to vote against the Government, but think they are wrong in hastily withdrawing from Candahar. They decided on this course last May before they had time to consider the question. It seems probable that Lord Derby will take office.

‘I have consented to serve in the Committee on Highways—a difficult business.

‘We enjoyed our visit to Battle Abbey. It is an interesting old place, made comfortable by the Duke, who has added a fine library.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker.

‘30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.,

‘March 23, 1881.

‘MY DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘We are still in winter, snow all over the country yesterday, and more expected. You are therefore better at Cannes, and Morley gave me a good account of you lately. The Duchess has been well enough to go with me to Battle Abbey for Saturday and Sunday; otherwise I have done little except go to Committees at the House of Lords, or sit by the

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1881.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1881.

fire reading, as is my custom, the travels of adventurous ladies : Lady Anne Blunt, who nearly lost her husband among the Arabs ; Lady Florence Dixie, who was nearly starved in Patagonia ; and Miss Bird, who was a martyr to dirt and insects in Japan.

‘ I have yesterday received a letter from Sir Samuel Baker at Yokohama. He visited the Mikado’s court and inspected a paper manufactory. The Japanese paper is so strong that Sir Samuel sat down in the middle of a single sheet of white paper, and the Japanese men, taking hold of the paper, lifted him up. He and Lady Baker go on to San Francisco, and will ramble among the Rocky Mountains, etc., etc., so that they will not be home until the autumn.

‘ We are now beginning to move’ to Park Lane, where I hope to be settled after Easter.

‘ Politics are in an unsatisfactory condition. We have got peace with the Boers, but it cannot be called peace with honour ; and Irish affairs promise continued troubles.’

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

‘ 40, Park Lane,

‘ April 10, 1881.

‘ MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘ From the Budget Speech it seems that the repeal of the Malt Tax has proved to be a

failure. It has cost a large sum, and has not benefited the agriculturists.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1881.

‘Beaconsfield’s purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which was so denounced at the time, has proved a success.

‘The Irish Land Bill will confiscate the property of the landowners, and by establishing the farmers of the miserable small holdings will perpetuate pauperism. It proposes a commission to exercise judicial and also executive functions, contrary to every principle of sound administration. Landowners will be ready to sell their land to the Government and to leave Ireland, but the peasant proprietors will vote for repealing the union, and their power will be supreme. The outlook is disagreeable.

‘Beaconsfield does not recover strength, and this condition is lasting too long.’

*The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine
Parker.*

‘Bulstrode,

‘April 22, 1881.

‘DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

‘Your letter which I received this morning presents the picture of a climate very different from ours. We had a snow-storm yesterday and thick ice last night.

‘Beaconsfield’s death occupies all the papers ; even Peel and Palmerston did not receive such

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1881.

adulatory regrets. I am sorry that he cannot hear the almost universal lamentation for his loss and eulogy of his character. There is in all this praise something of an implied censure of the bitter invectives with which he was assailed.

‘The Irish Land Bill, while it robs the land-owners of their property, will in its results perpetuate the pauperism of the small tenants. It does not even obtain the approval of the Irish, whom it was designed to gratify. I suppose, however, that it will be carried in some shape in order to save the Government from a disastrous failure.’

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

‘Bulstrode,

‘April 24, 1881.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘Lady Dufferin came here yesterday and Dufferin this morning. I believe they return to town to-morrow. . . . They are looking forward with pleasure to Constantinople. They have left some children at St. Petersburg, and they will travel by Odessa to join them at Constantinople. Dufferin seems very well; he is astonished and disgusted at the Irish Land Bill. Gladstone told him some months ago that he sympathized with Dufferin’s paper on the question. Dufferin bought up

the tenant right from some of his tenants, but under this Bill they will recover the right for which they have been paid. Nevertheless, this Bill again enables landowners to purchase the tenant right. Who will be fool enough to buy what will probably be taken from them in a year or two hence? . . .

‘We return to Park Lane on Monday,
May 2. . . .

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

‘Bulstrode,

‘April 27, 1881.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘I drove yesterday to attend the funeral at Hughenden. The shops in Wycombe were all closed, and the red lion in front of the hotel window had a piece of crape round his neck. The road from Wycombe to Hughenden was so crowded with foot people that I could hardly get through in my victoria. I reached the house before the railway passengers had arrived, found the coffin covered with enormous bouquets and wreaths of flowers, and the rooms just as I saw them last September when I drank tea there with Beaconsfield. Dufferin came from town with the Peers and Commoners; we walked together in the procession to the church through a large crowd, faced by the county volunteers. So soon as the sorrow-

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1881.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1881.

ful ceremony was over, I got my carriage and dropped Dufferin at the station of Wycombe and drove home.

‘The Commons are in a difficulty with Bradlaugh again, and Gladstone had a fit of the sulks. He is like a salmon that won’t run, but lies at the bottom of the pool.’

‘The Irish Land Bill is apparently so unintelligible that it must be amended by the Government.’

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

‘40, Park Lane,

‘August 6, 1881.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘The Committee on Highways only concluded their work and finished the report on Friday last. A tedious affair; I hope it may be of some use. I have still to look over the proof and see that there are no errors in the printing.’

‘Last night we ended the Committee on the Irish Land Bill, one of the most discreditable measures that I remember in all my public life. I feel ashamed of the Ministers and of the Liberal Party for proposing such a Bill, yet it could not have been rejected without causing a violent convulsion and a re-enactment of a similar law.’

‘Bulstrode, Gerrard’s Cross, Bucks,
‘*Saturday, August 20, 1881.*

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘I was glad to leave town after the most discreditable Session which I can remember. Irish ideas have demoralized British statesmen.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1881.

‘I suppose it is true that Tomline will be candidate for North Lincolnshire. When I saw him a few days since he was going to Paris to see the Electricity Exhibition.

‘Science seems to be doing wonders. The chemists have superseded madder by extracts from coal, and now, they say, they will supersede indigo. Now we import indigo to the amount in value of two millions a year, and if this is superseded it will affect the Indian exports seriously. There is not money enough in circulation, and I am half inclined to be a *bimetallist*, because gold does not increase fast enough for the wants of universal trade.

‘Yours affectionately,
‘S.’

‘*September 11, 1881.*

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘The scientific meeting at York seems to have been a failure—as dull as the weather, except Sir J. Lubbock’s review of progress during late years ; the lectures were wearisome,

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1881.

the electric light flickered, and the wise men bored one another. . . .

‘Bright seems to be angry with the working men for saying they are distressed. It seems they ought to be perfectly happy while he is Minister. This is very amusing while the Government are trying to get *Fair Trade* with France. I suppose they do not propose unfair trade, and certainly a treaty cannot be called Free Trade. Here is a dilemma, a nut for Bright to crack.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

‘Bulstrode,

‘September 18, 1881.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘Have you read the *St. James's Gazette* on the cotton corner? I cannot see why capitalists should not speculate and buy up all the cotton. This mode of employing capital has been employed in other trades. I remember a complaint made in the House of Commons that the Baring house had bought up all the Russian tallow. Sir J. Graham told me that when he was at the Admiralty a contractor bought up all the English oak of the year and made large profit from the Admiralty. Another speculator bought up all the cloth required for the great-coats of the army and made a fortune

during the war. If Free Trade has any meaning, it should allow a man to buy and sell as he may think best. A merchant living at Taplow bought up all the copal, which, it seems, is indispensable for the varnish used by coach-builders. He made a lot of money, and was called Count Copal; but I never heard his speculation imputed to him as a crime. In former times laws were enacted against forestalling and regrating, which, Adam Smith wrote, were as silly as laws against witchcraft. The *St. James's Gazette* seems, therefore, to be unreasonable in its observations.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

‘October 9, 1881.

‘Gladstone is in great difficulties, and I fear he will do some mischief in England for the purpose of diverting public attention from the perplexities which surround him.’

‘October 14, 1881.

‘Gladstone talks as if English farmers made all the improvements on their farms. I have just been obliged to let a small farm for two years without any rent, because the last tenant beggared the land. In such case the landowner should be compensated. I do not believe that English land is better than it was

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1881.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1881.

forty years ago, except for buildings which have been constructed by the landowners.'

'Stover,

'January 3, 1882.

'MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

'The Government decline to admit Ireland is in rebellion. It is not a question of rent, but a resolve to use every means to overthrow English rule and English connection. There will, I expect, be a violent struggle, and the vague term of Land Law Reform may mean any change, and is now interpreted in various senses. If they are defeated in Parliament the Government will appeal to the constituencies with this mischievous cry, and we see how it is being interpreted in Scotland.

'Georgy is very well, and I have had some pleasant days' shooting and driving about the country. The years slip away, and we cannot expect to go on much longer; but I fear yet that I may outlive the English Constitution, which the Ministry are undermining.

'Yours affectionately,

'S.'

'Stover,

'January 26, 1882.

'MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

'You talk of growing blind; I observe that you write clearer and better than formerly.

I shall get Darwin on "Worms," etc. It is remarkable that while large animals have perished and become extinct, insects and worms increase and multiply. They will outlive all our cities and laborious constructions. In fact, it seems that they are "the meek" of whom it is said "They shall inherit the earth." At least, I never saw any other meek creature who has a chance of inheriting anything.

'Yours affectionately,

'S.'

'40, Park Lane,

'Saturday, February 11, 1882.

'MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

'I cannot agree with you that McCarthy's "History" is a fair statement of events. All I can say is, it is not so unfair as might have been expected from an Irishman and a Home Ruler. But it is now some months since I read it. Mr. Smyth's account of the Irish Parliament was very misleading. It was thoroughly corrupt, and ended at last by selling itself wholesale. But the Scotch Union was not accomplished without much bribery, and would not have been effected if France at that time had been able to intervene. Luckily France had been defeated and was in military difficulties. . . .

'Yours affectionately,

'S.'

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1882.

‘Bulstrode,

‘September 1, 1882.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1882.

‘I fear that we are about to lose our Archbishop; he was a very good Primate, and I know none on the Bench of Bishops who has such a good manner in addressing the House of Lords.

‘We have had two days’ rain, but Wednesday was beautiful, and I drove Cossy through Windsor Forest to call on old Lady de Ros, who lives just now in the cottage of Windsor Park, where George IV. kept up his revelries. The cottage is mostly pulled down, but a few rooms are left, as Queen Adelaide would not allow such a place to stand. She might as well have pulled down Windsor Castle, which was full of improprieties; but she had not studied English history.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

This is the last letter of the Duke’s for 1882 that has been preserved. For the year following there is one only. This at the present moment is not devoid of interest. It is addressed to his son-in-law, Lord Henry Thynne.

The Duke of Somerset to Lord Henry Thynne.

‘Stover, Newton, Devon,

‘December 31, 1883.

‘. . . The Government should not be allowed

to include Ireland in the extension of the franchise, because afterwards when redistribution is proposed we shall have made the Irish too strong for any fair redistribution. We ought to have the whole plan together in order to know what we are about. The only labourers who are discontented are in the cotton and mining districts and in the large towns. It seems an inconsistent mode of satisfying these people to give votes to the agricultural labourers. . . .'

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lord Henry
Thynne, 1883.

CHAPTER XXI.

1884—1885.

The Health of the Duchess—Sydney Smith—Lord Malmesbury's 'Memoirs'—Death of the Duchess—The Prince of Wales in Ireland—Indian Affairs—'La Société de Londres'—Lady A. Campbell's Pastoral Play—A Race for the Irish Vote—The Duke's Last Letter—His Failing Health—His Death.

EARLY in the year 1884 the health of the Duchess began to show signs of failing. By the autumn it gave the family grave cause for alarm ; and on December 14 she died. The Duke's affection for her is evidenced in every letter he wrote her, and in none more than in the two short notes—the one announcing her death to Mr. Sheridan, the other thanking Lord and Lady Dufferin for their condolence—which are given in this chapter, and which in their brevity and superficial address have a pathos which could hardly be found in any less restrained method of expression.

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

'Bulstrode,

'October 14, 1884.

'MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

'Georgy is said to be stronger. She does not suffer, but dozes, and occasionally

sleeps well. She has not been able to hear Lord Malmesbury's "Memoirs," which amused her before. Indeed, she cannot write or read her letters at present. Mione came last night; all her three daughters are now here. Two doctors were last night here and remained for the night; they have written down the different remedies, which consist chiefly of such food as she can take. The daughters are now very hopeful, and for the next few days I have much confidence, but will write again in a day or two.

"The Memoirs of Sydney Smith" by his daughter were amusing; he never kept any letters or records of his life. He told me himself that he had many dull years. Once he lived on Salisbury Plain, and practised writing French by way of occupying his time. His conversation was very clever, and never premeditated, but arose from the observations of his companions.

'Yours affectionately,

'S.'

The Duke of Somerset to Lady Katherine Parker.

'Bulstrode,

'October 30, 1884.

'DEAR LADY KATHERINE,

'I cannot say when I can come to Devon. The Duchess is still very unwell, and

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1884.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lady
Katherine
Parker, 1884.

cannot be moved even to town. My daughters have been several weeks here, and until the Duchess is able to go to London I am unable to decide anything.

‘Lord Malmesbury’s “Memoirs” are amusing; the first volume is the best, the second is too full of old speeches and dull politics. There are many errors in dates, as he makes me move something in 1841 in the House of Lords, when I was not there till 1855, and many other mistakes. He says Van de Weyer was kept waiting at the Foreign Office so long by Lord Palmerston that he (Van de Weyer) read through the nine volumes of “Clarissa Harlowe” while waiting there.’

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

‘40, Park Lane,

‘December 15, 1884

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘Georgy came up to town on Friday and seemed well—said the drive had done her good. The young Duchess of Montrose called, and they talked and laughed together. On Saturday she felt sleepy, and did not get up, but the doctor felt her pulse, and said she would be better next morning. But in the

night she had shivering fits ; Guen sent for the doctor, and he said she was better, but on Sunday morning she passed away in a quiet doze. She had suffered so much during the last eight months and had nearly lost her sight, that it is for her a comfort, but to us a great loss, for she was always cheery and lively, even in the midst of her suffering.

‘ Yours affectionately

‘ SOMERSET.’

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1884.

The Duke of Somerset to the Earl of Dufferin.

‘ 40, Park Lane,

‘ January 19, 1885.

‘ MY DEAR DUFFERIN,

‘ I thank you and Lady Dufferin for your kind sympathy. It is a dreadful blank, after above fifty years of a most cheerful and affectionate companion, but I will not dwell further. My daughters in the midst of their own sorrow have done all they could to console me. At my time of life I cannot look forward to any long period ; and, indeed, the sad condition of public affairs, both at home and abroad, reconciles me to depart.

‘ I am glad to hear good accounts of you and of your journey and reception at Bombay. I take a great interest in your Government, and hope that your health may enable you to deal

with all the difficulties which at present surround you.

‘Yours affectionately,
‘SOMERSET.’

The Duke's
failing health.

The Duke's foreboding that he should not long survive his wife proved to be correct. He survived her for but twelve months. Meanwhile, however, he seems to have had recourse to the same practical philosophy which he had before called to his aid, to assist him in bearing the loss of his favourite son. He gave his mind constant and active employment, and forced himself to take an interest both in public events and the lives of those around him. The few letters that still remain to be given afford evidence of this.

*The Duke of Somerset to the Earl of Dufferin,
in India.*

‘40, Park Lane,
‘April 20, 1885.

‘MY DEAR DUFFERIN,

‘I hear some reports of your proceedings, partly from Rica, who tells me of Rachel's enjoyments, and also from Mrs. Ward, who read to me some portions of Lady Dufferin's printed letters. The newspapers tell of the difficulties which surround you in the East and in the West, whilst you can hardly rely on the home Government in these emergencies. Lord Ripon seems never tired of speaking, while meetings applaud without knowing anything of India. I was surprised to hear of the cold at Calcutta even in February. They send

me a Radical paper almost every week, which seems to be written by some Irishman in India. It is useless, but a paper which furnished some information, instead of attacking the House of Lords, would be a real benefit. You have troubles enough there, but here you would be provoked by the imbecile conduct of the Government. They hold out no hopes that they will protect the Arabs who join them, and consequently the chiefs and their followers are afraid of adhering to a foreign force which will desert and leave them to the vengeance of the Mahdi. The Prince's tour in Ireland will, I fear, be of little use. It is generous on his part to try and show them that he sympathizes with those who need sympathy, but as for awaking any real feeling of loyalty, it will pass away. The enthusiasm in the North will probably offend the other parts of Ireland, and it will keep this country anxious until he is safe on board the yacht on his return.

‘I was glad to see you got through that troublesome question between the zemindars and ryots. As both parties seem displeased, it was probably just. You are afraid of famine in the South, but every nation is complaining of distress: people are returning from America; Paris is full of the unemployed, and London equally; Germany is endeavouring to establish

The Duke of Somerset to Lord Dufferin, in India, 1885.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Lord Dufferin,
in India, 1885.

colonies, which will take years before they will be profitable. I should like to run out to Calcutta next autumn, but there are so many hindrances : I should have to give up all my establishments ; the Lieutenancy of Devon I could arrange for, but the endless letters on private affairs would have to be neglected, so that I do not see how these could be managed.

‘ Yours affectionately,

‘ SOMERSET.’

‘ 40, Park Lane, W.,

‘ *Monday, June 8, 1885.*

‘ MY DEAR DUFFERIN,

‘ I was glad to receive your letter of May 5, but I am really too old to attempt the journey to India. A new book is just out, called “*La Société de Londres*,” by Comte Paul Vasili, some assumed name. It remarks upon all the ladies, from the Queen down to the professional beauties, and would seem to be libellous. It attempts to be political, but is very commonplace in its observations of a Radical tendency. It sums up the character of Gladstone, “*excellent ministre de l’intérieur, détestable aux affaires étrangères.*” It is strongly Russian, but speaks very highly of you in Canada and St. Petersburg. Whether it is written by Nesselrode, or by someone who obtained a knowledge of the Court from

servants or others, is not clear. But everyone is reading it. The rumour that the Ameer has been assassinated is now certainly rejected as untrue. Sir Peter Lumsden was received well, not only by members who went to the station, but by crowds in the streets ; but the voters in the country seem really to care for nothing, either Egypt or India. They like to listen to these interminable speeches, but do not seem to care for the lives lost for no gain in the Soudan, or for the expenditure for a railway which is coming home again, having been useless. I am disgusted with politics, and more especially with Irish politics.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘SOMERSET.’

*The Duke of Somerset to Brinsley
Sheridan, Esq.*

‘40, Park Lane,

‘June 28, 1885.

‘MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

‘I went yesterday to see Janey’s play, “The Faithful Shepherdess,” with Hermione, Rica, and Guendolen, and their daughters. It was very amusing. A crowd of shepherds and shepherdesses in a variety of dresses danced round a statue of the great god Pan. Janey came on in a classical chariot drawn by two oxen. There was a satyr with a red face and

The Duke of Somerset to Lord Dufferin, in India, 1885.

The Duke of
Somerset to
Mr. Brinsley
Sheridan, 1885.

horns, but without cloven feet. Janey acted with great spirit, became mad from love, and all ended happily. The Prince and Princess of Wales with three daughters, and Granville, Hartington, Lady A., etc., etc., and all the places occupied. It was a lovely day, and afterwards we went to Janey's house close by, where the Prince came and had tea on the lawn.

'I shall remain in town to see the new Government start. It will be easy work in the Lords, but weary work in the Commons. Many members will have left to seek the new constituencies, and all want repose except the Irish.

'I have just got Gordon's "Diary"; it is a thick book, very damaging to the late Government, but the new constituents seem to be careless of Gordon and of India.

'Yours affectionately,

'SOMERSET.'

'Bulstrode,

'*July 26, 1885.*

'MY DEAR BRINSLEY,

'The Liberals and the Conservatives are equally trying to win the Irish vote; it is disgraceful to both parties, but in the present state of the constituencies it is the natural result of the new reform.

‘It seems that if there should be another war, we are to take care of ourselves and of the coast towns, and the Government have not as yet decided upon a gun, so that we cannot even provide the batteries on the coast with an efficient weapon for defence.

The Duke of Somerset to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, 1885

‘Yours affectionately,

‘S.’

Not long after the above letter was written, the Duke, as he usually did at the beginning of the autumn, removed from Bulstrode to Stover, his house in Devonshire, taking with him his young grand-daughter, now Mrs. Frederick Cavendish Bentinck. His days were spent in his customary employments, and his evenings in reading or in playing at chess with his grand-daughter. He often drove out to visit various neighbours, particularly Sir Samuel Baker, who lived almost next door to him, and on one occasion he opened a cottage hospital in a village not far distant. He seemed, indeed, to be in his usual health, except for a pain in his foot, which gave him considerable uneasiness. Supposing this to be gout, he abandoned, for the first time in his life, the practice of walking when he went out to shoot, and took to riding on a pony. One day the pony started, and the Duke fell. The fact of his having lost his seat, owing to so slight a cause, is a proof that he was even then far less strong than he was thought to be ; but he seemed at the moment to be none the worse for the accident. From this time, however, he began to complain more frequently of a general sense of weakness, and also of the pain in his foot ; and the doctors regarded the symptoms as very grave, and as indicating weakness of the heart.

‘The accounts which we received,’ one of his daughters writes, ‘caused great anxiety to my two sisters and to myself, and brought us to Stover, where we remained with our

The Duke's 1
last days, 1885.

father during the few remaining weeks of his life. The increasing weakness had now confined him to his bed for the greater part of the day ; and it was only in the afternoons that he was moved on to the sofa. At times the pain which he suffered was very severe. We could see this by the expression of his face, though he never gave utterance to the least murmur or complaint.

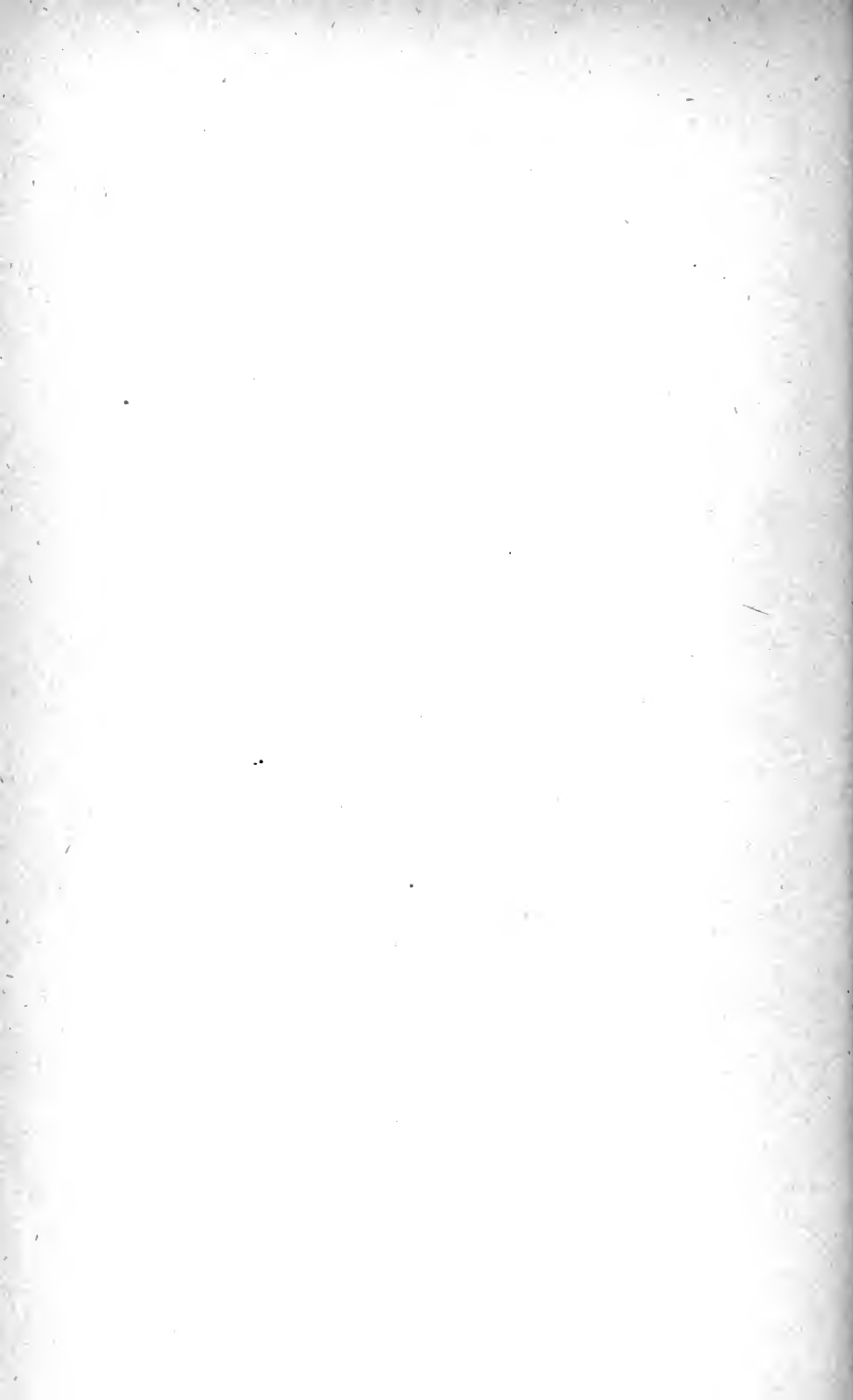
‘But his interest in all that was going on continued as keen as ever. The General Election was then in progress, and he liked us to read the reports in the newspapers from day to day ; and as the election appeared more and more to be going as he thought best, he often exclaimed, “Oh, I’m glad—I’m glad !”

‘At all times, and up to his last hour, he was most sympathetic, and took the greatest interest in whatever concerned his daughters and his grandchildren. To his daughters—for fear, no doubt, of making them unhappy—he never spoke as if he was dying ; but to his young grand-daughter, one day, when she had spoken hopefully of his recovery, he said, “Oh yes, they try their best, and do all they can ; but I know very well it is only the beginning of the end.” And the end came very soon and very suddenly. One day my sisters had been reading and talking to him during the morning at intervals, and then he had rested. In the afternoon he was assisted on to the sofa, and, as usual, wheeled into the next room—no worse, apparently, except, perhaps, more exhausted than usual after the moving.

‘He gave his eldest daughter some trifling commission to do for him downstairs, and, turning to his grand-daughter, who was sitting near, he asked her to read to him, for the second time, her brother’s letter she had received that morning. It was a schoolboy’s letter, and he was much amused, and leant back on the cushions laughing. She thought he seemed “strangely happy,” as she afterwards said ; and scarcely had she done reading it, and was talking to him about it, before she noticed he looked up suddenly “with a surprised happy expression that was scarcely natural,

as if he were seeing something far away and very beautiful ; and then his head sank as if he had fainted." She rushed out into the passage and called her aunts, who came almost directly, but all was over. The doctor had told us to expect it. The action of the heart had failed.' His death,
1885.

The reader will remember the records in a former chapter of the affection with which the Duke as a child was regarded by all who knew him. There was a happiness and a fitness in the death which thus found him full of an affection like that of which, in his earliest years, he had been the object.



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